

No. 3

Little Miss Sunbeam **COMICS**

10^c

FUNNY MIRRORS



FRANK
CARIN



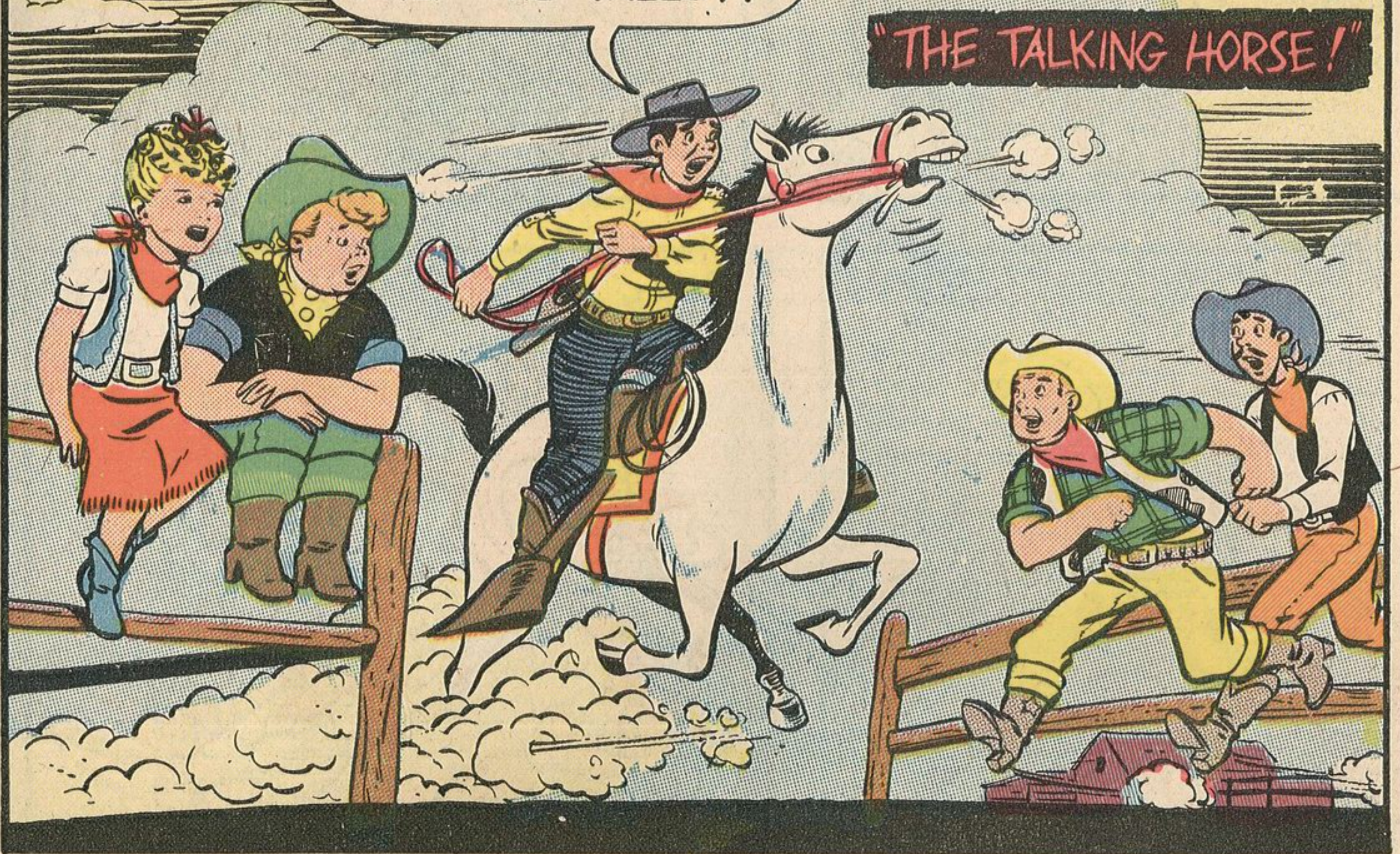
WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

Little Miss Sunbeam

SUNNY AND MUNCH ARE SPENDING A FEW WEEKS AT UNCLE TEDDY'S BIG WESTERN RANCH... ONE EVENTFUL DAY, AN EXCITED RIDER SPURS HIS MOUNT INTO THE RANCH YARD AND SHOUTS DREADFUL TIDINGS—AND THE WORDS HE CRIES PLUNGE SUNNY AND HER FRIEND INTO THE PERILOUS ADVENTURE OF

AVALANCHE!
LANDSLIDE! BURYIN'
HALF THE VALLEY!

"THE TALKING HORSE!"



OH! THAT'S VERY BAD—
A LANDSLIDE! AND NOW
THE COWBOYS HAVE TO
GO AND DIG OUT ANY-
BODY THAT GETS
CAUGHT UNDER IT!

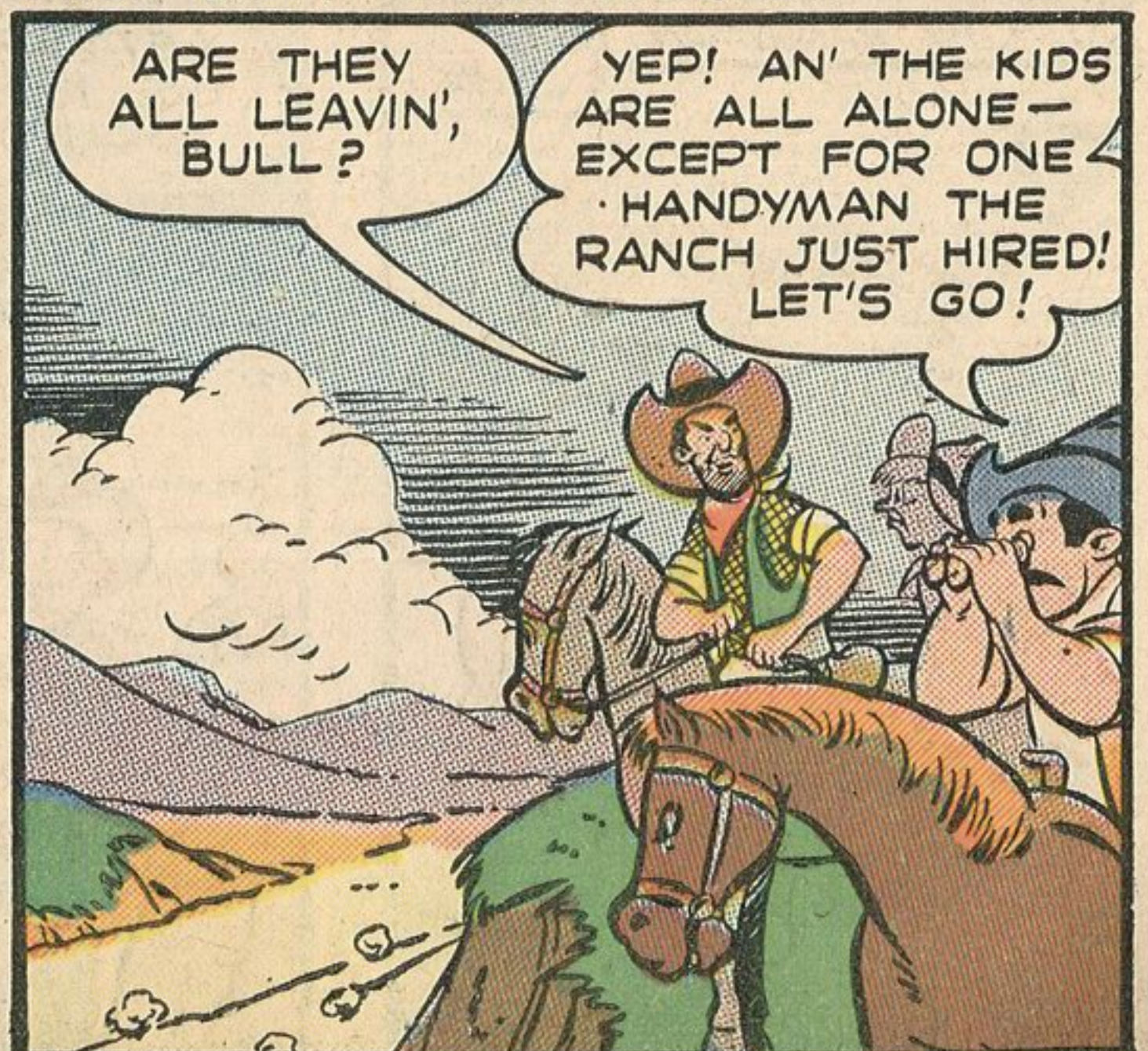
GEE!

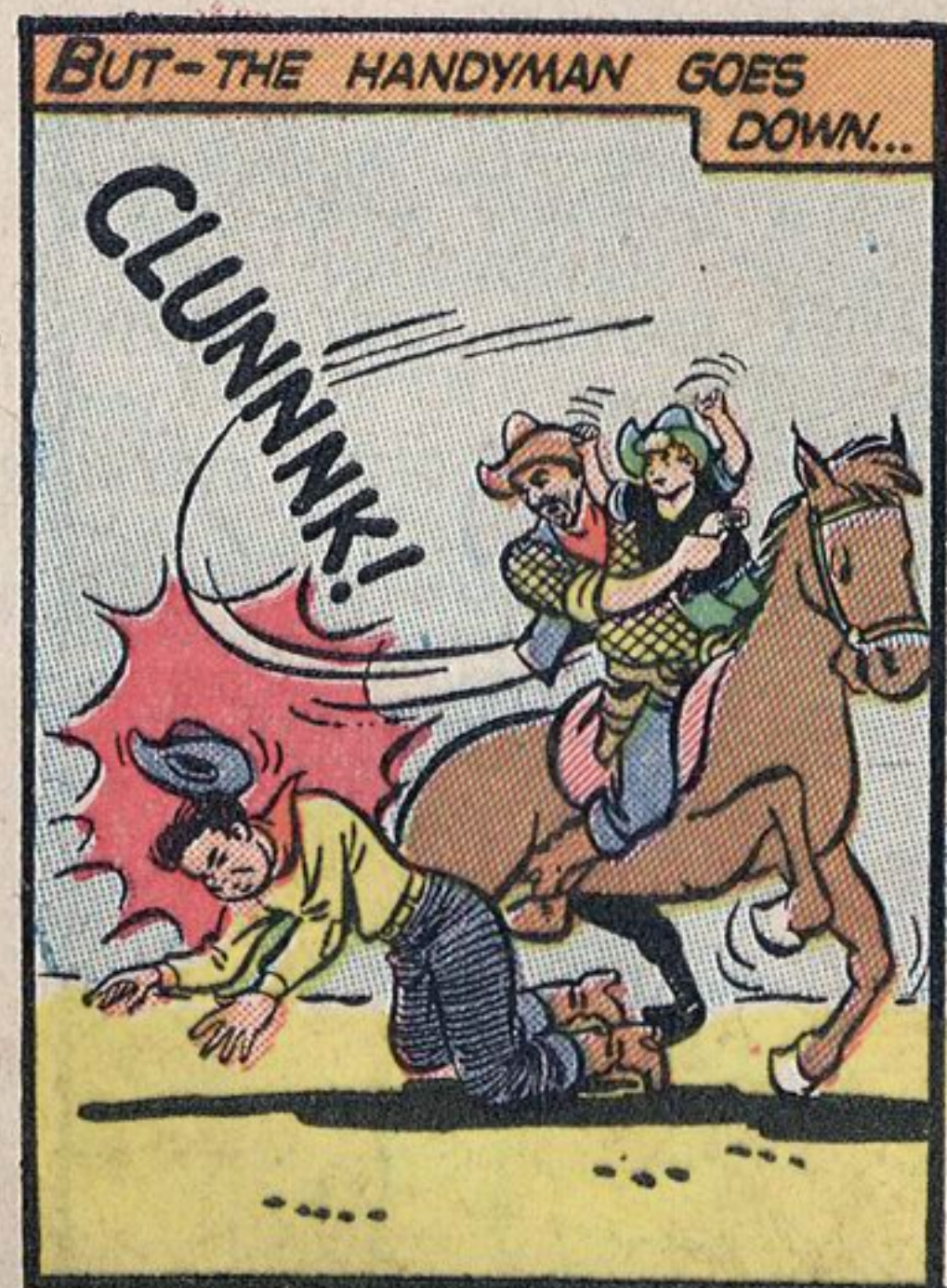
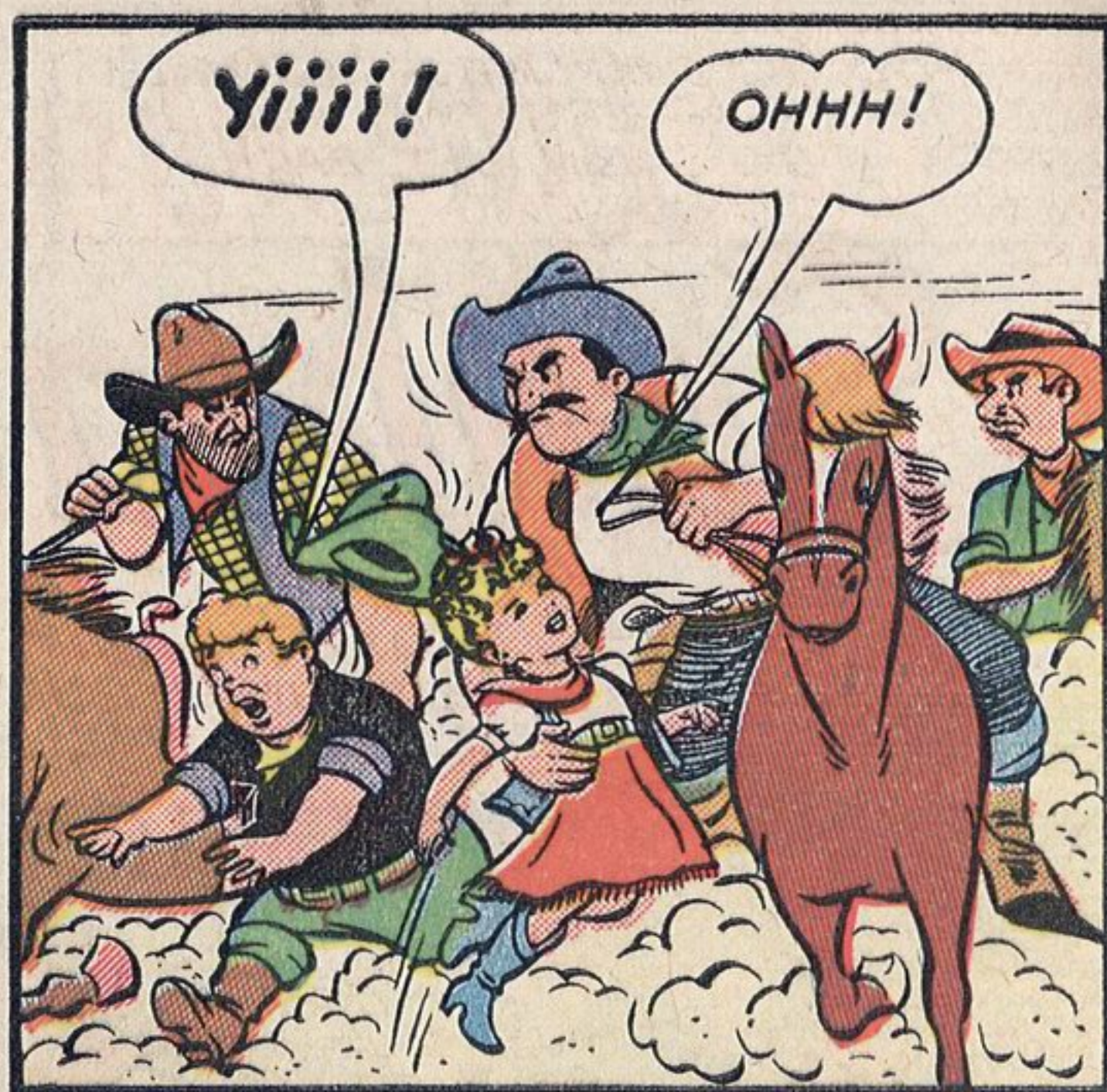
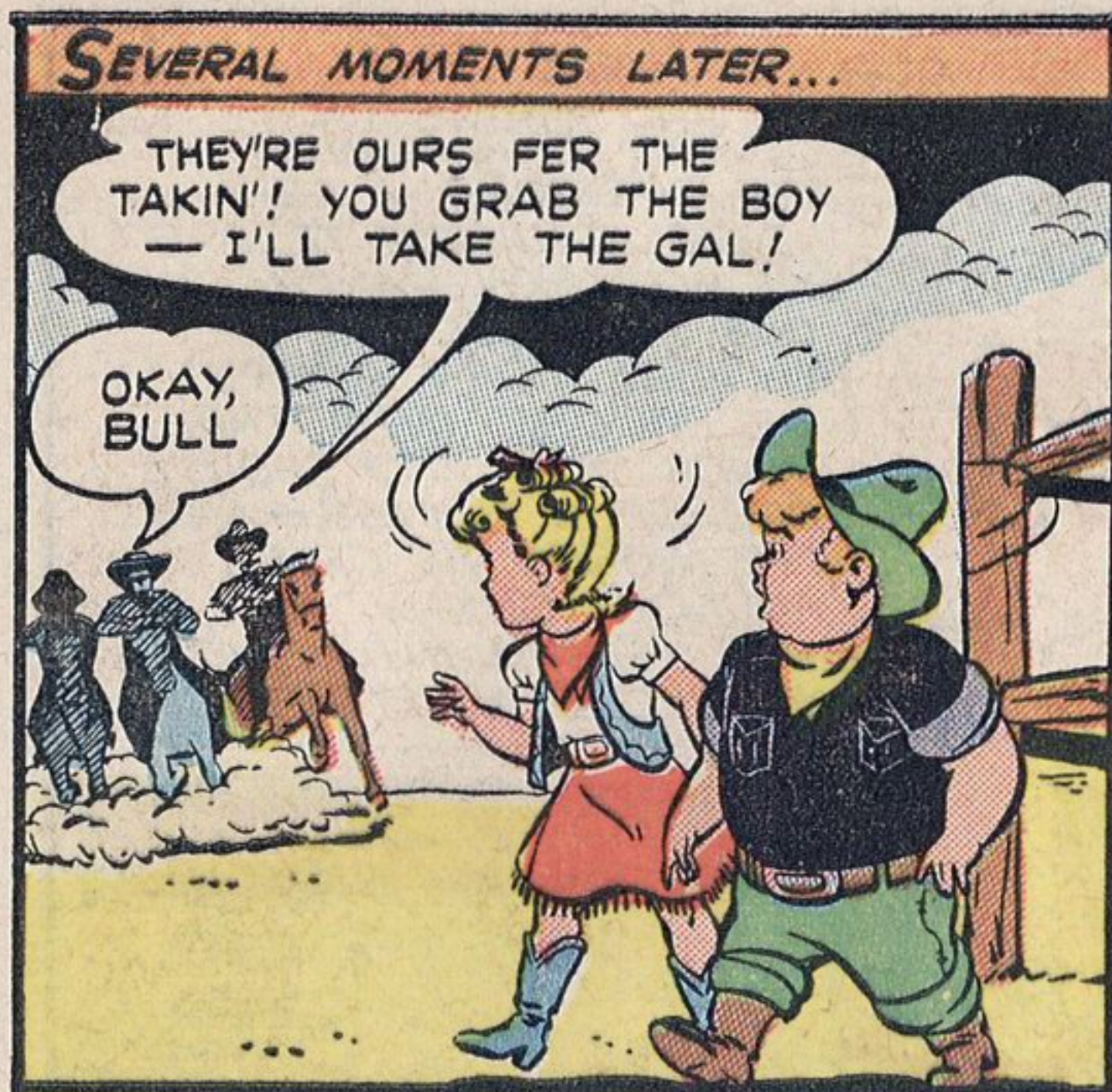


HIGH ON A NEARBY RIDGE...

ARE THEY
ALL LEAVIN',
BULL?

YEP! AN' THE KIDS
ARE ALL ALONE—
EXCEPT FOR ONE
HANDYMAN THE
RANCH JUST HIRED!
LET'S GO!





SOMETIME LATER, JOHNNY, THE HANDYMAN, REVIVES...



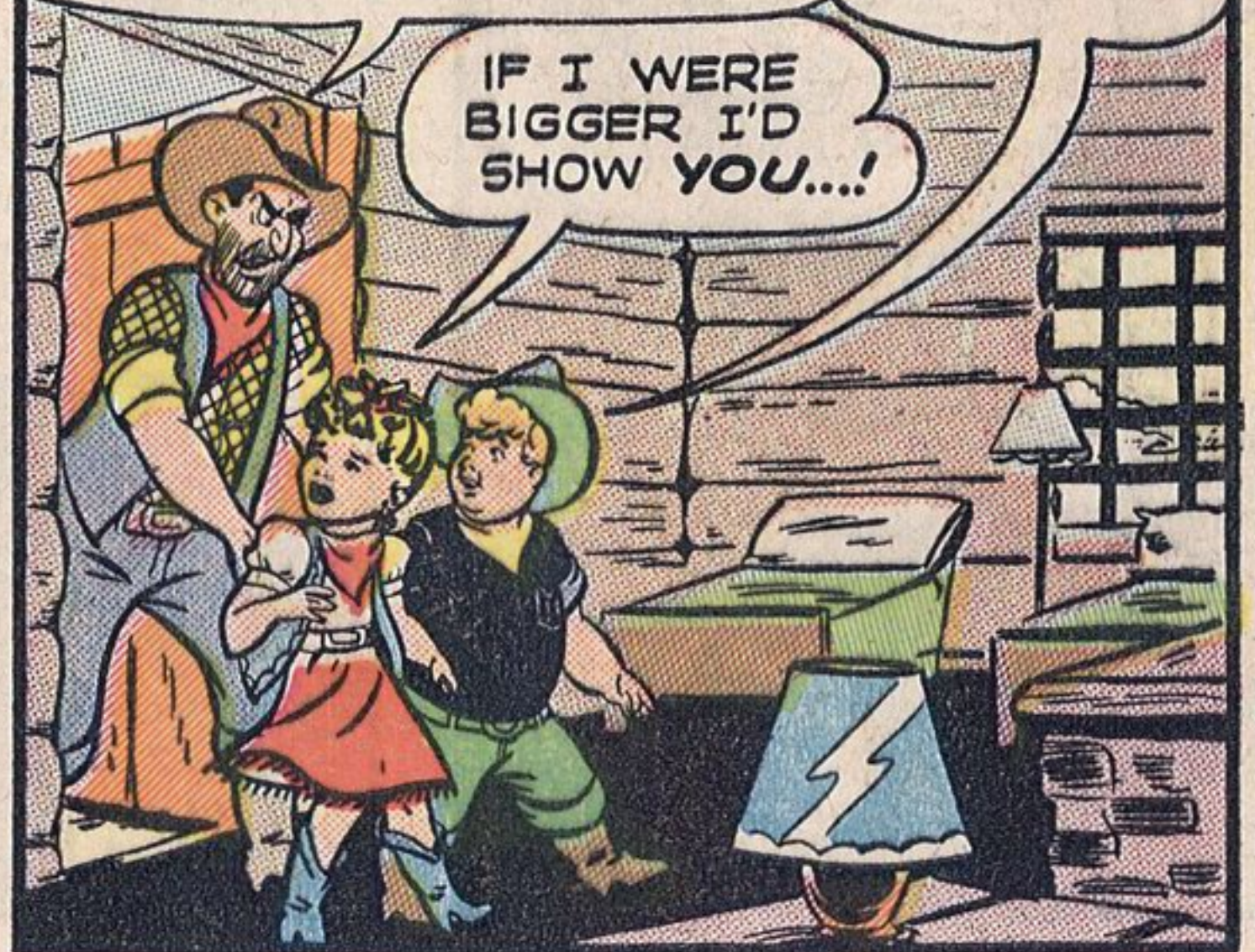
HIGH INTO THE MEDICINE RIDGE HILLS RIDE THE KIDNAPPERS. THEY PULL IN BEFORE A BIG CABIN SET BACK UNDER AN OVERHANGING CLIFF...



TAKE THE KIDS INSIDE, SLIM!

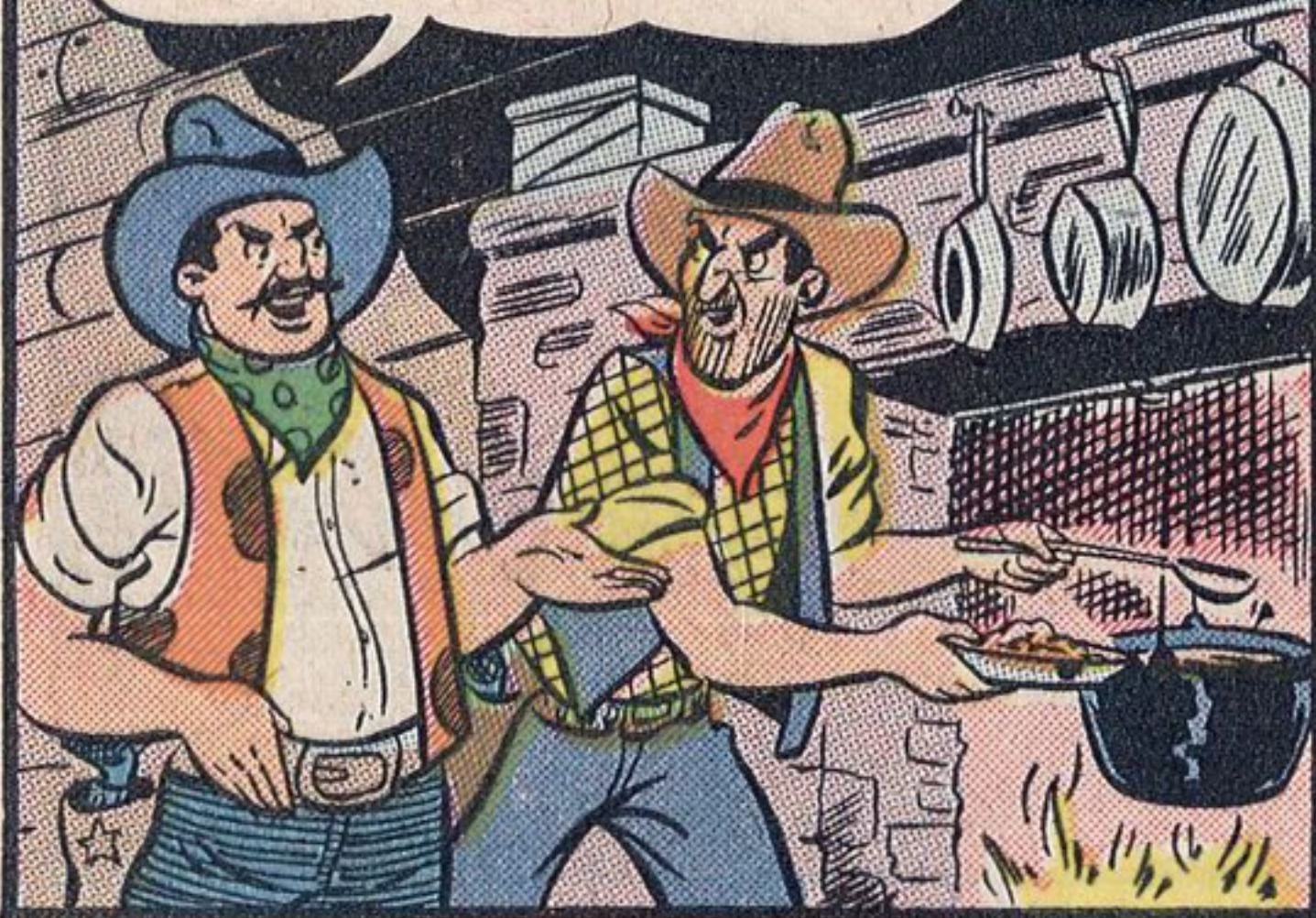
YOU KIDS STAY HERE, UNDERSTAND? AND BEHAVE YOURSELVES, IF YOU DON'T WANT TUH GET **HURT!**

HOW ABOUT SOME FOOD! I'M **HUNGRY!**



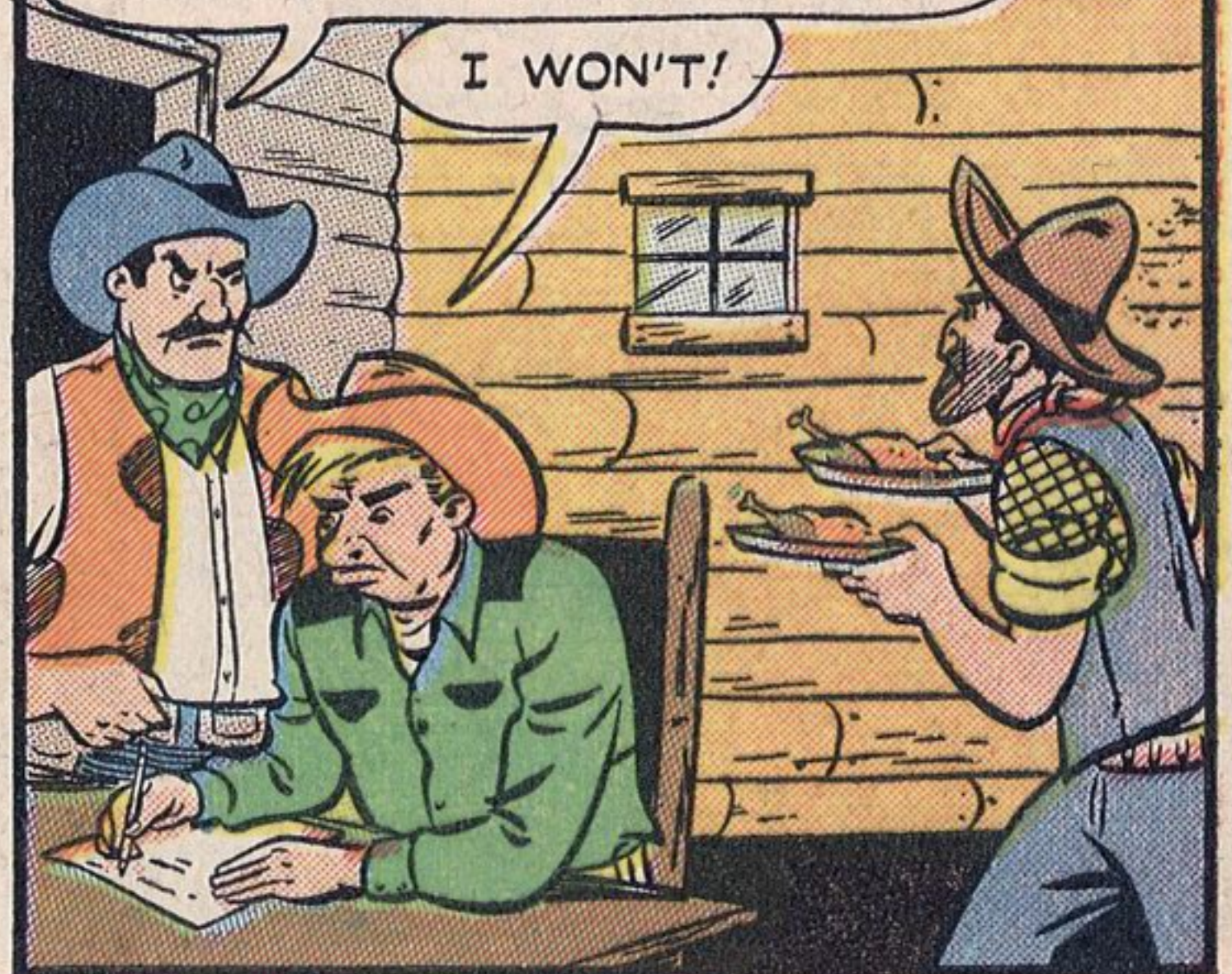
IF I WERE BIGGER I'D SHOW **YOU...**!

NOW ALL WE GOTTA DO IS WRITE THAT GAL'S RICH UNCLE—TELL HIM UNLESS HE SELLS US HIS RANCH, HE'LL NEVER SEE HIS NIECE AGAIN! HE'LL SELL ALL RIGHT!



DON'T PUT NUTHIN' IN THERE ABOUT **WHY** WE WANT HIS RANCH!

I WON'T!



DID YOU HEAR THAT? THOSE MEN WANT UNCLE TEDDY'S RANCH!

UH-HUH! I HEARD! WATCH OUT—THE DOOR'S OPENING!



EAT UP, KIDS! IT'S GOOD FOOD!

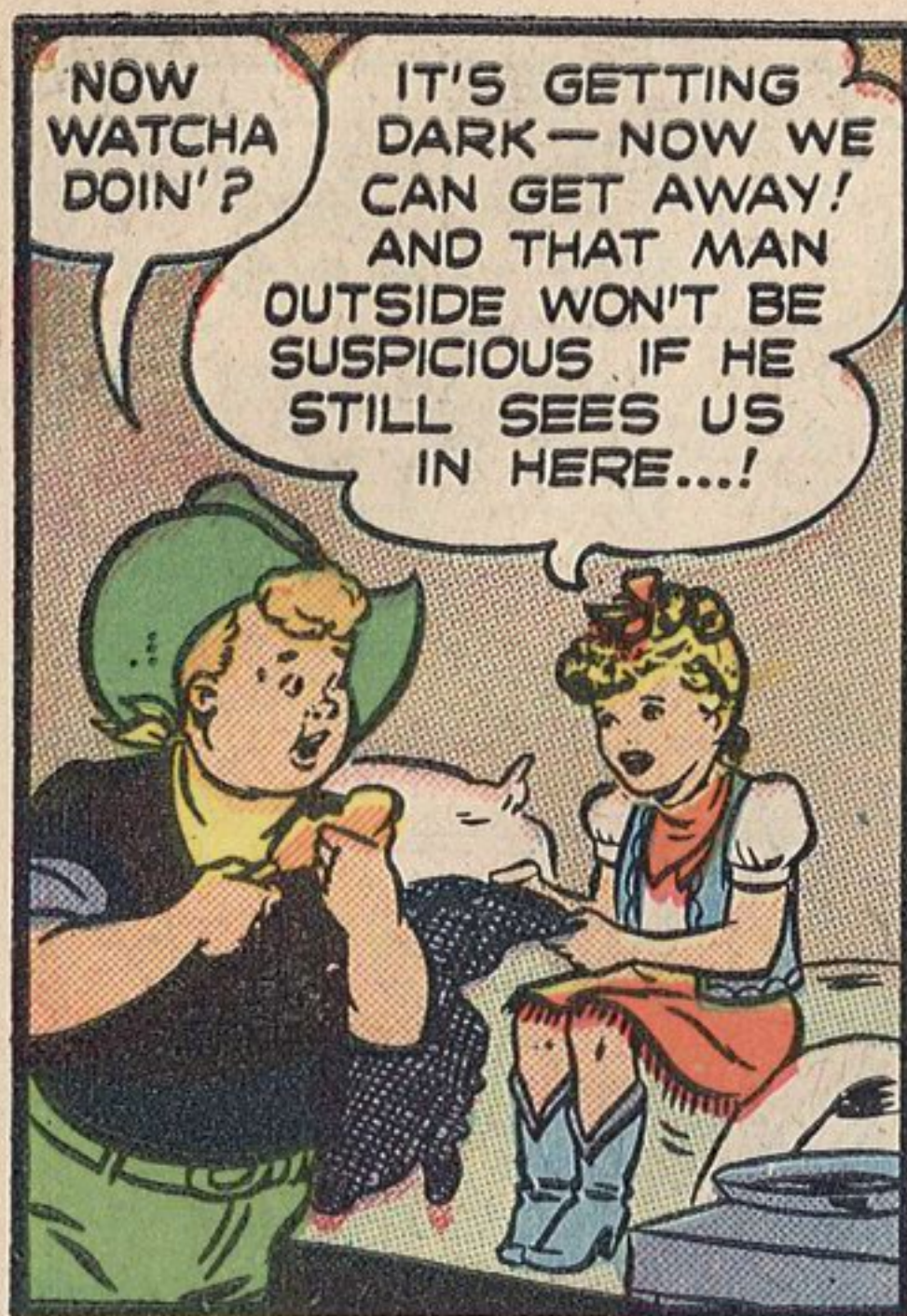
I WON'T EAT IF **YOU** STAY HERE! YOU GO OUT!



HEY, SUNNY! HE WAS RIGHT! THIS **IS** GOOD FOOD! WATCHA DOING?

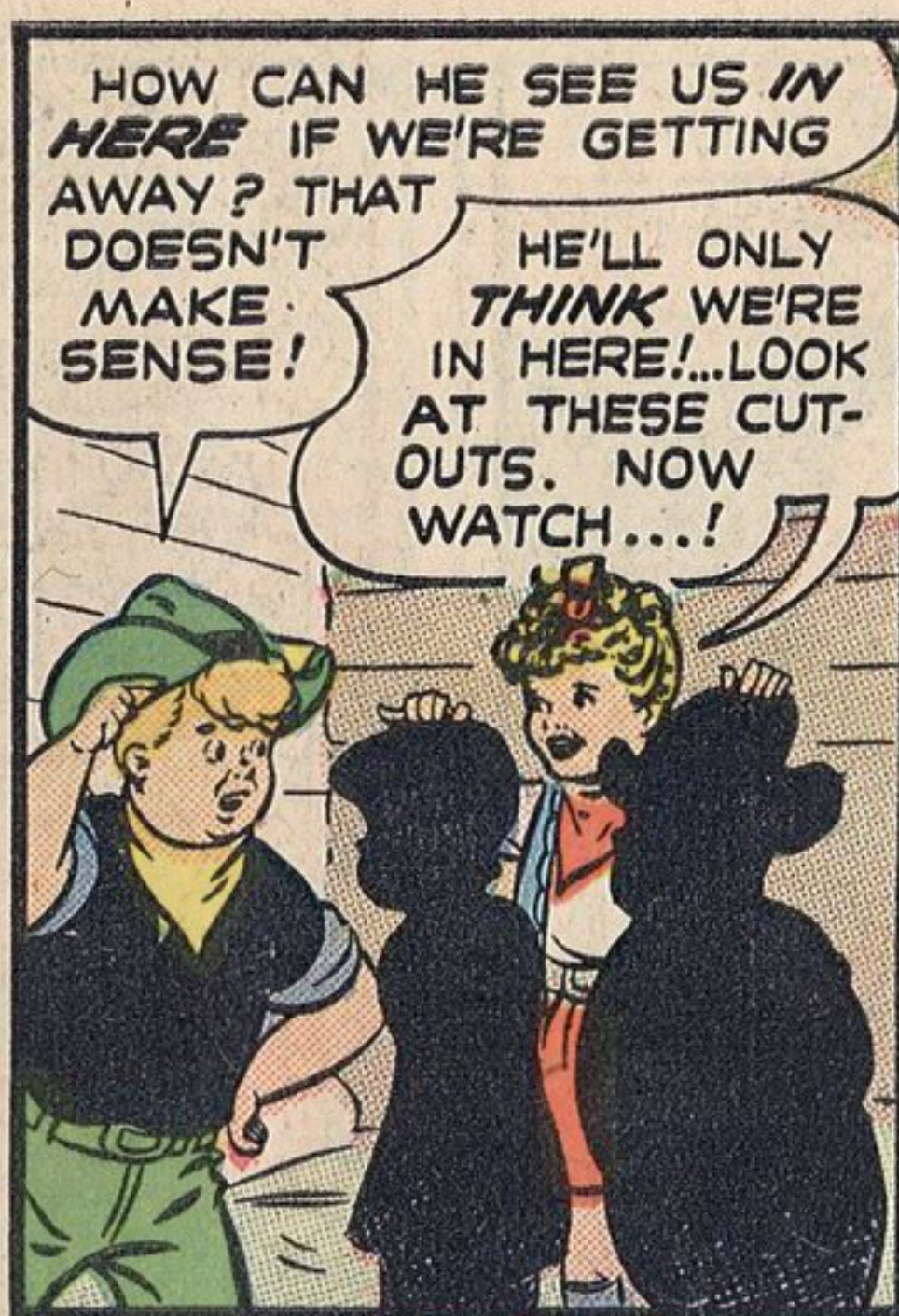
I'M GOING TO GET AWAY, THAT'S WHAT! THEY AREN'T GOING TO MAKE MY UNCLE SELL HIS RANCH! ...OH! THERE'S A MAN OUTSIDE WATCHING OUR WINDOW!





NOW
WATCHA
DOIN'?

IT'S GETTING
DARK—NOW WE
CAN GET AWAY!
AND THAT MAN
OUTSIDE WON'T BE
SUSPICIOUS IF HE
STILL SEES US
IN HERE...!



HOW CAN HE SEE US *IN
HERE* IF WE'RE GETTING
AWAY? THAT
DOESN'T
MAKE
SENSE!

HE'LL ONLY
THINK WE'RE
IN HERE!...LOOK
AT THESE CUT-
OUTS. NOW
WATCH...!

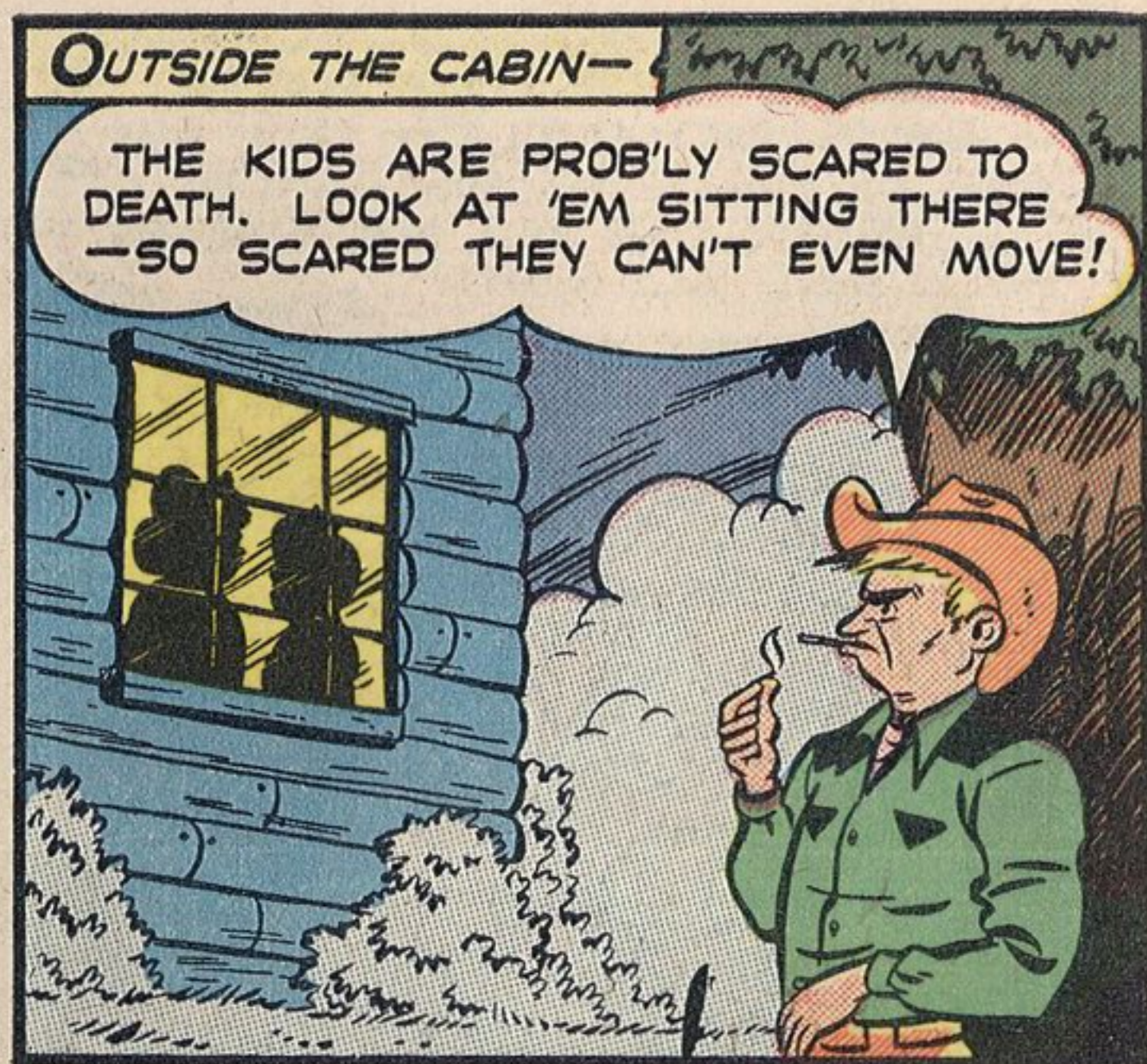


THERE! THOSE LITTLE
CUTOUTS WITH THE
LIGHTS BEHIND THEM
WILL APPEAR AS OUR
SHADOWS TO THE MAN
OUTSIDE. HE WON'T
SUSPECT
ANYTHING...



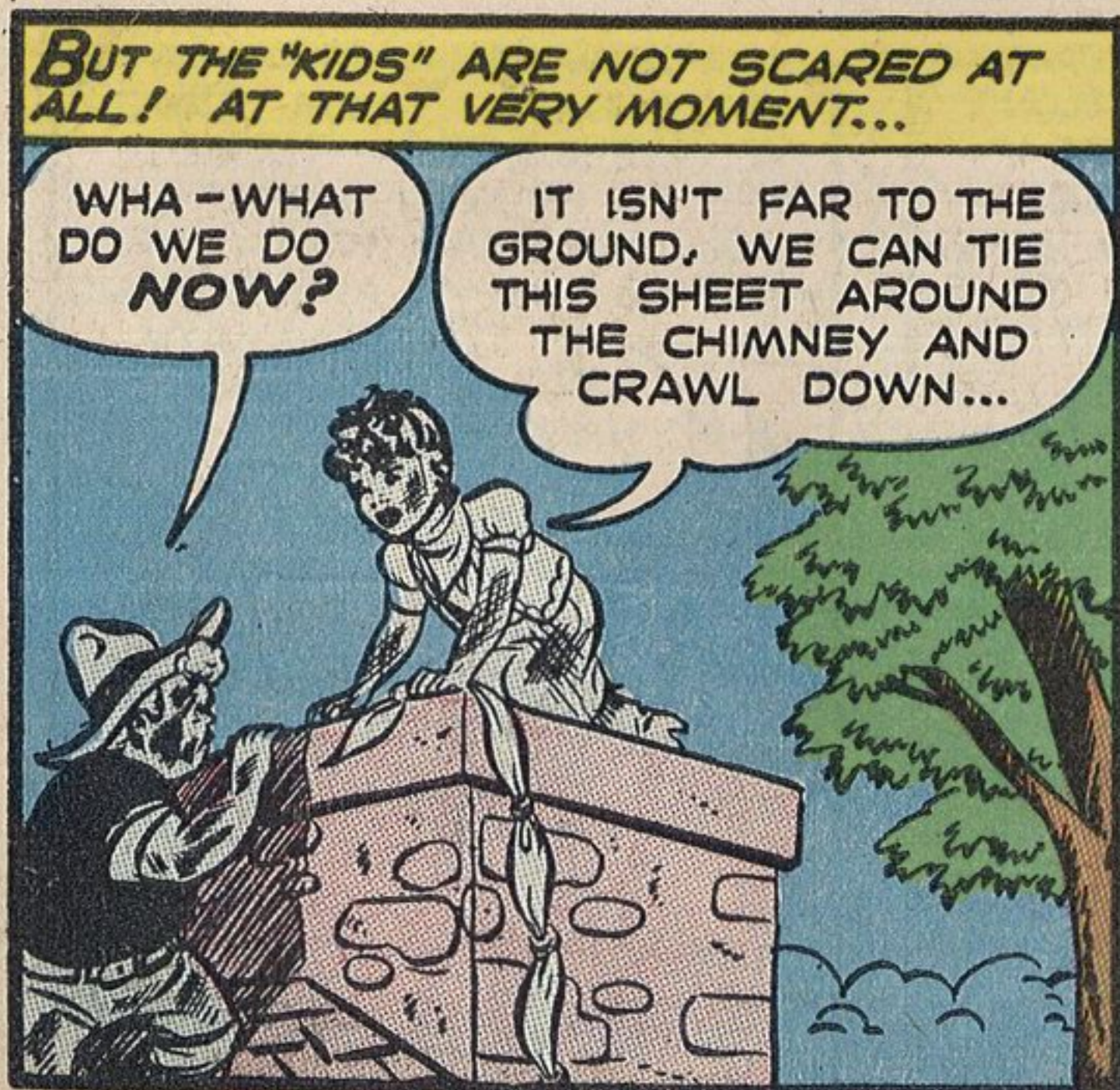
NOW WE'LL RUB THIS SOOT
ALL OVER US! WE'LL BE
SO BLACK THAT WHEN WE
GET OUTSIDE NOBODY
WILL SEE US!

BUT—HOW
DO WE
GET OUT-
SIDE? WE
CAN'T GO OUT
THE DOOR, AND
SOMEBODY IS
WATCHING THE
WINDOW!



OUTSIDE THE CABIN—

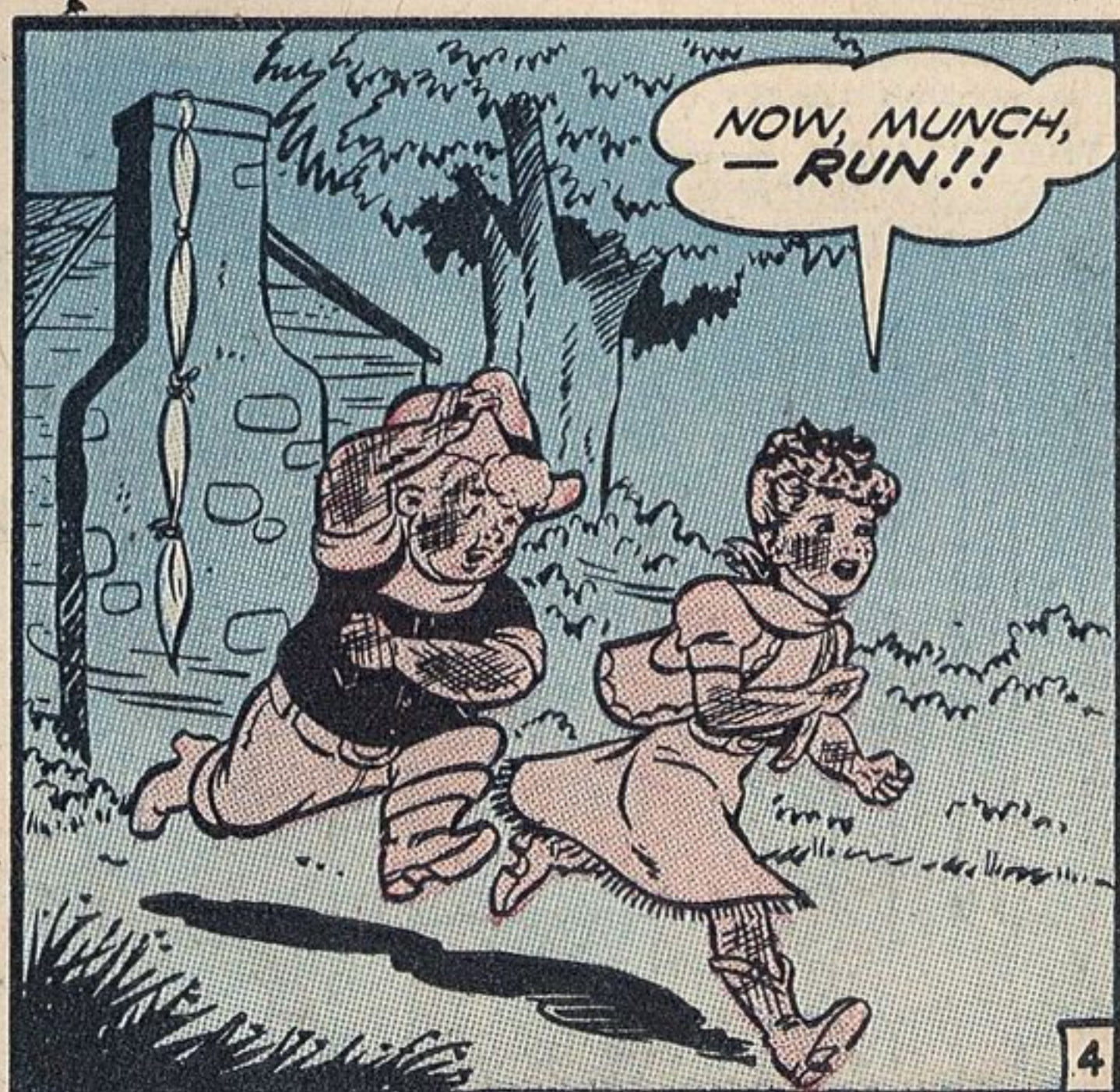
THE KIDS ARE PROBL'Y SCARED TO
DEATH. LOOK AT 'EM SITTING THERE
—SO SCARED THEY CAN'T EVEN MOVE!



BUT THE "KIDS" ARE NOT SCARED AT
ALL! AT THAT VERY MOMENT...

WHA—WHAT
DO WE DO
NOW?

IT ISN'T FAR TO THE
GROUND. WE CAN TIE
THIS SHEET AROUND
THE CHIMNEY AND
CRAWL DOWN...



NOW, MUNCH,
—RUN!!

ALL NIGHT LONG, SUNNY AND MUNCH FLEE FROM THE MOUNTAIN CABIN. AN HOUR AFTER DAWN —

I—I WISH I KNEW WHERE WE WERE!

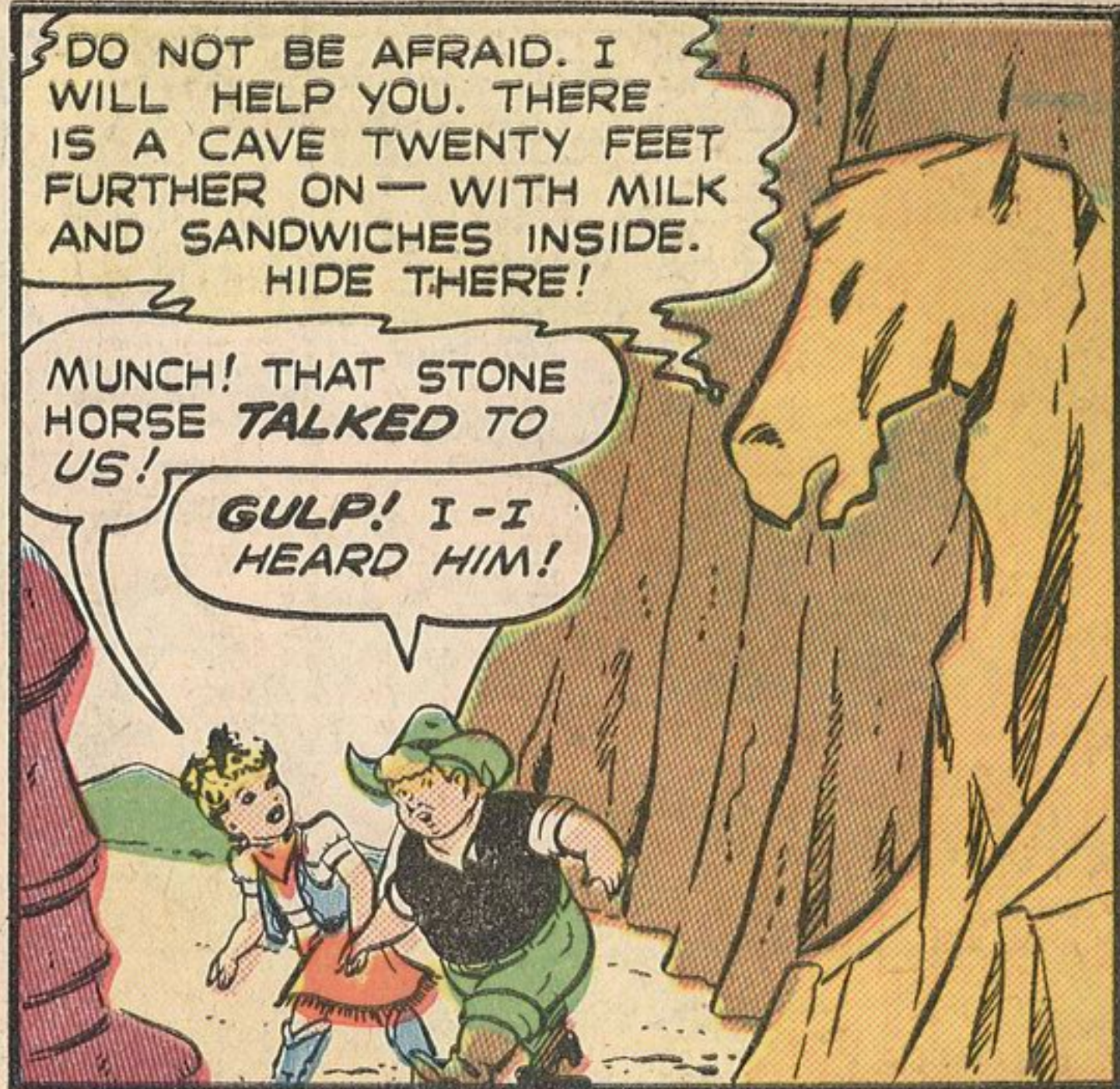
M-ME TOO! I—I'M SCARED!



DO NOT BE AFRAID. I WILL HELP YOU. THERE IS A CAVE TWENTY FEET FURTHER ON — WITH MILK AND SANDWICHES INSIDE. HIDE THERE!

MUNCH! THAT STONE HORSE TALKED TO US!

GULP! I—I HEARD HIM!



A LITTLE LATER, IN THE CAVE...

BUT HOW DID THAT HORSE TALK? HOW DID THESE SANDWICHES GET HERE?

NEVER MIND ASKIN' QUESTIONS, SUNNY—JUST EAT! REMEMBER — YOU'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO LOOK A GIFT HORSE IN THE MOUTH!



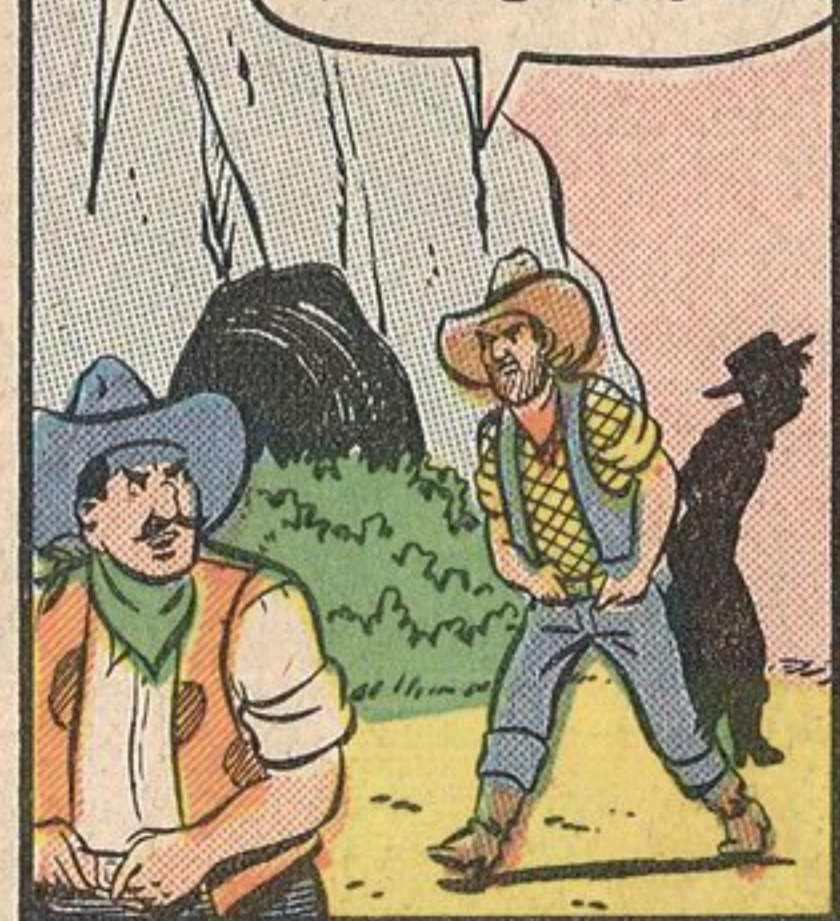
HERE COME THOSE BAD MEN! GET BACK, MUNCH!

YOU BETCHA!



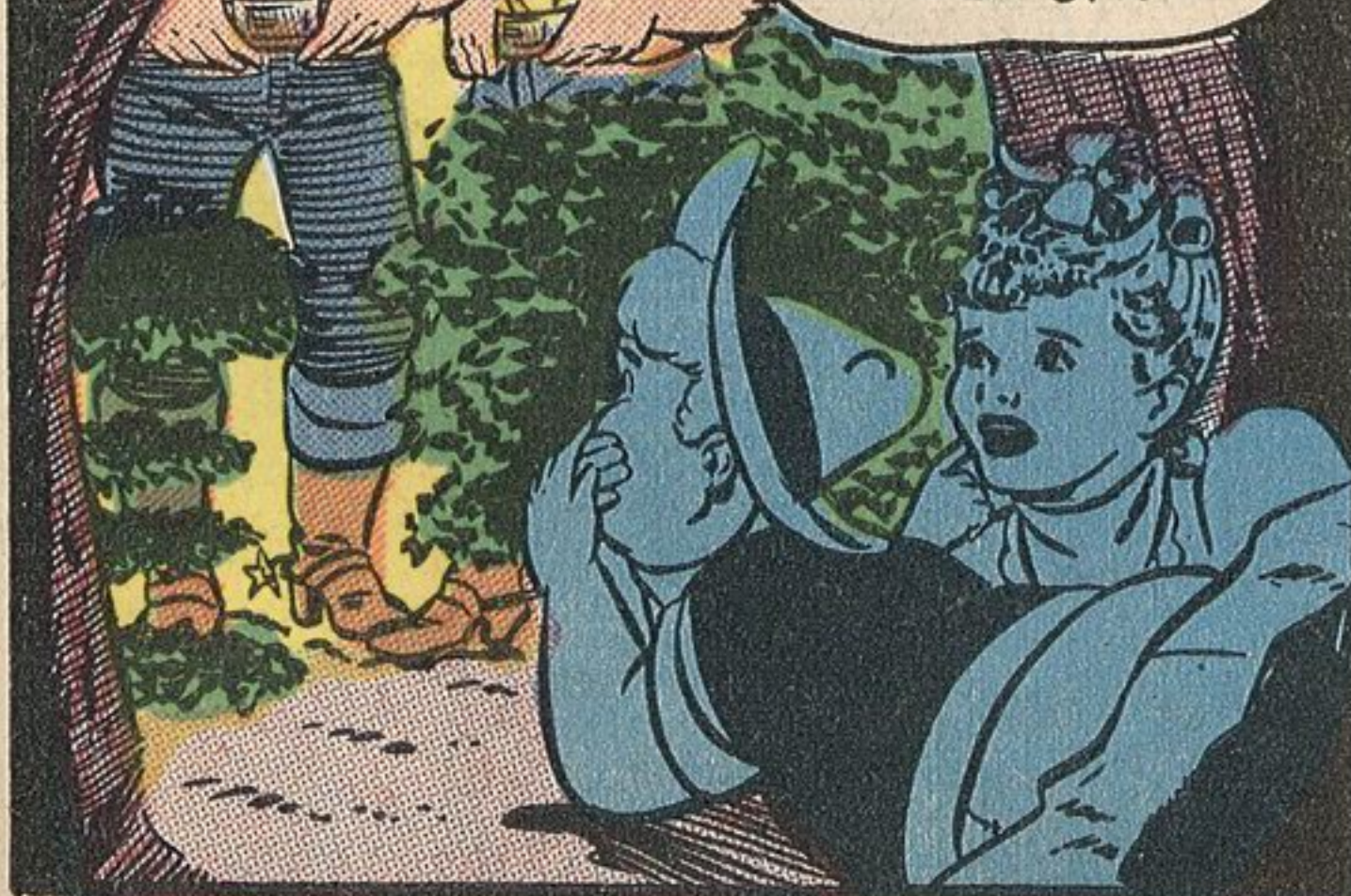
THEY CAME THIS WAY!

WE CAN'T BE SURE! THIS ROCKY GROUND IS TOO HARD FOR ANY FOOT-PRINTS TO SHOW!



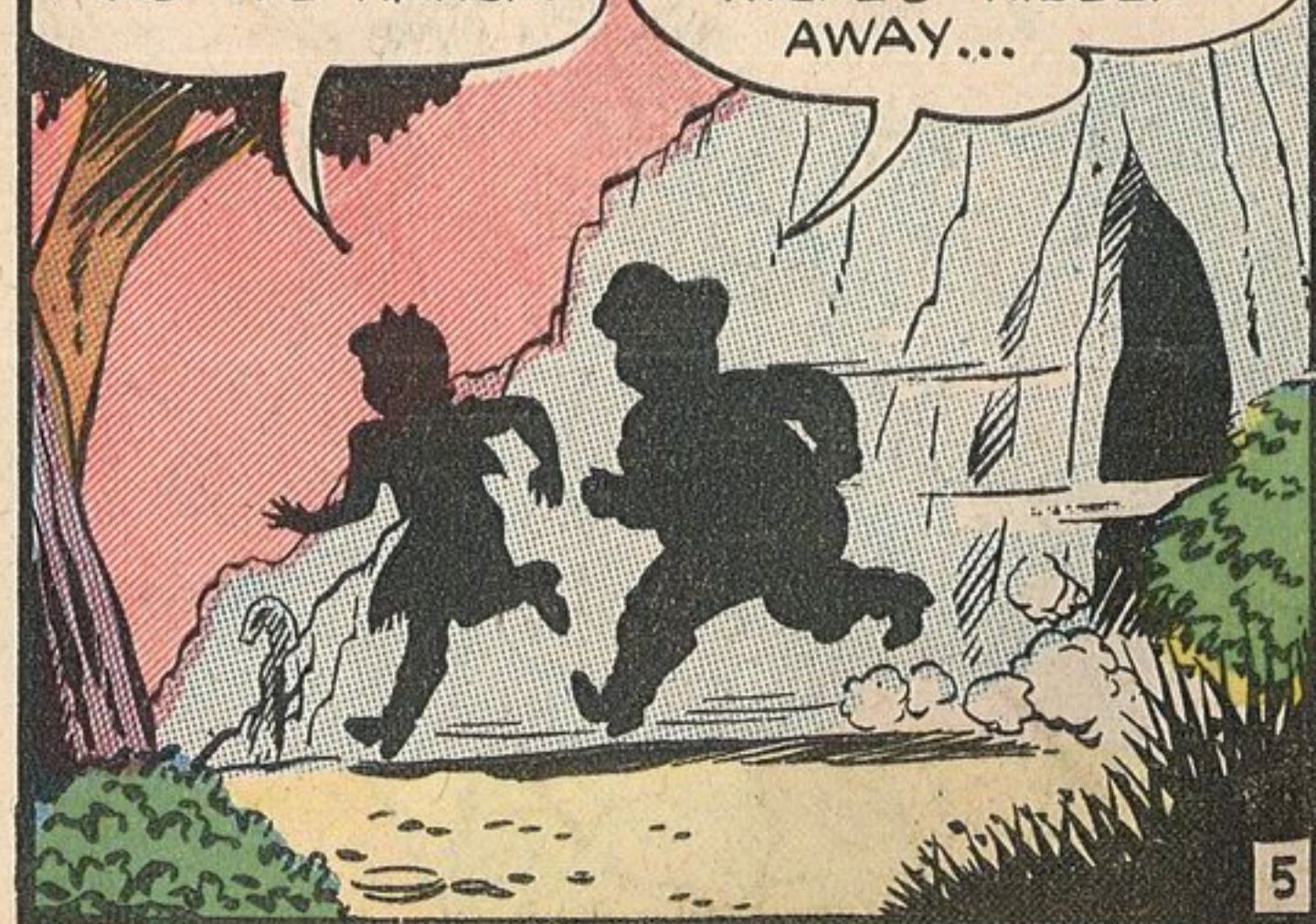
THERE AIN'T NOTHIN' TO SHOW WHERE THEY ARE!

MEBBE THEY DIDN'T COME THIS WAY. WE'D BETTER CLIMB INTO OUR SADDLES AN' RIDE ON!



THEY'RE GONE! COME ON, MUNCH! I WANT TO TALK TO THE STONE HORSE AGAIN! MAYBE HE CAN TELL US HOW TO FIND THE RANCH!

ASK HIM IF HE HAS ANY MORE SANDWICHES HIDDEN AWAY...



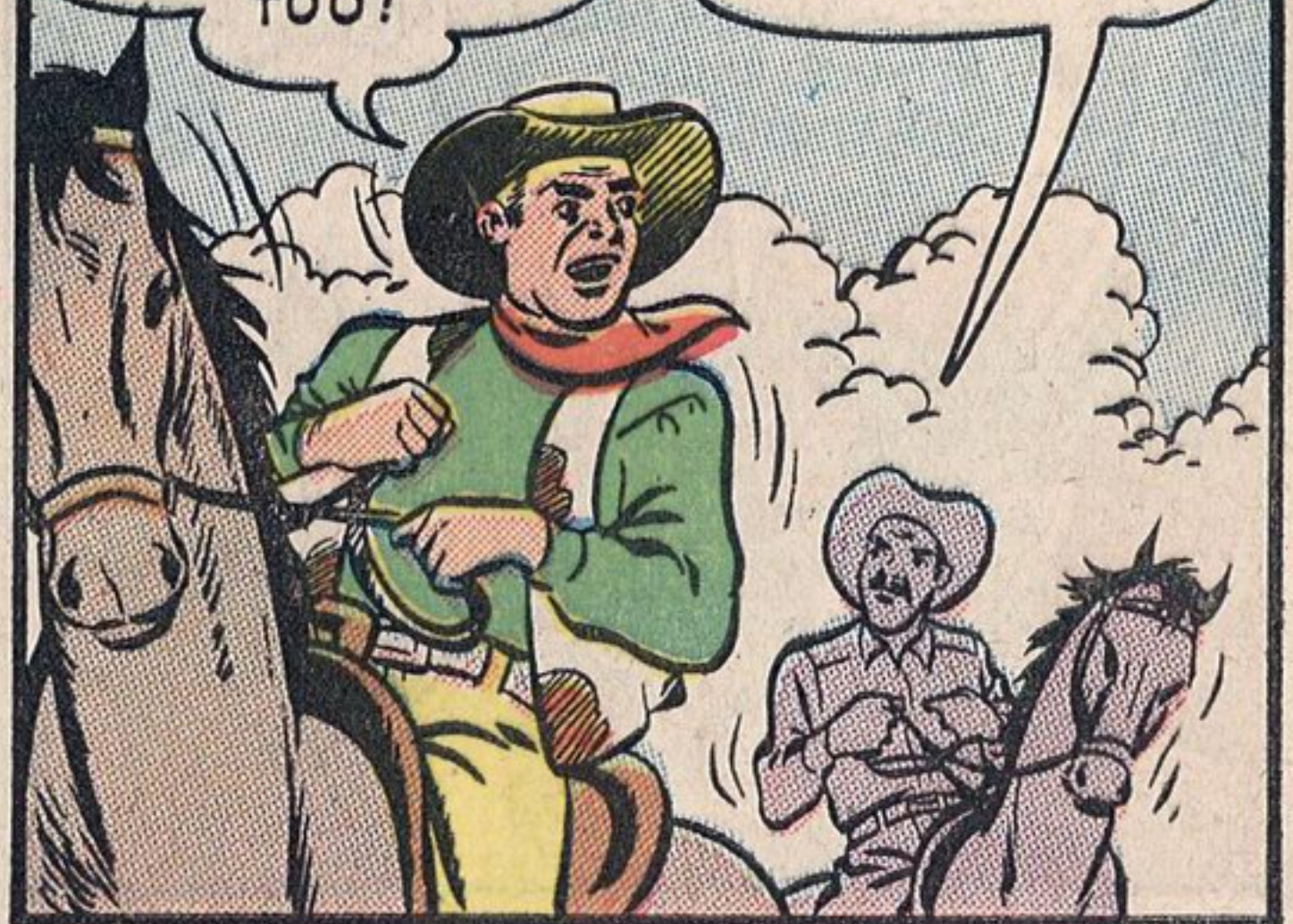
MEANWHILE THE RANCH-HANDS ARE RIDING OUT FROM THE RANCH AGAIN...

A PHONY STORY ABOUT A LANDSLIDE THAT NEVER HAPPENED... AND THE KIDS MISSING WHEN WE GET BACK! SOMETHING'S WRONG...!



THINK THAT NEW BOY, JOHNNY MIGHT BE IN IT? HE'S MISSING TOO!

DON'T KNOW, BARNEY — BUT WE'LL RIDE THIS TRAIL TILL WE FIND OUT!



AND, AT THE TALKING HORSE...

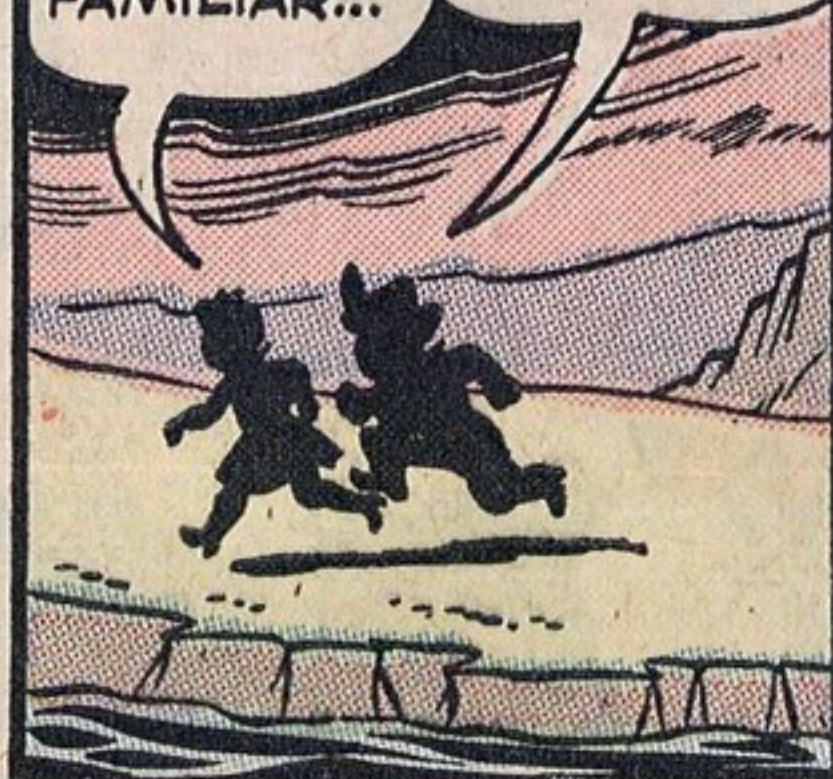
FOLLOW THE CREEK AT THE BOTTOM OF THE HILL — IT LEADS RIGHT TO THE RANCH.

THANK YOU, MISTER HORSE!



MUNCH, DID YOU NOTICE SOMETHING ABOUT THAT HORSE'S VOICE? IT SOUNDED FAMILIAR...

I WAS TOO HUNGRY TO NOTICE ANYTHING. AND NOW I'M THIRSTY!



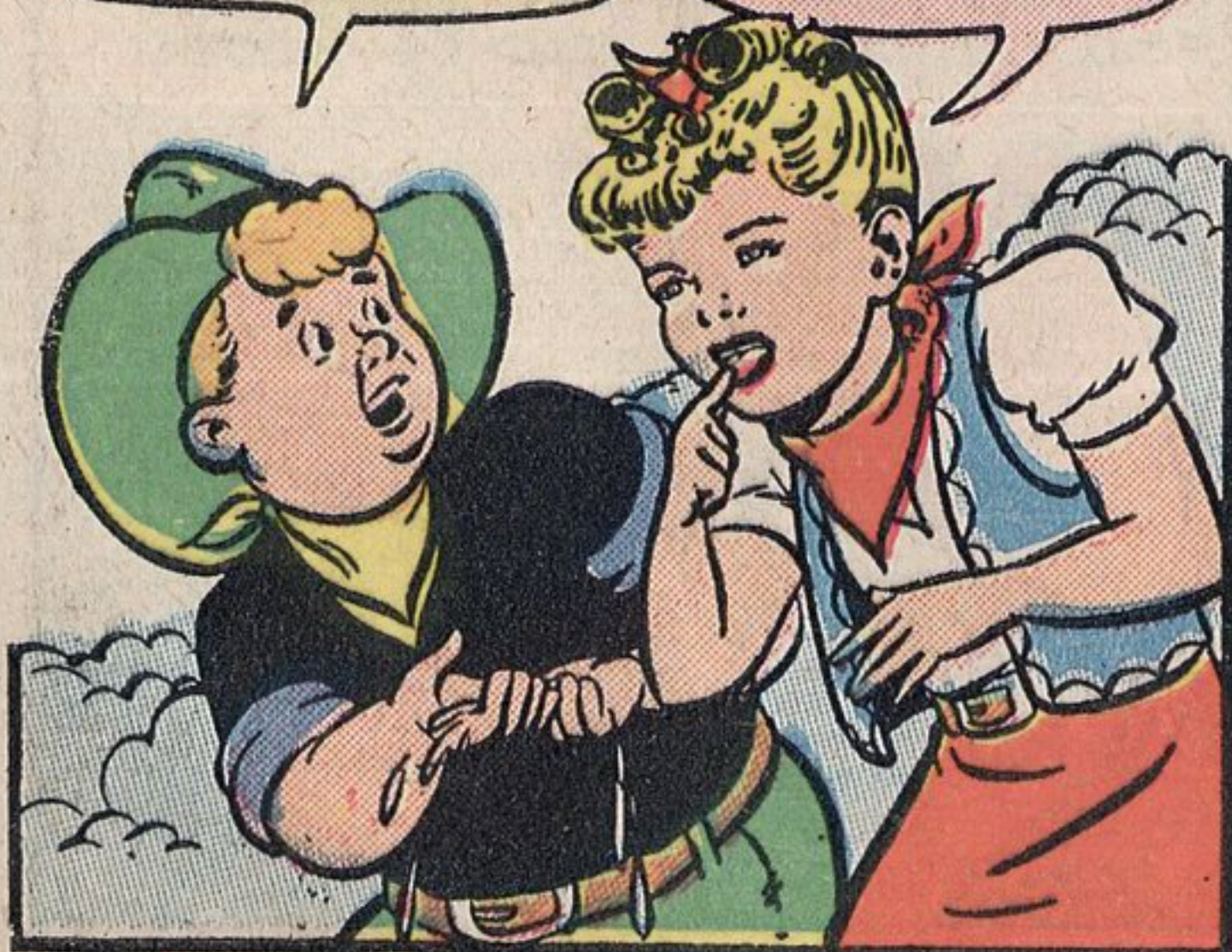
OF COURSE I'D RATHER HAVE A CHOCOLATE SODA, BUT THIS WILL HAVE TO DO...

WAIT, MUNCH! THAT COYOTE WAS GOING TO DRINK TOO — BUT HE STOPPED AFTER SNIFFING AT THE WATER!



MAYBE IT'S POISONED! SUNNY — YOU TASTE IT!

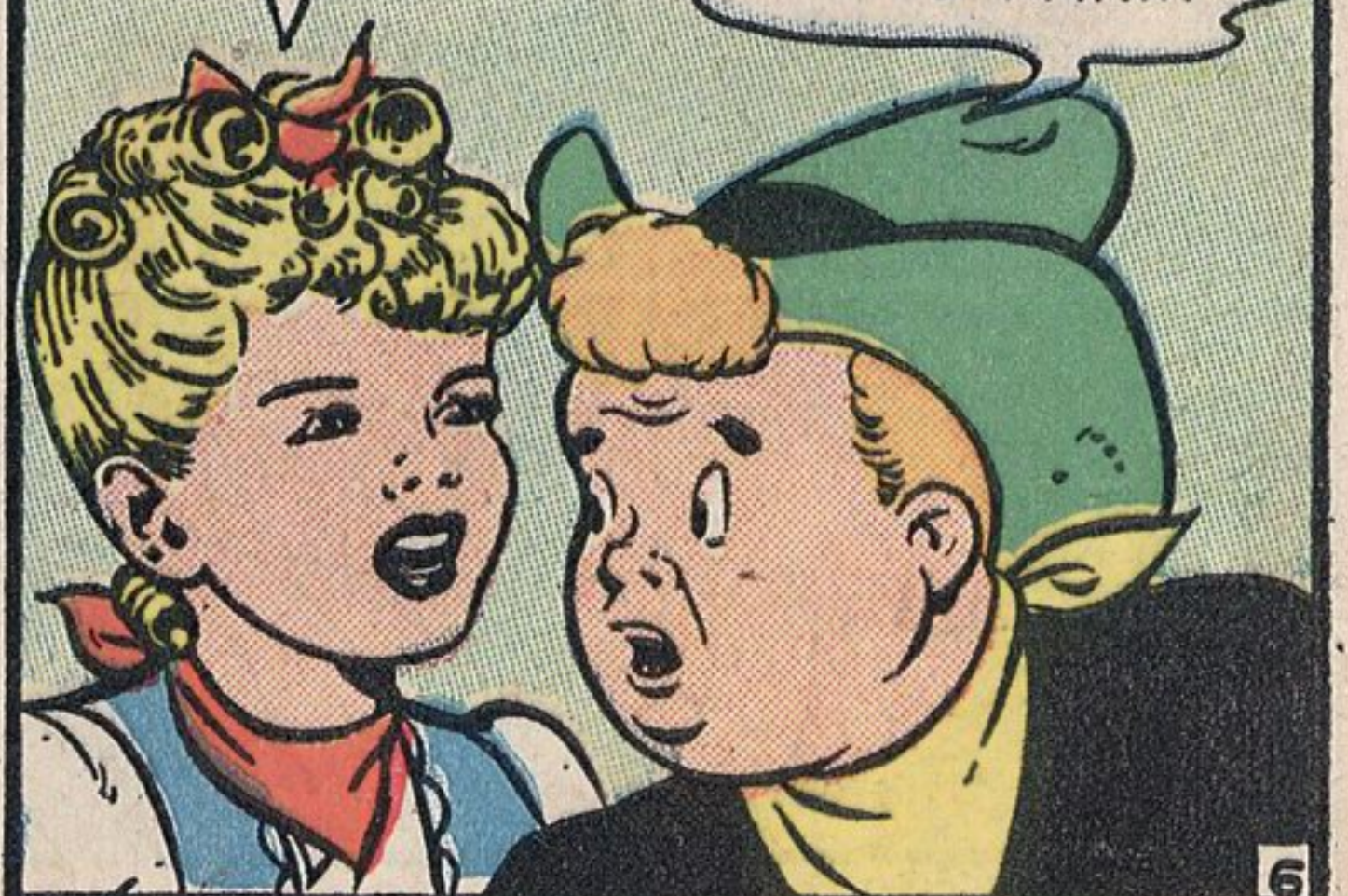
IT TASTES FUNNY... LIKE... LIKE OIL...!



OIL! NOW I KNOW WHY THOSE BAD MEN WANT UNCLE TEDDY'S RANCH! THERE'S OIL ON IT!

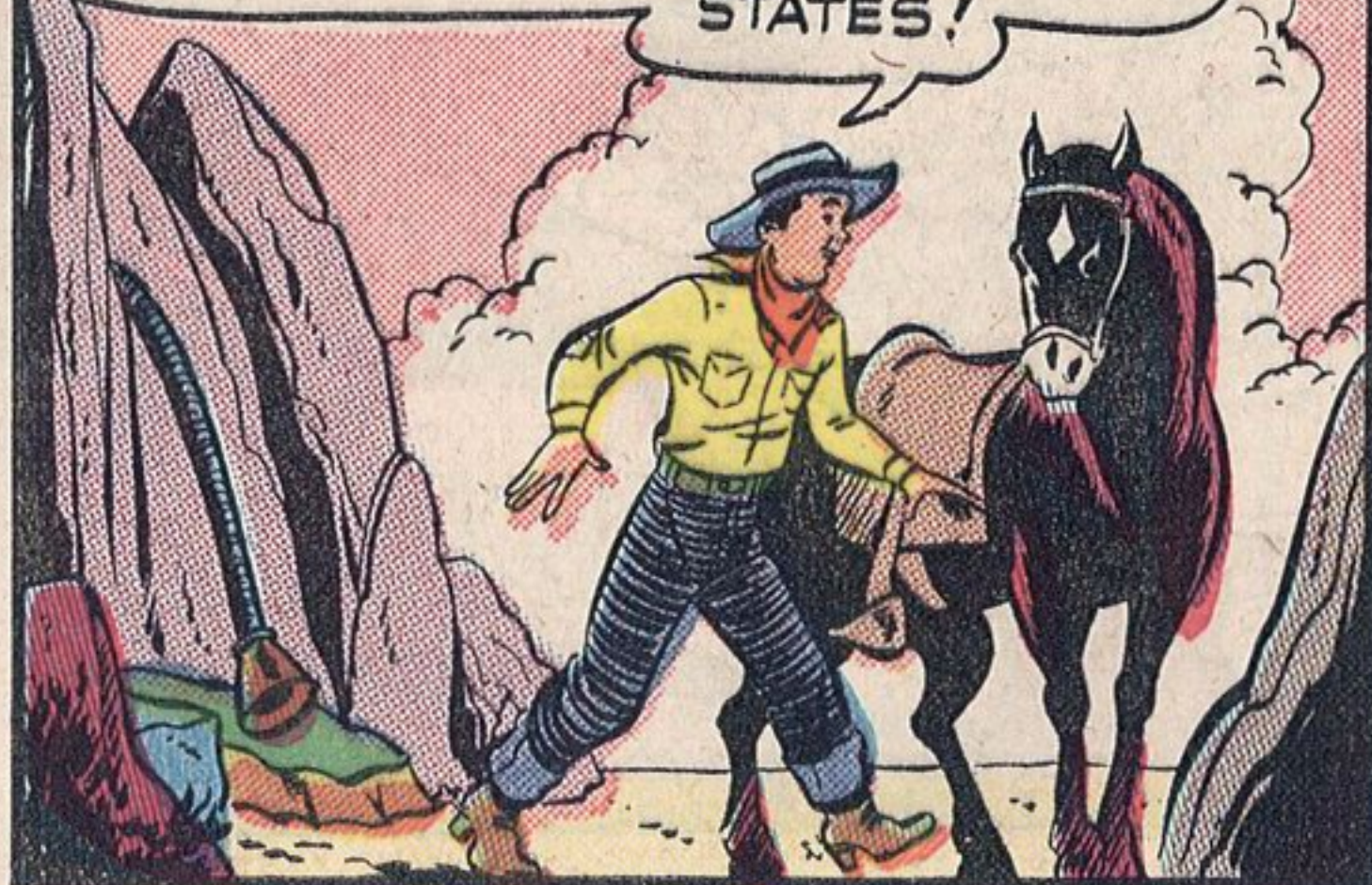
YEOW!

SUNNY! THOSE BAD MEN — THEY'RE COMING THIS WAY...!



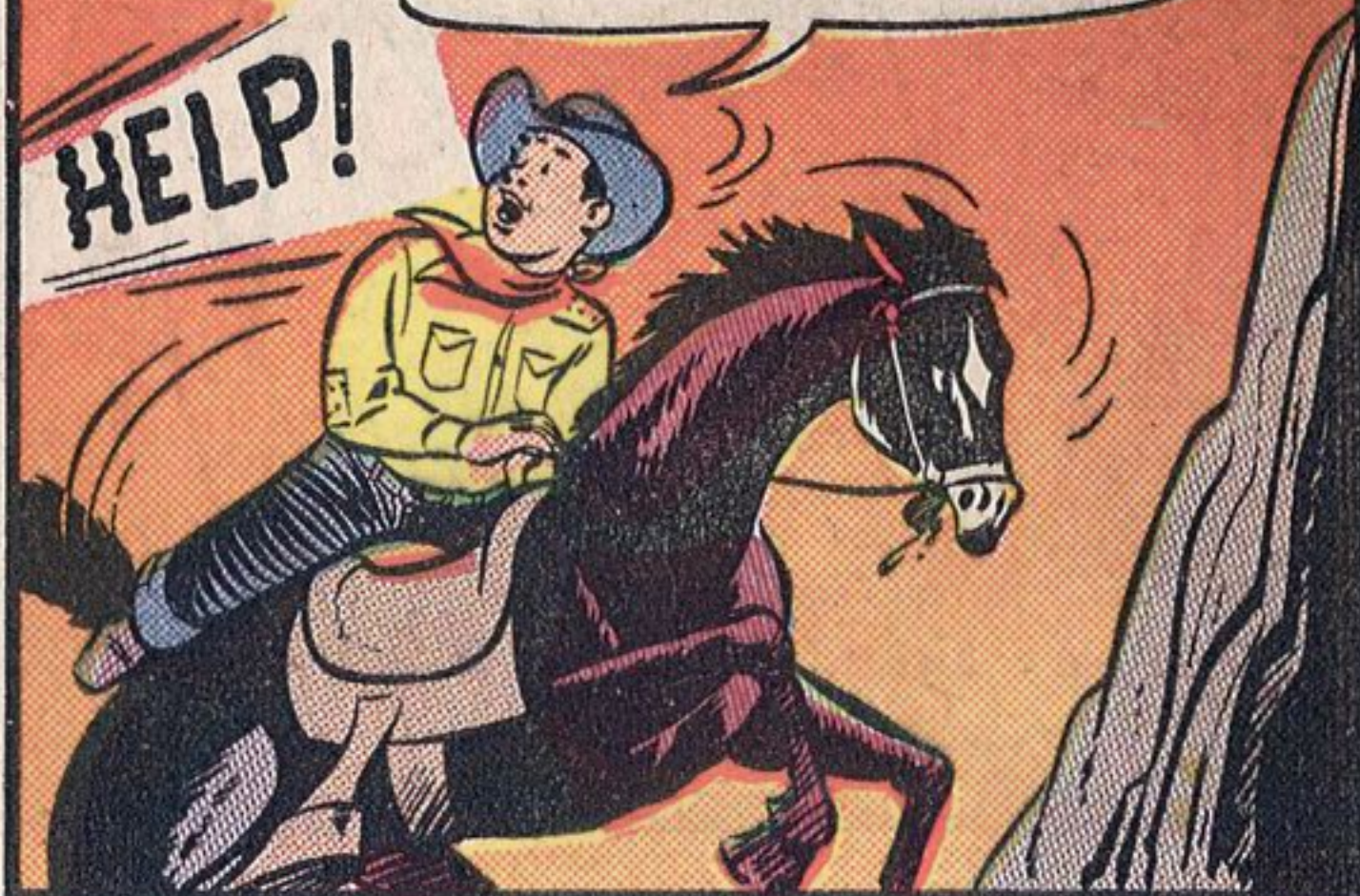
MEANWHILE, BEHIND THE TALKING
STONE HORSE...

THOSE YOUNGSTERS
DON'T KNOW I'M A GOVERNMENT IN-
VESTIGATOR ON THE TRAIL OF THOSE
GUNSLICKS — WHO ARE WANTED FOR
ROBBERY AND MURDER IN THREE
STATES!



GOOD THING I FOUND THAT OLD INDIAN
MEDICINE-MAN'S FAKE TALKING HORSE
WHILE SCOUTING THIS REGION! I WAS
ABLE TO HELP THE KIDS WITHOUT
SHOWING MYSELF WHEN I SPOTTED
THOSE CROOKS RIDING THIS WAY —
HEY! WHAT THE...?

HELP!

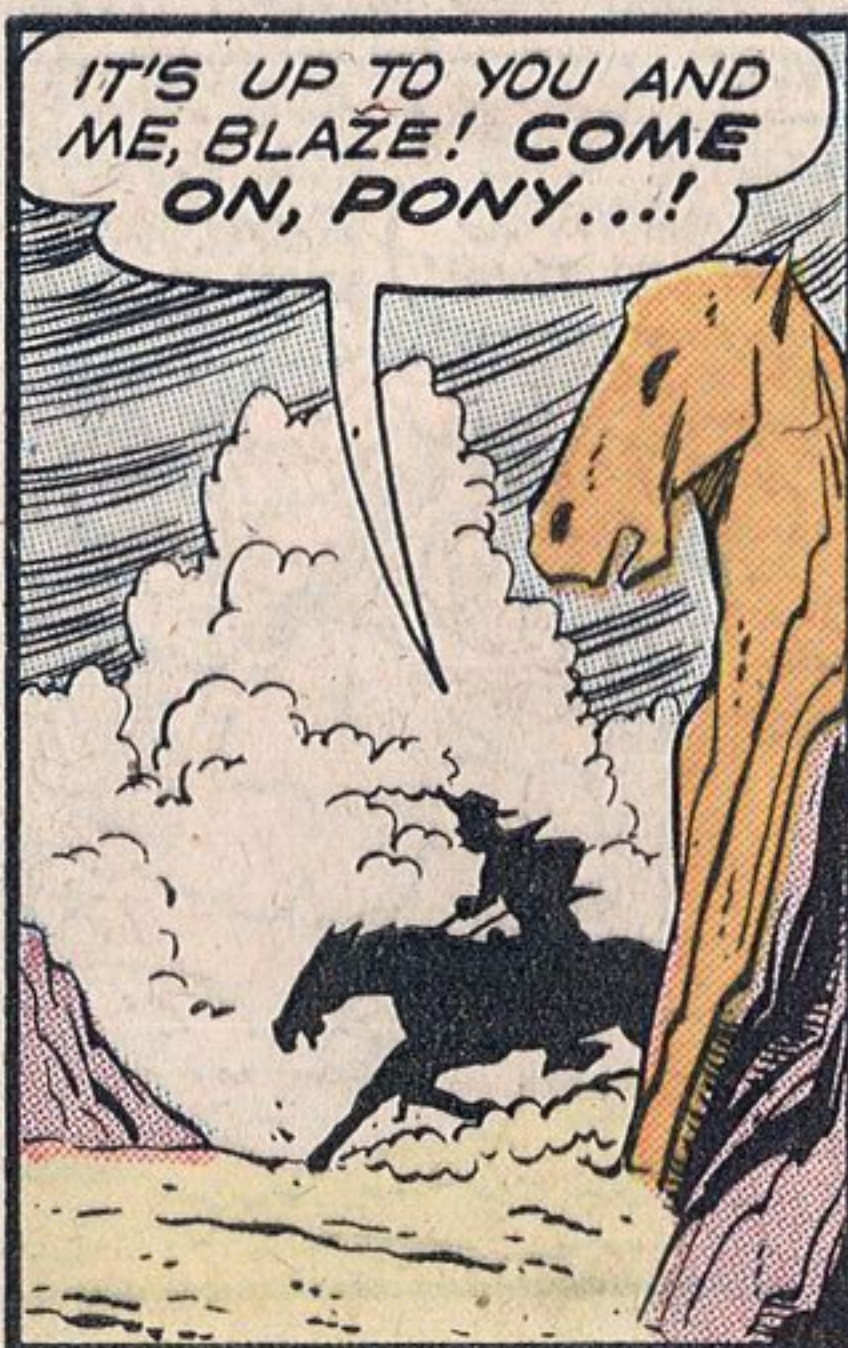


HELP! HELP!

MAYBE THE
TALKING HORSE
WILL HELP US,
SOMEHOW...!



IT'S UP TO YOU AND
ME, BLAZE! COME
ON, PONY...!

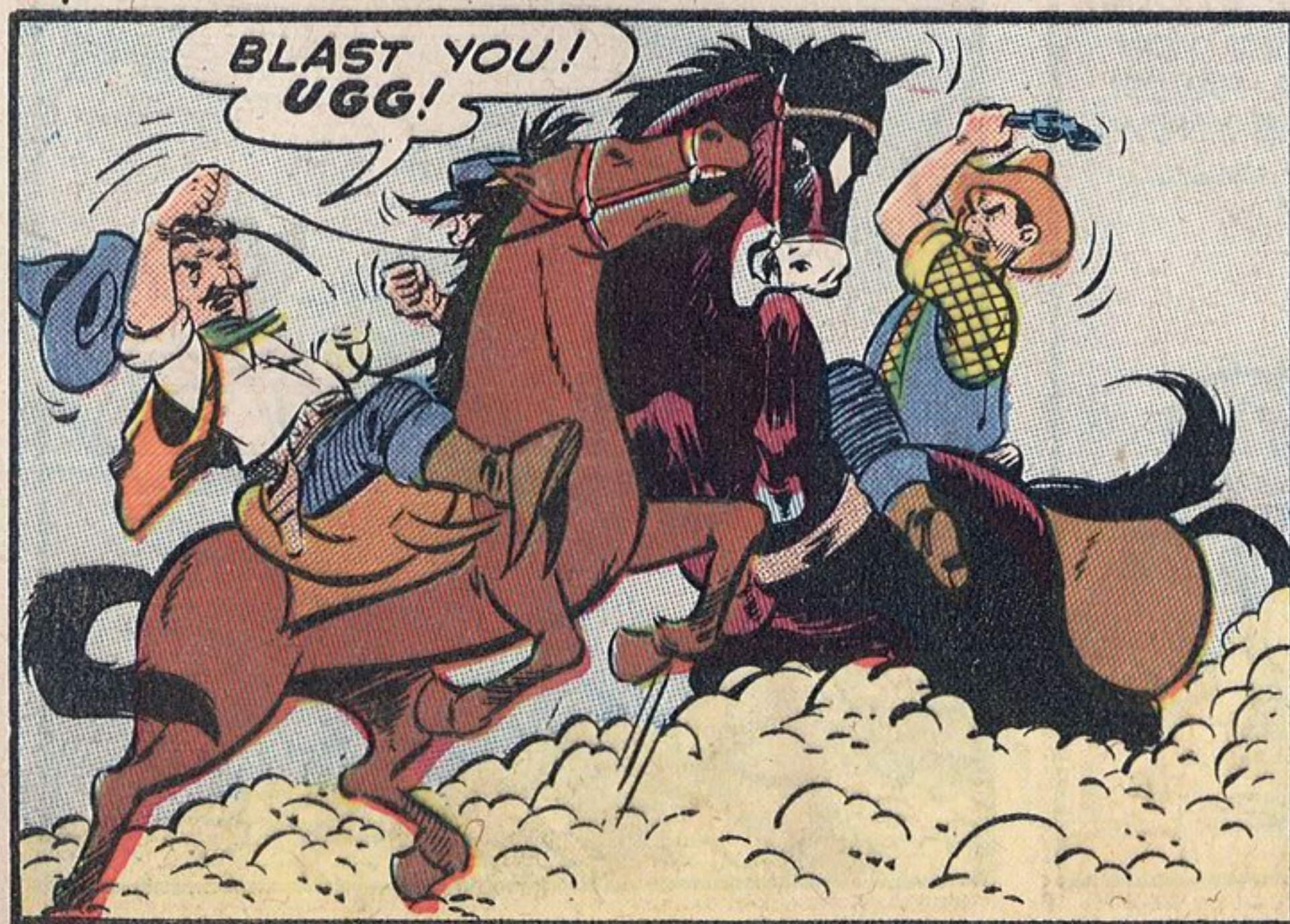


HEY! LOOK
OUT...!

RIGHT INTO
'EM, BLAZE!



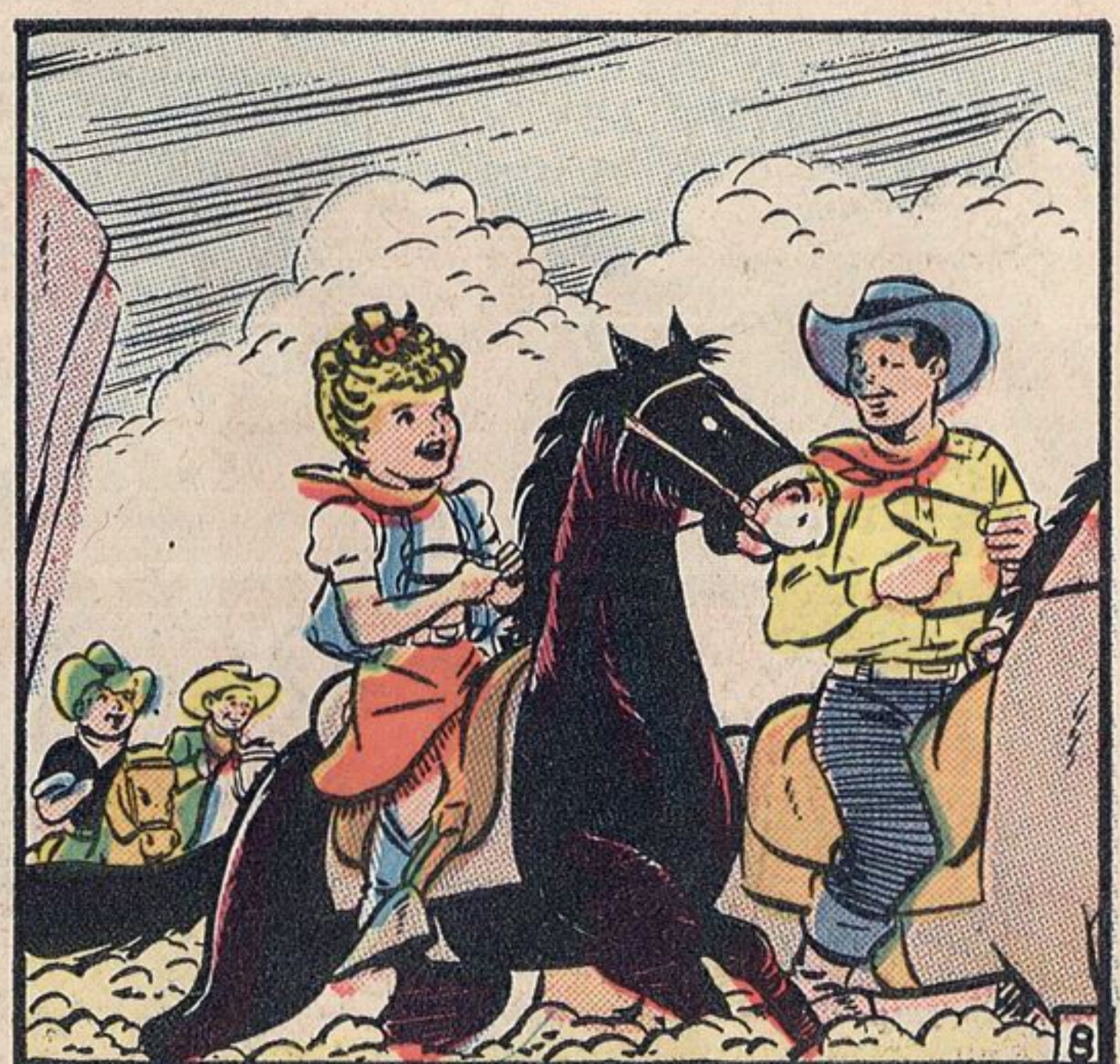
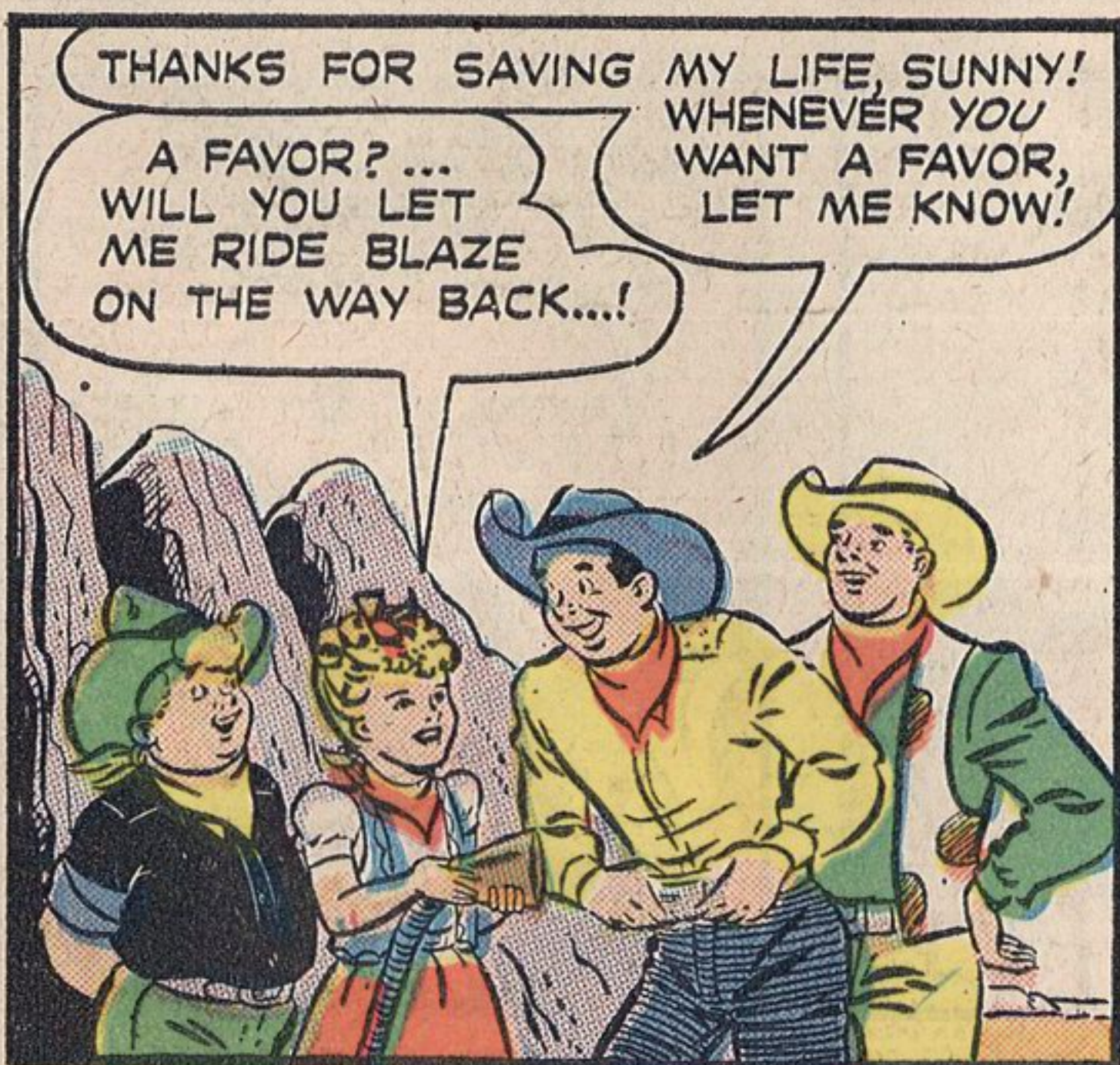
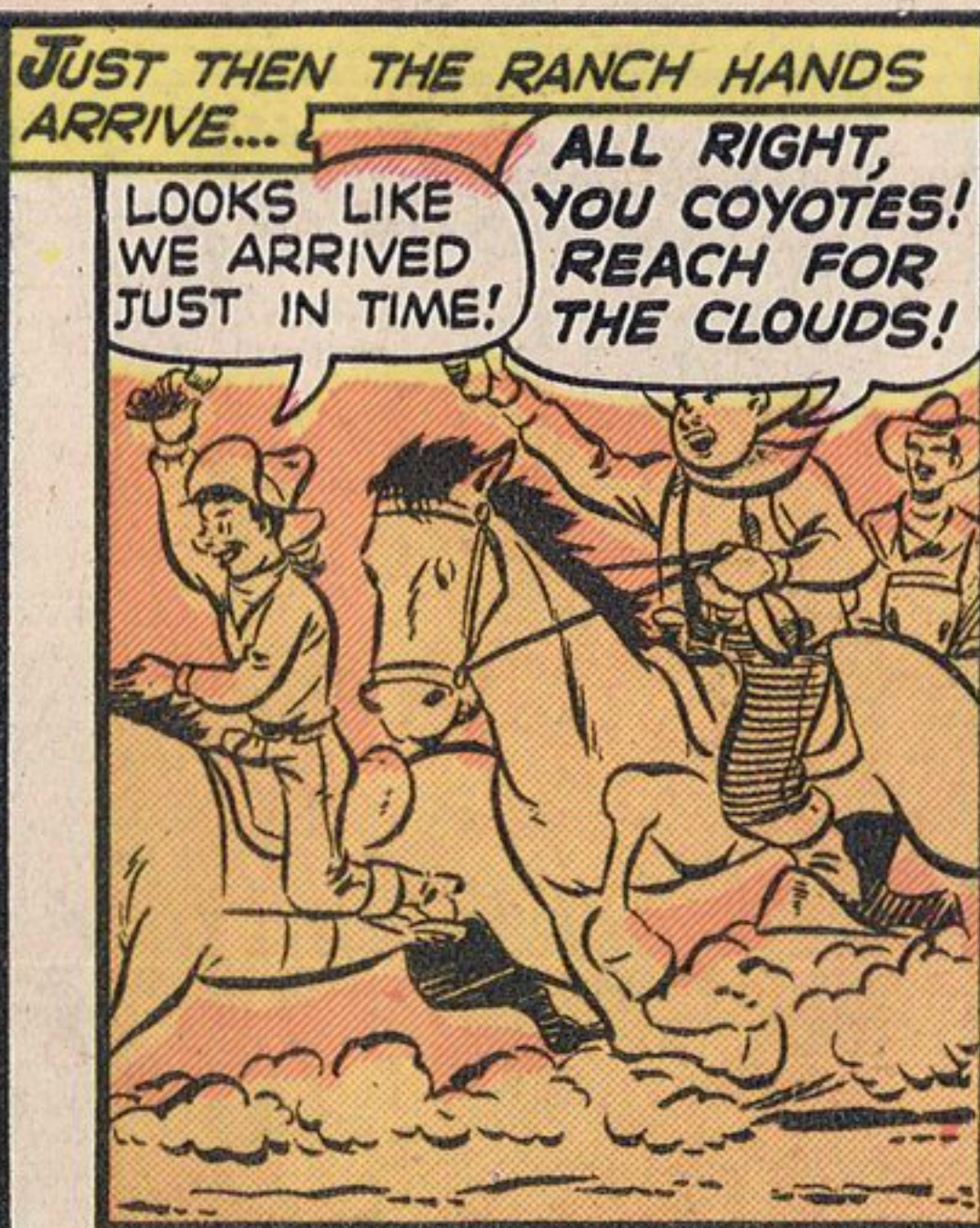
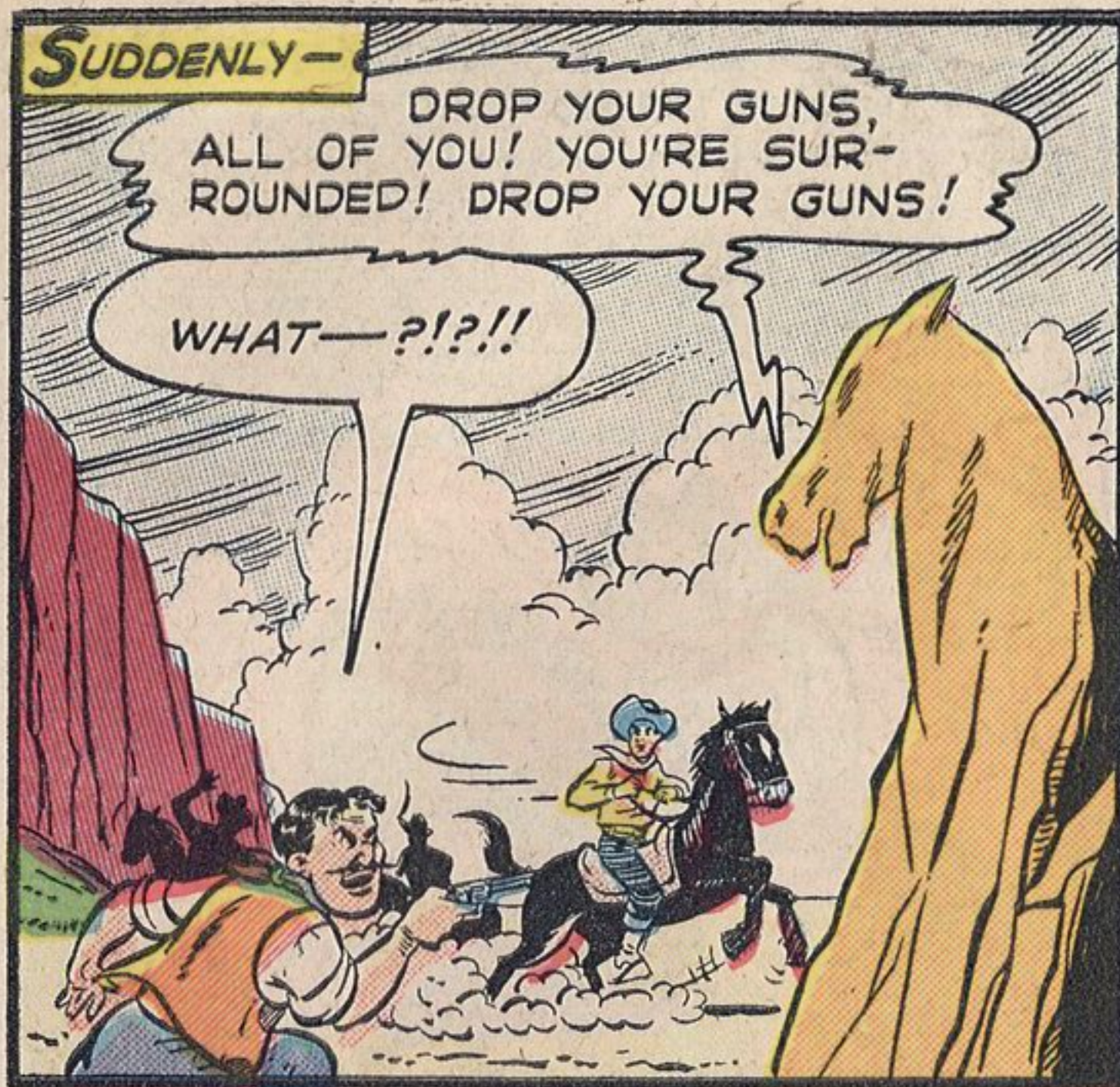
BLAST YOU!
UGG!

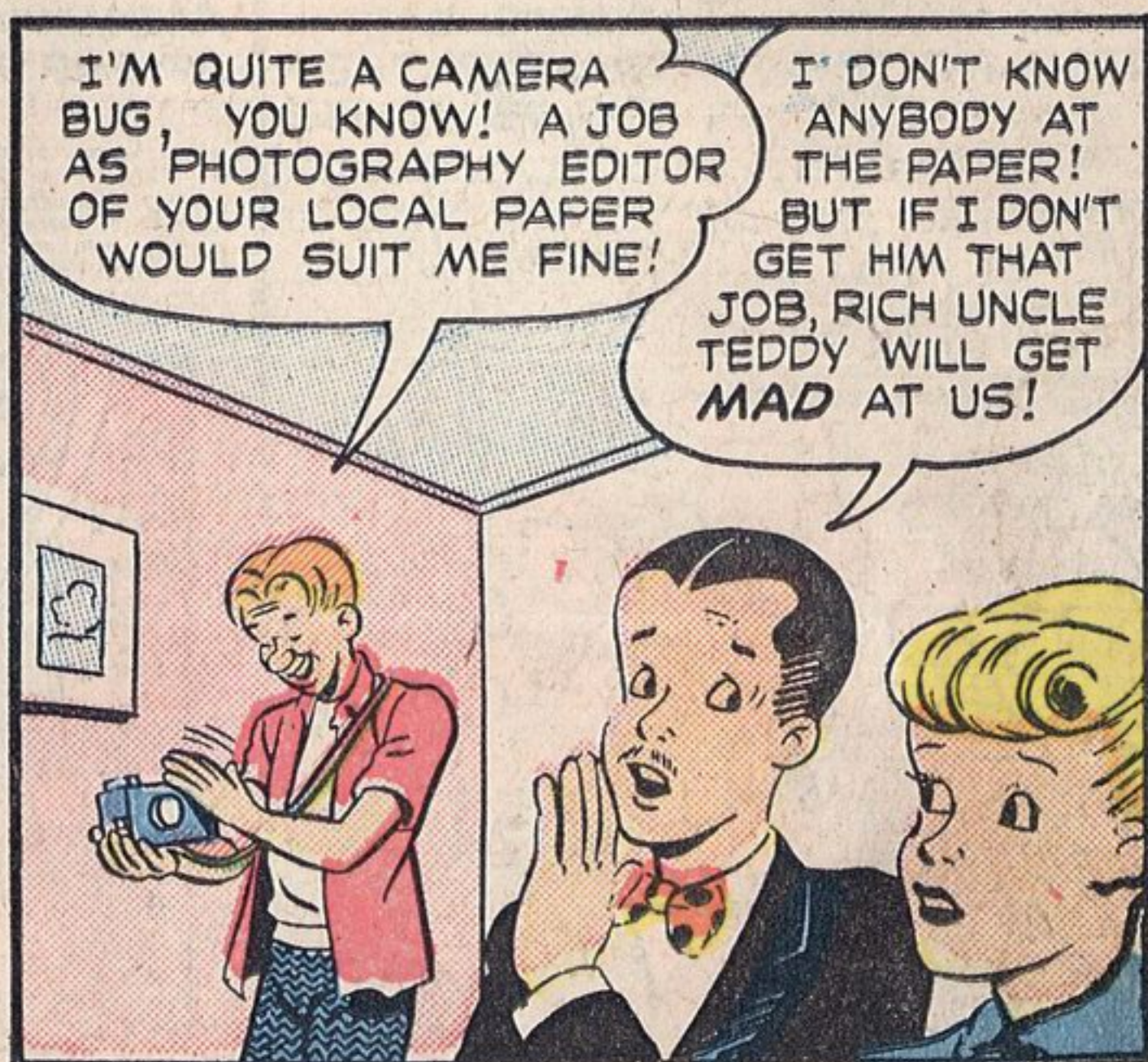
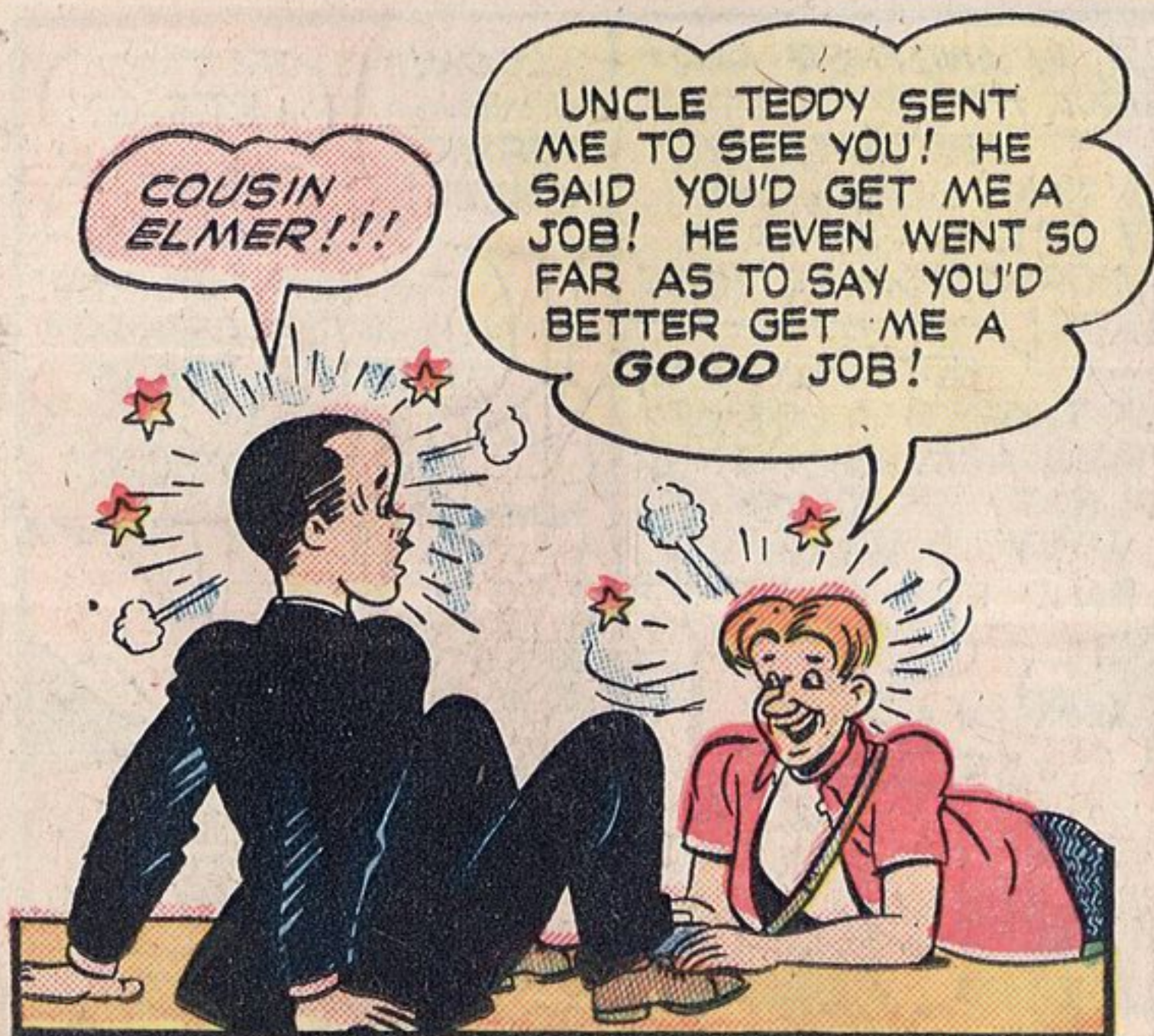
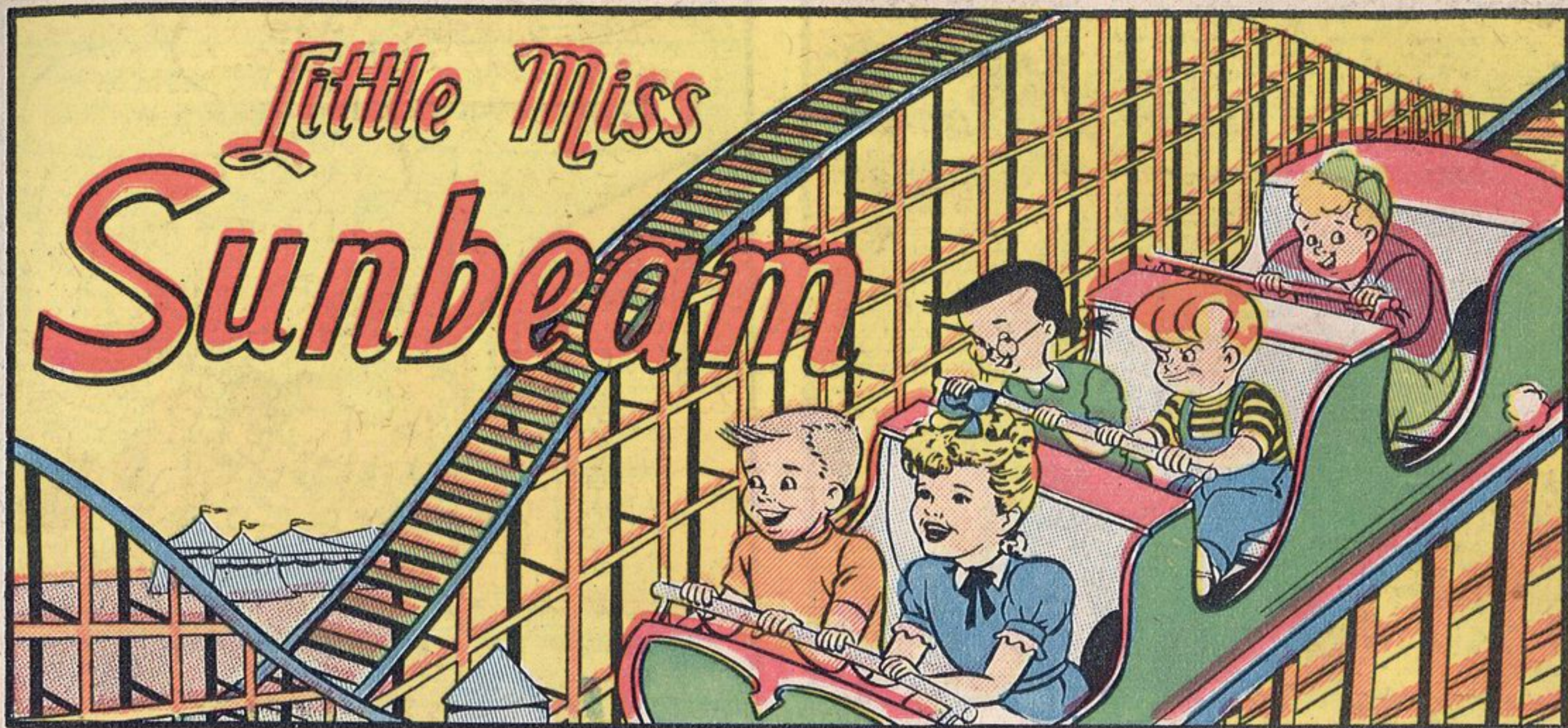


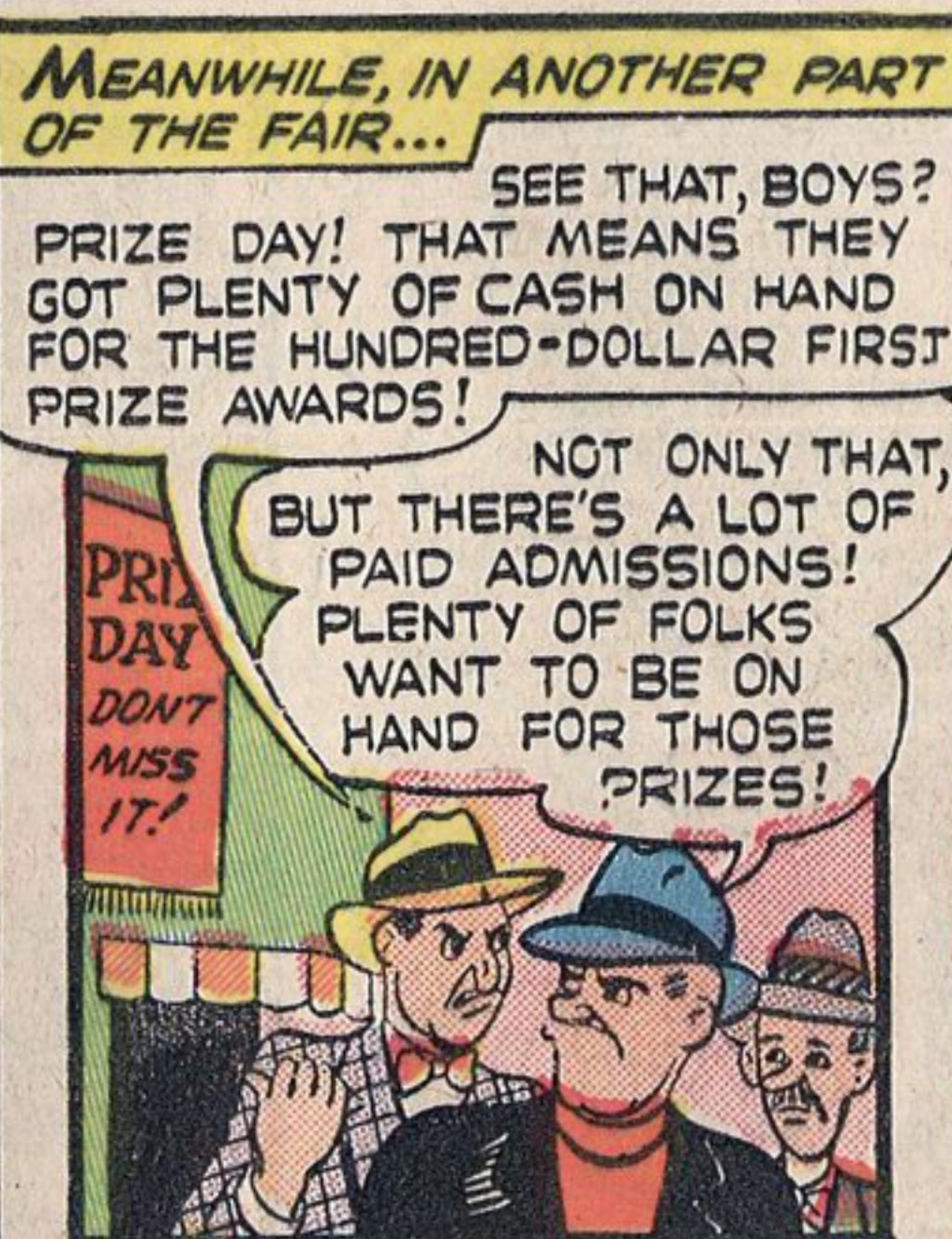
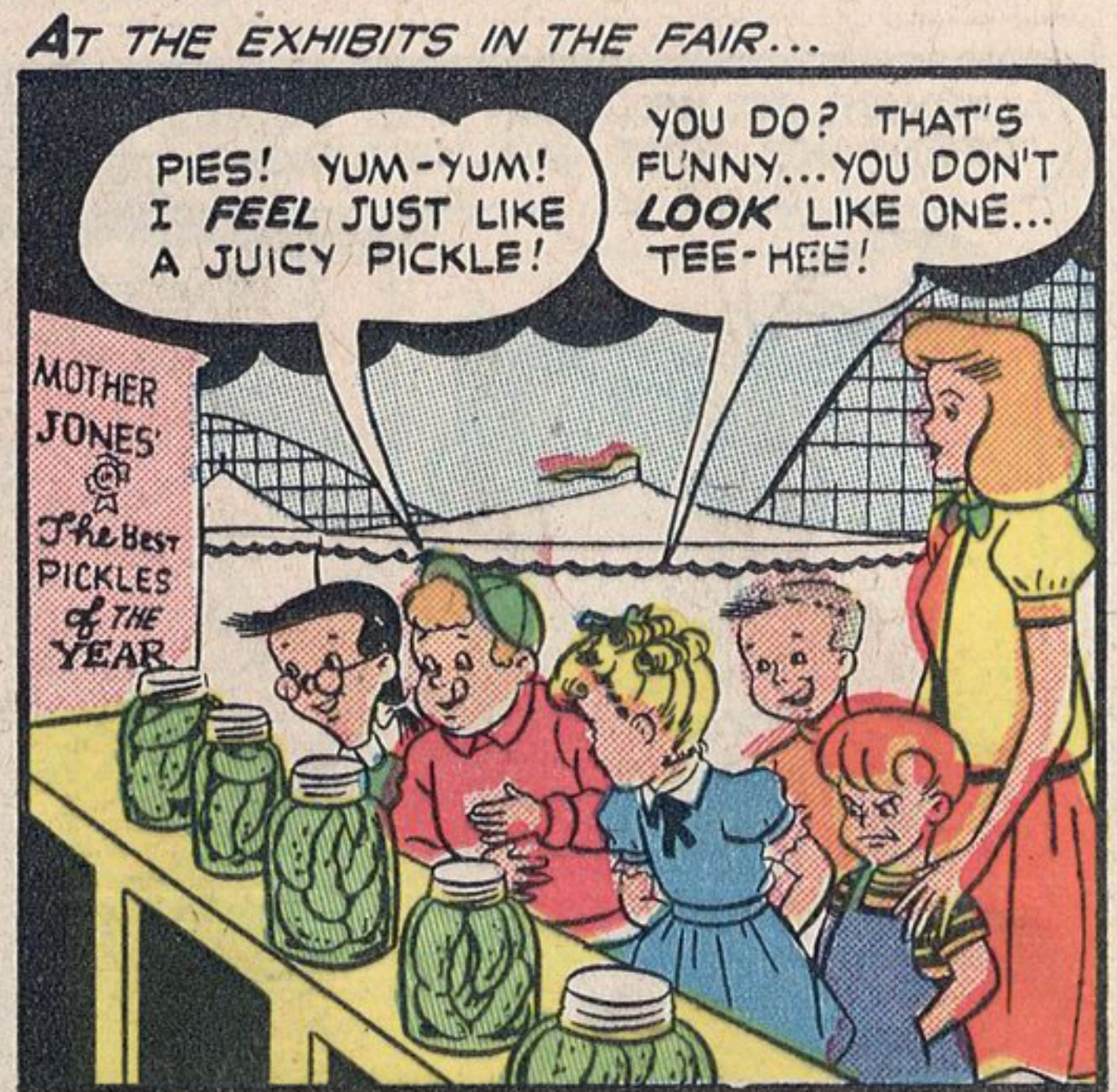
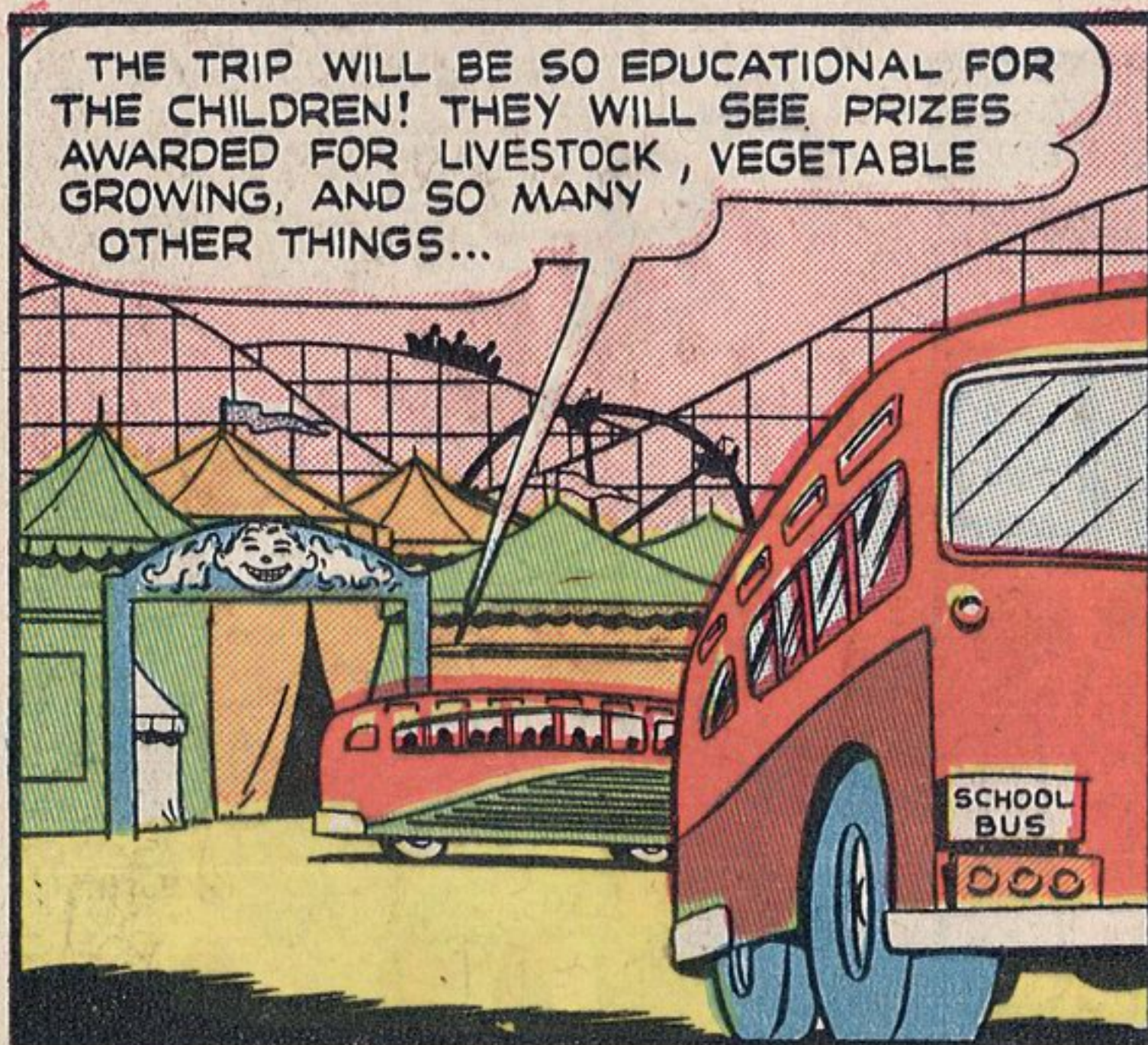
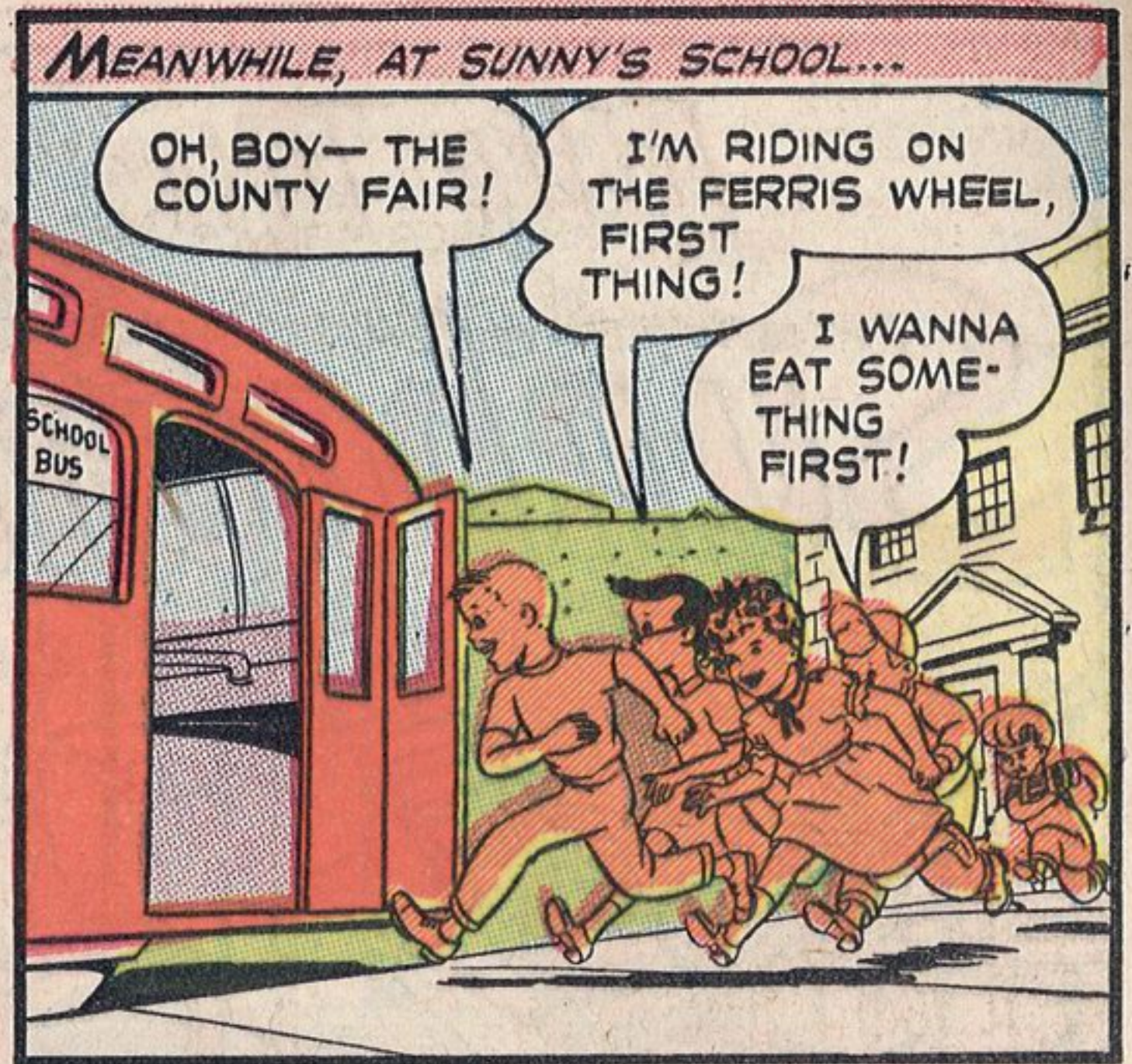
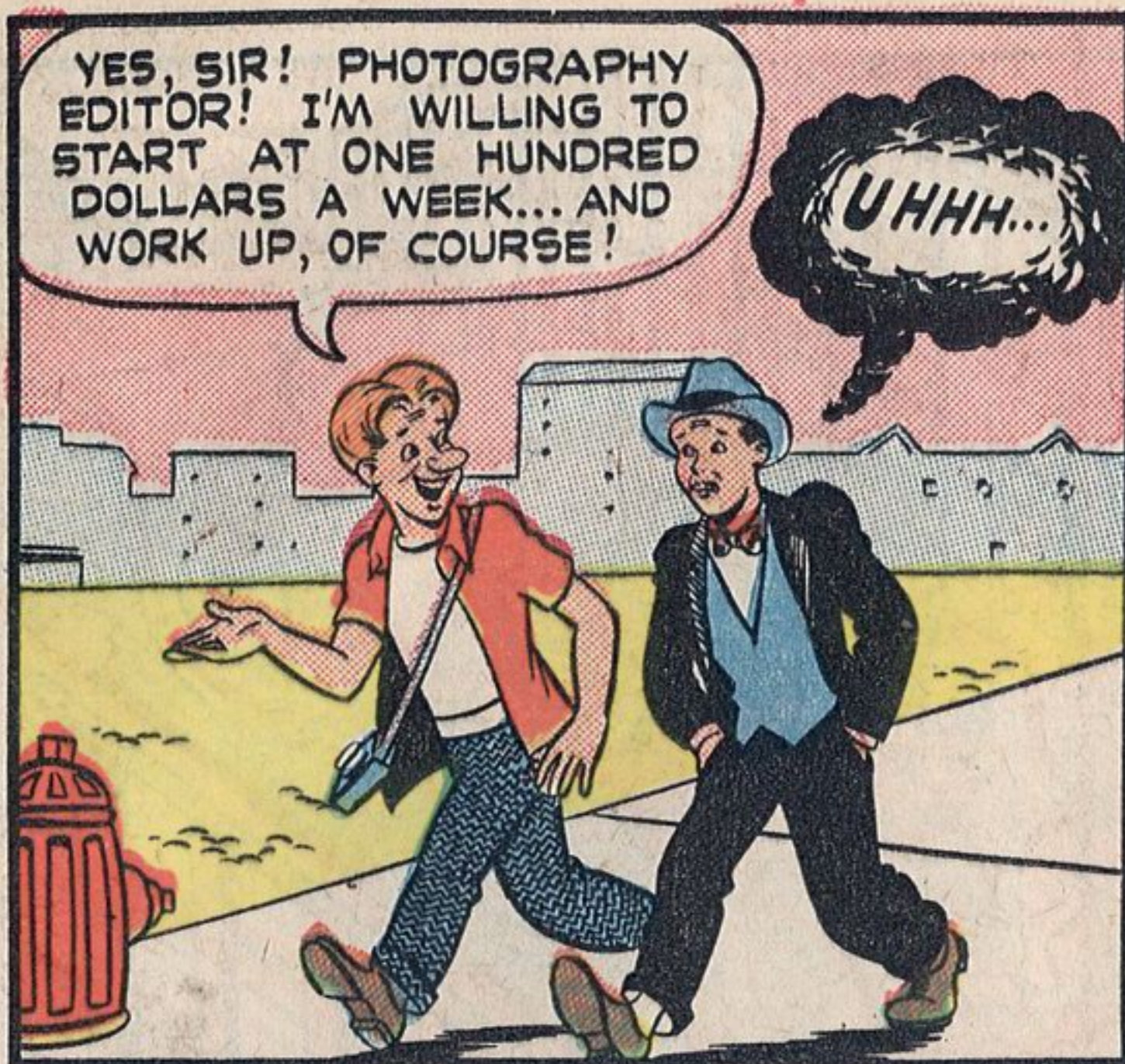
ALL RIGHT, WISE-
GUY! NOW YOU
GET YOURS...!

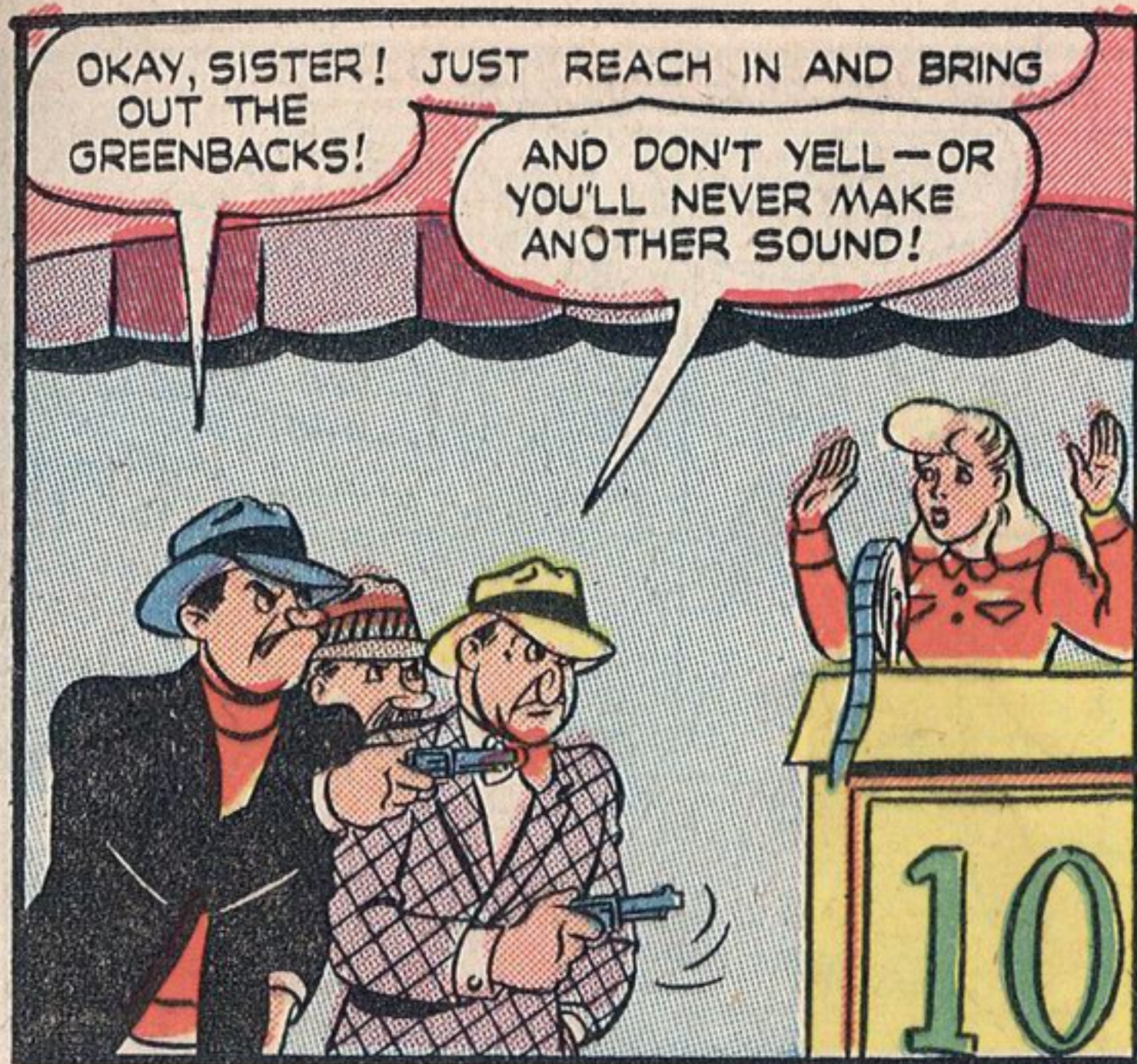
SWISH!





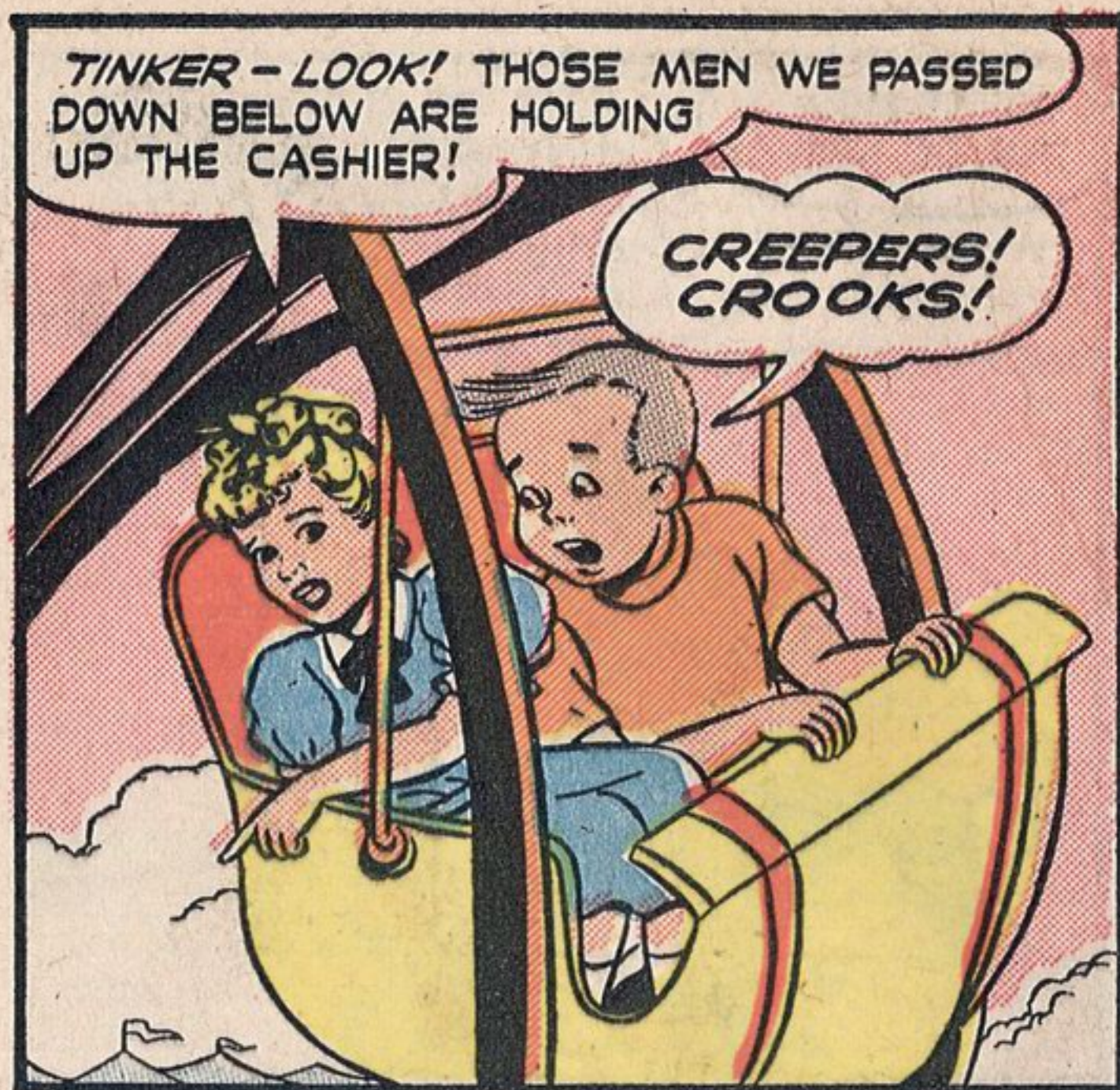






OKAY, SISTER! JUST REACH IN AND BRING OUT THE GREENBACKS!

AND DON'T YELL—OR YOU'LL NEVER MAKE ANOTHER SOUND!



TINKER—LOOK! THOSE MEN WE PASSED DOWN BELOW ARE HOLDING UP THE CASHIER!

CREEPERS! CROOKS!



HEYYY, KIDS! GET OUT THE ARTILLERY! THERE'S A ROBBERY GOING ON!



GIMME ROOM—I'VE BEEN WANTING TO TRY OUT THIS NEW BEANSHOOTER FOR A LONG TIME!



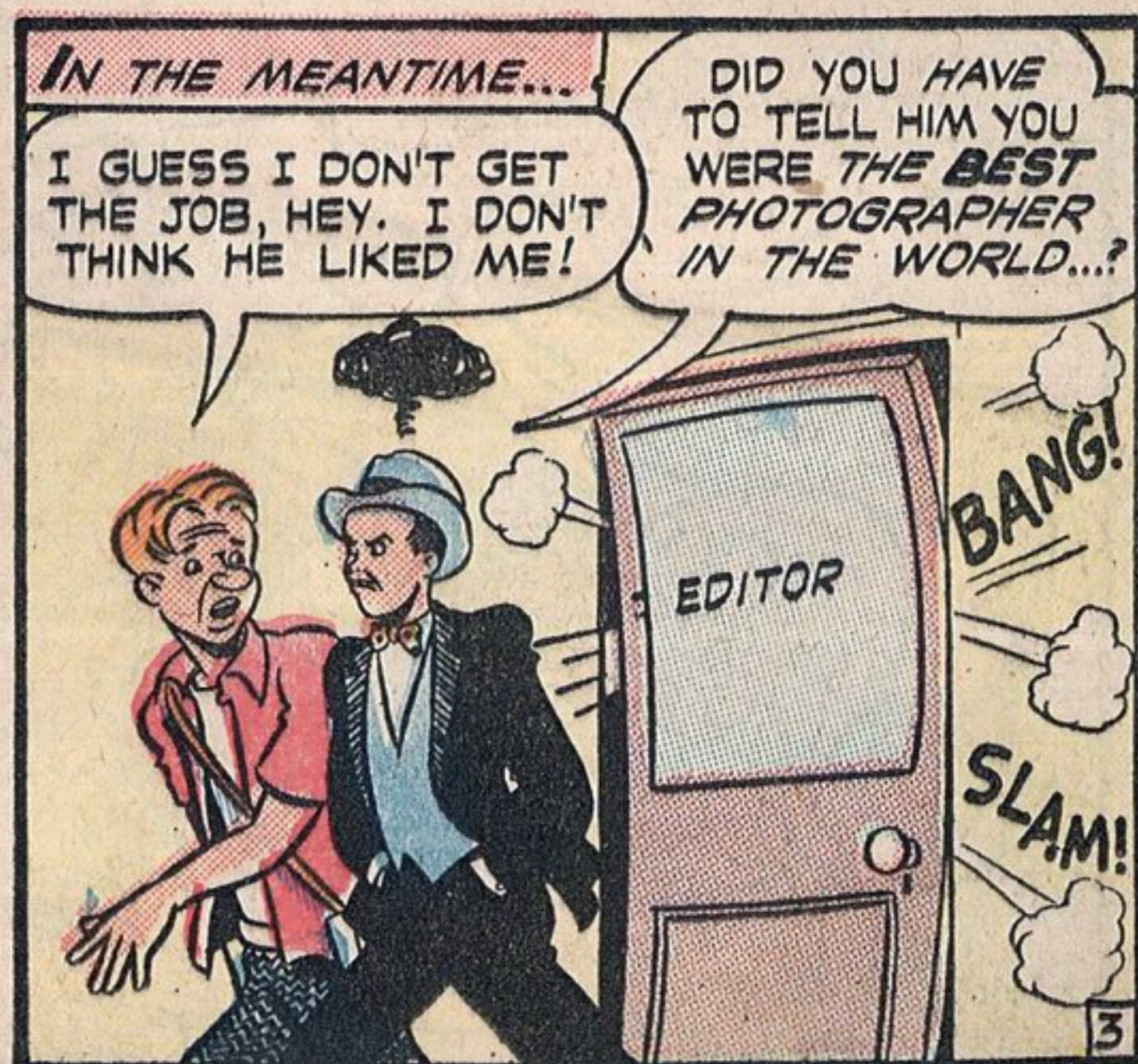
I'LL TAKE THE BAG NOW, SISTER! —YEEEOOW!

ZIG!



WHAT'SA IDEA PINCHIN' ME?

YOU MUST BE NUTS! I NEVER—yiii!!!



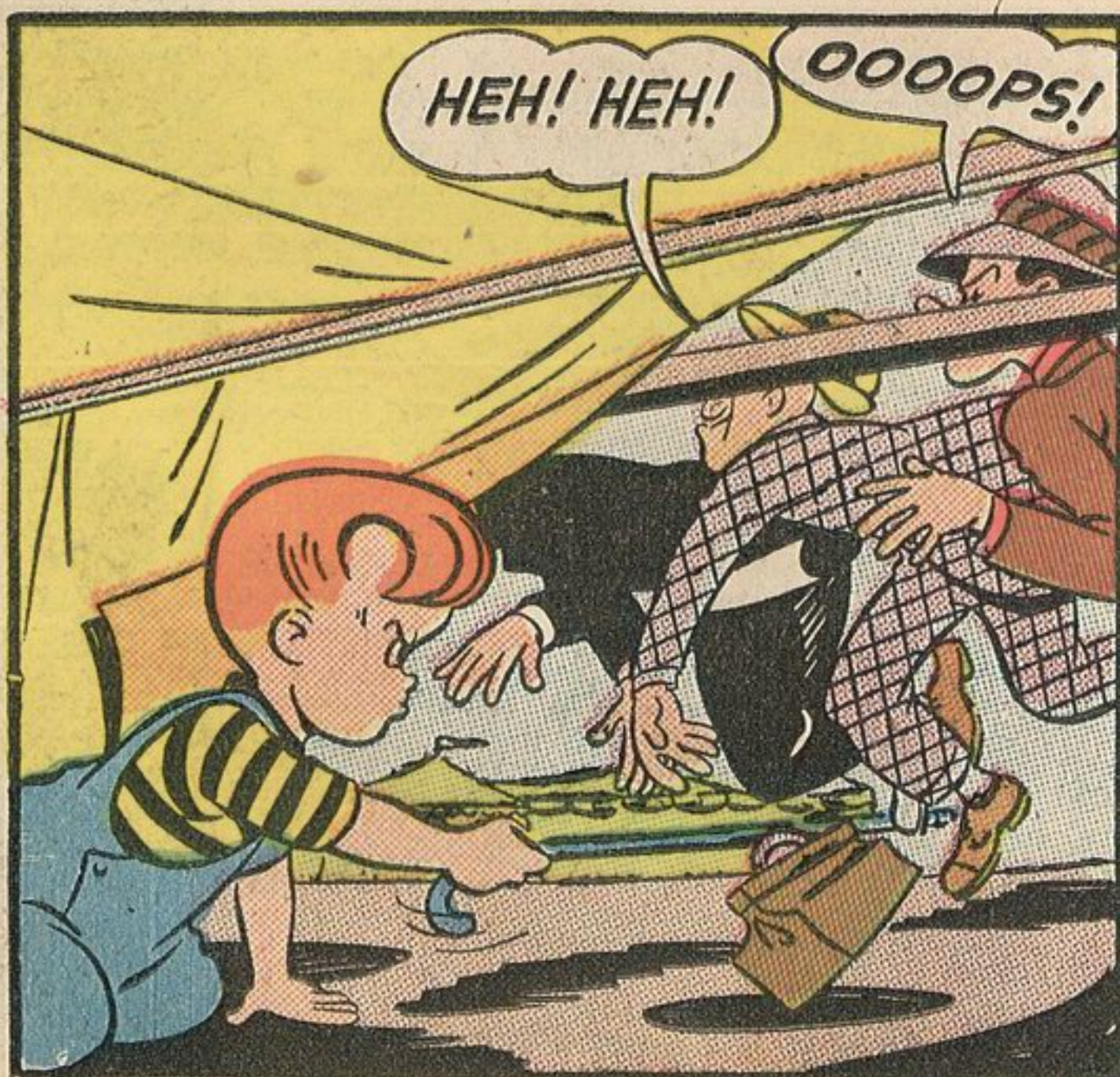
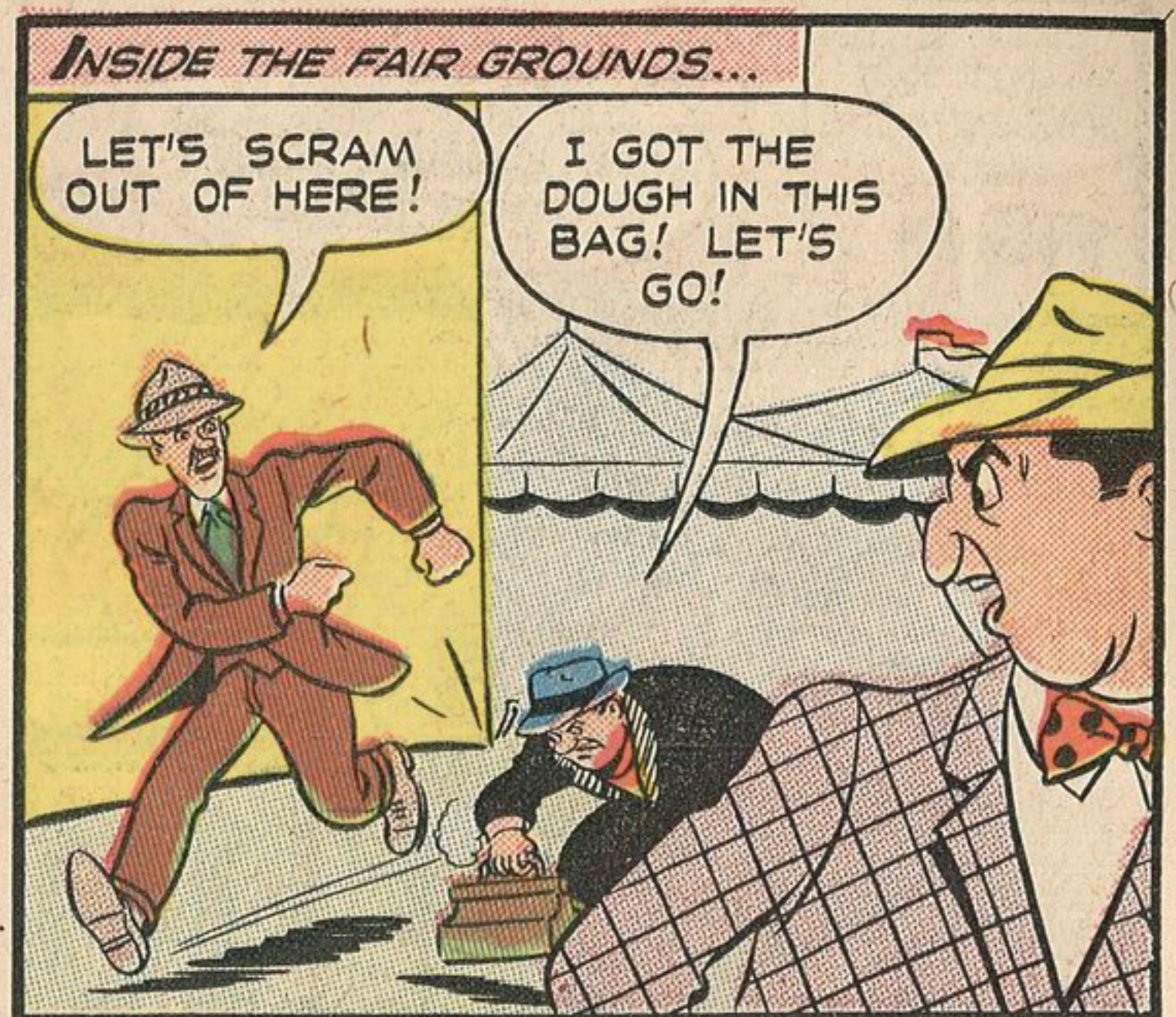
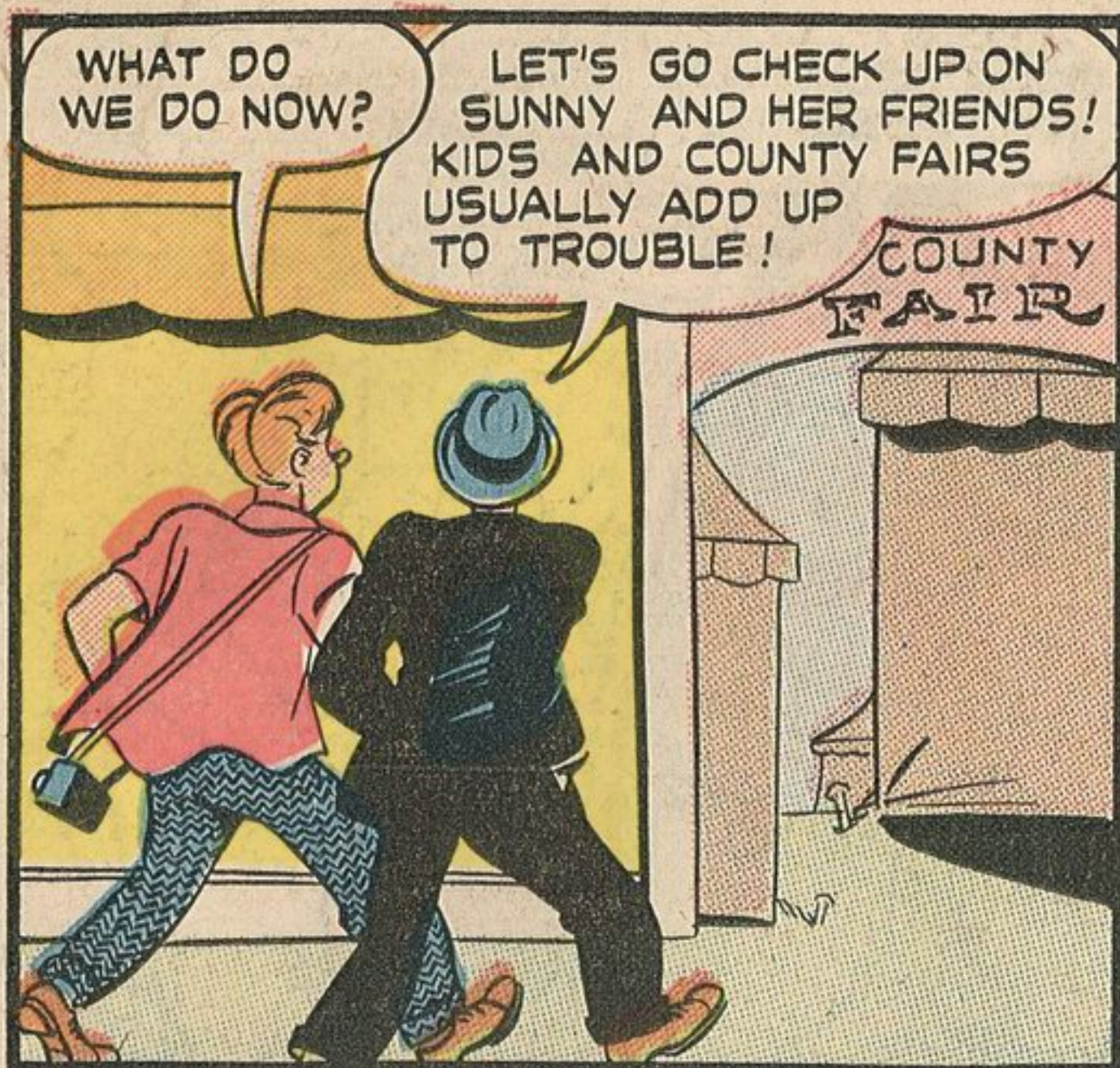
IN THE MEANTIME...

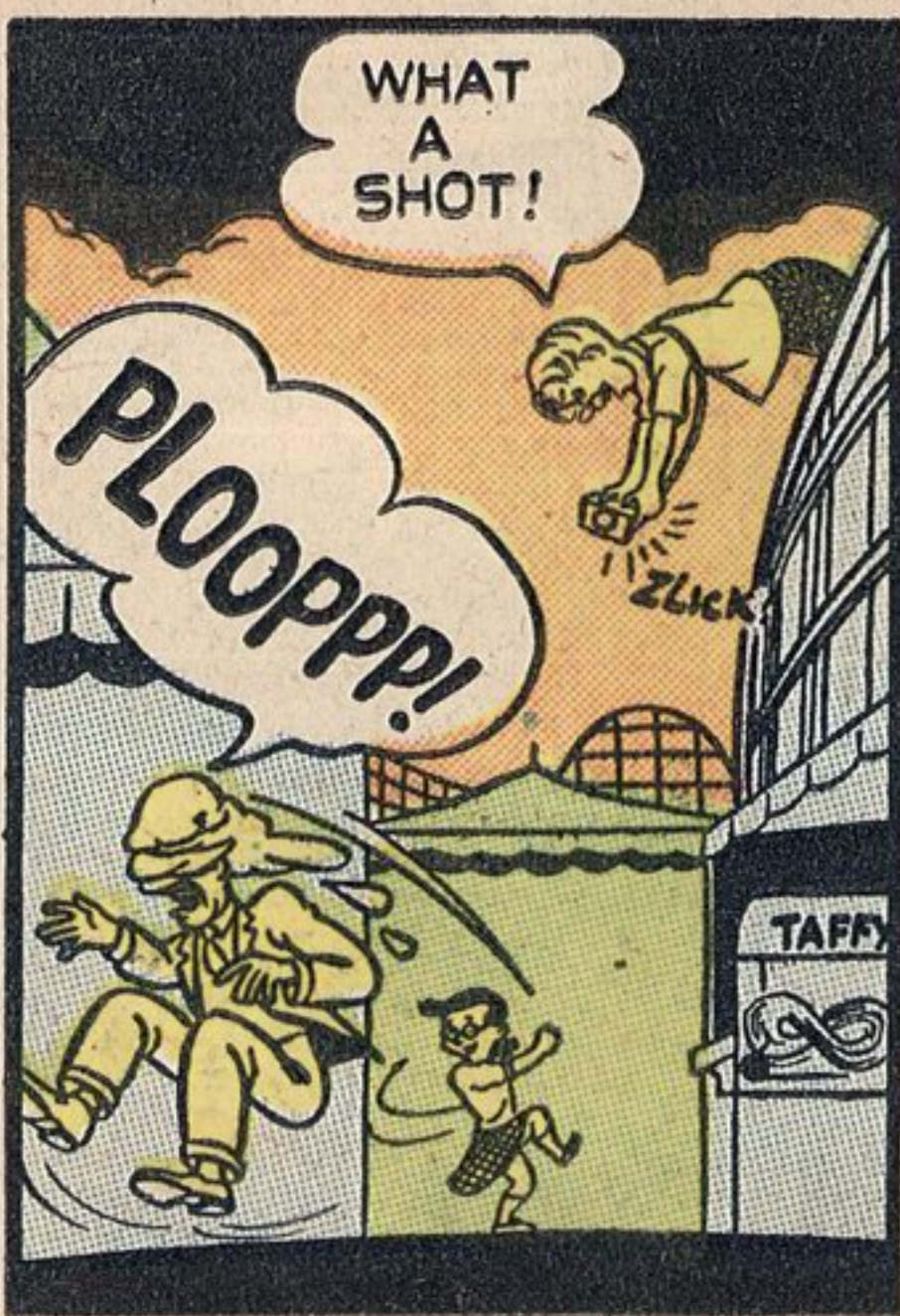
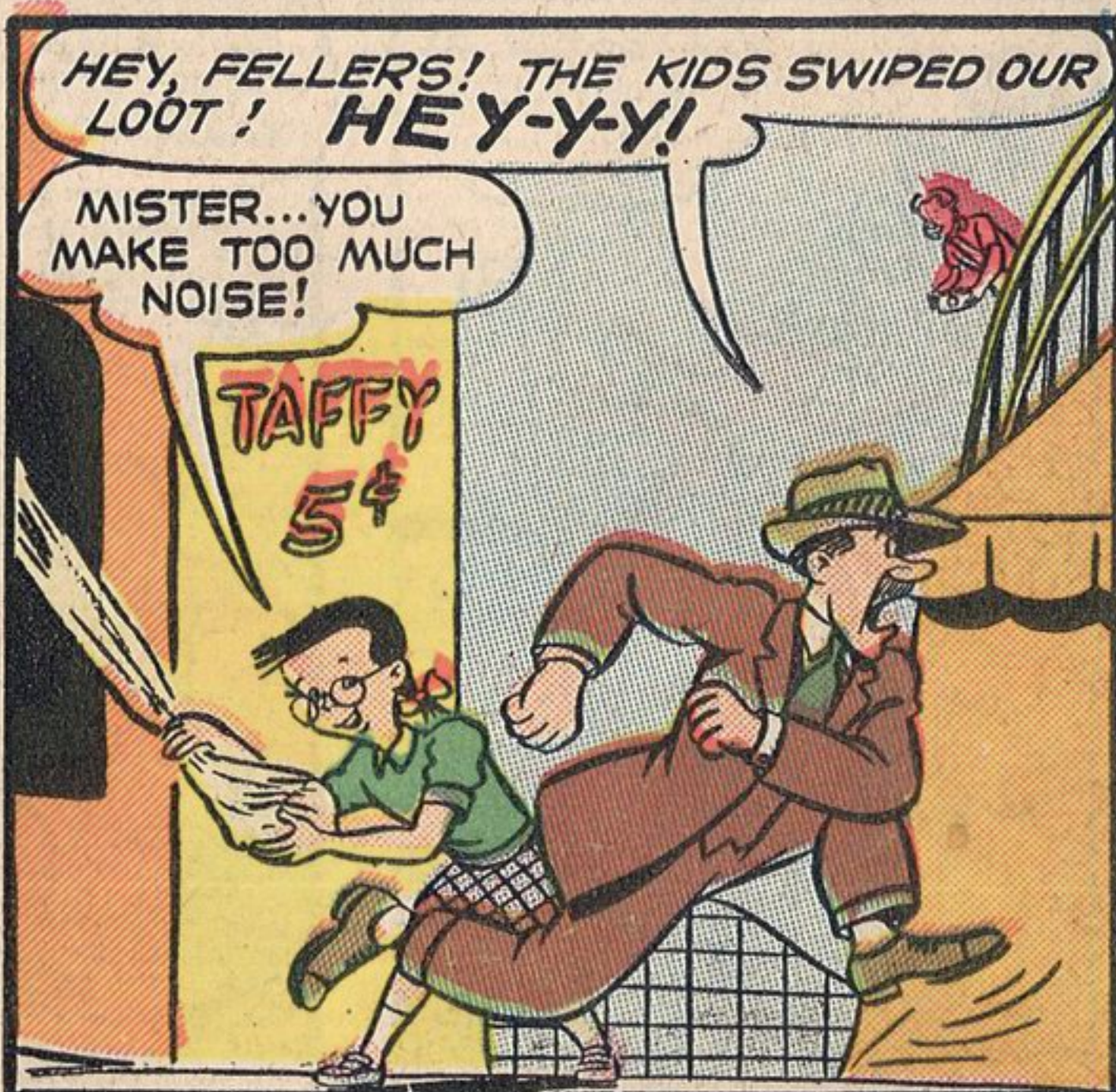
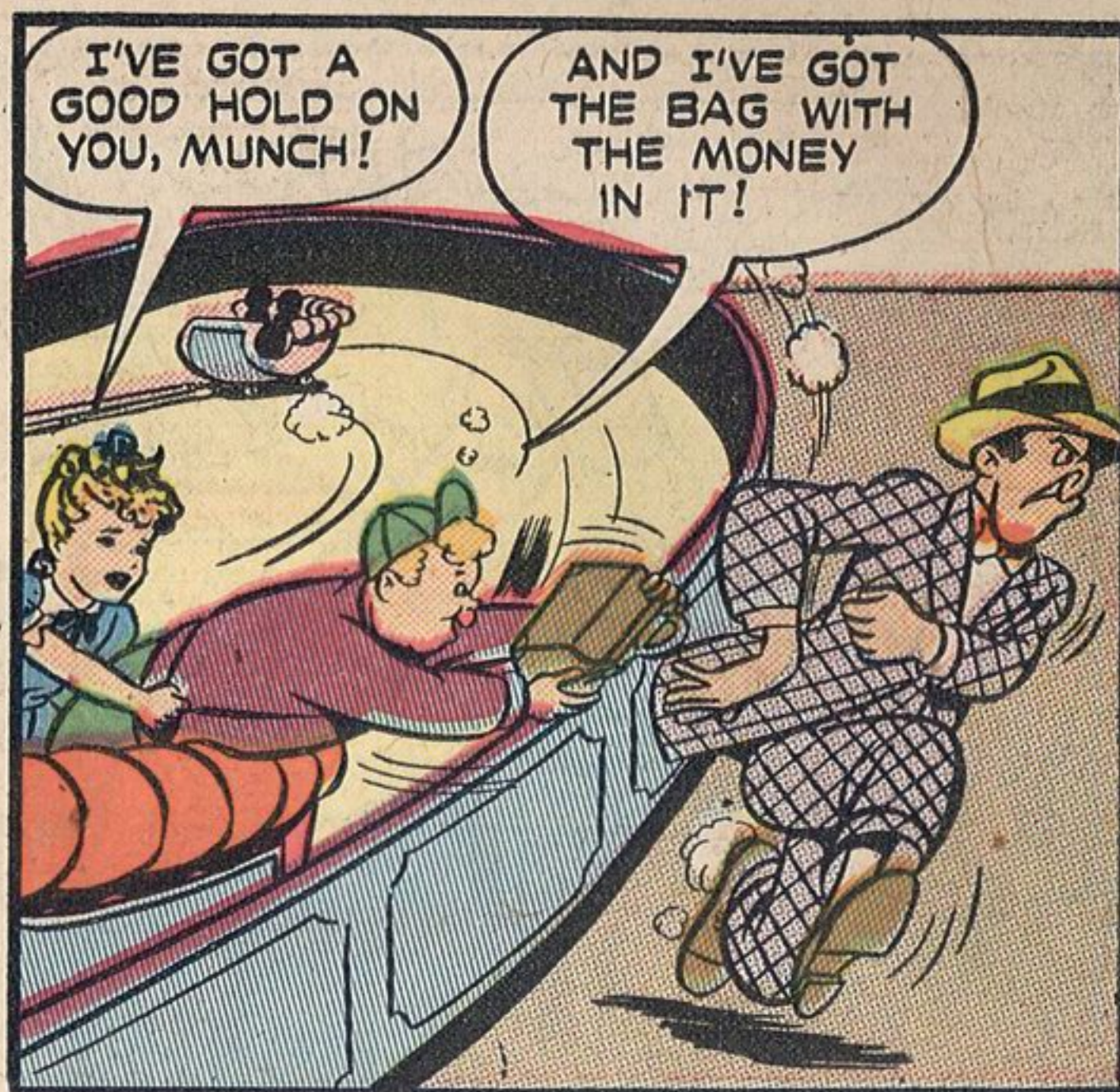
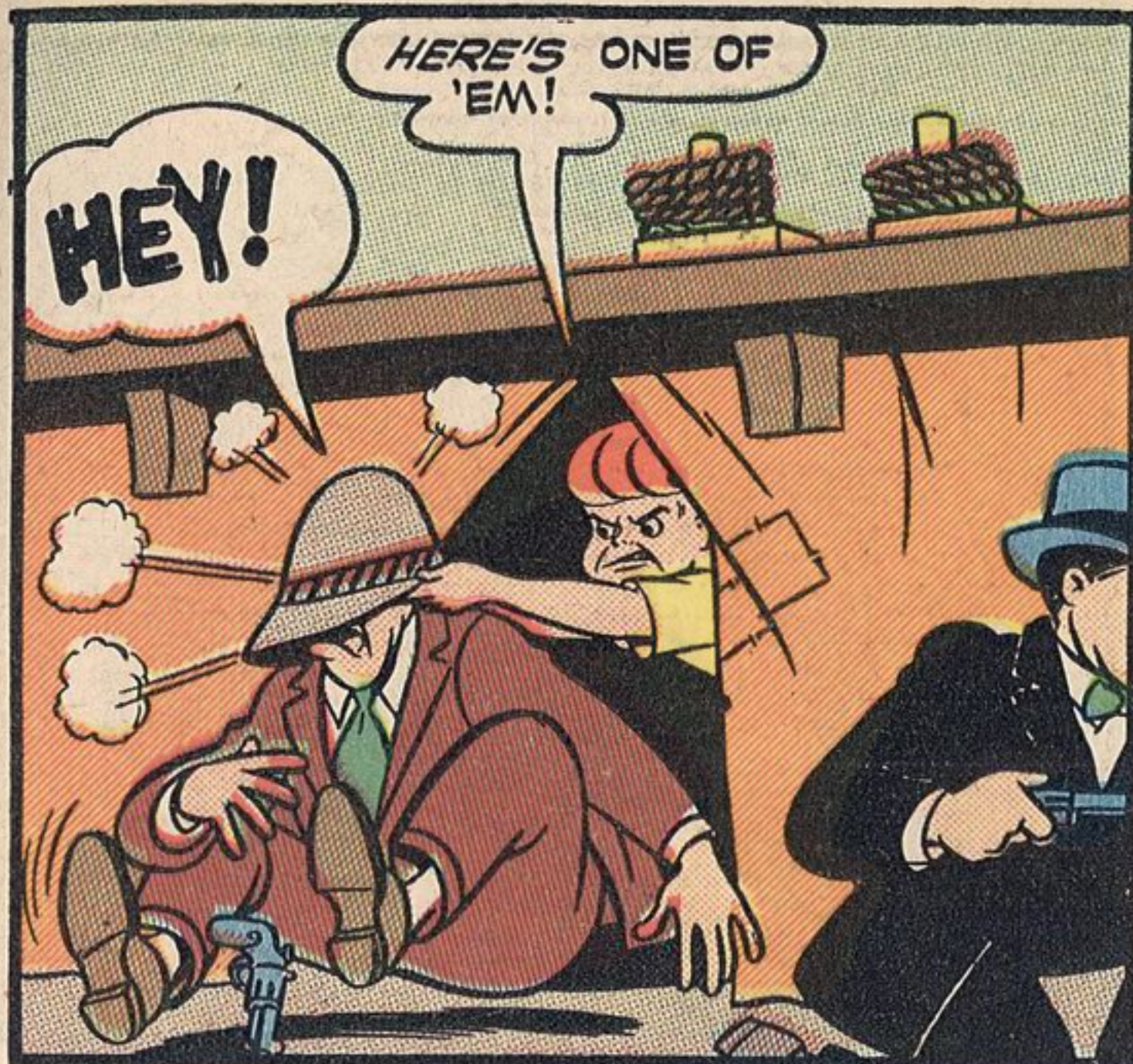
I GUESS I DON'T GET THE JOB, HEY. I DON'T THINK HE LIKED ME!

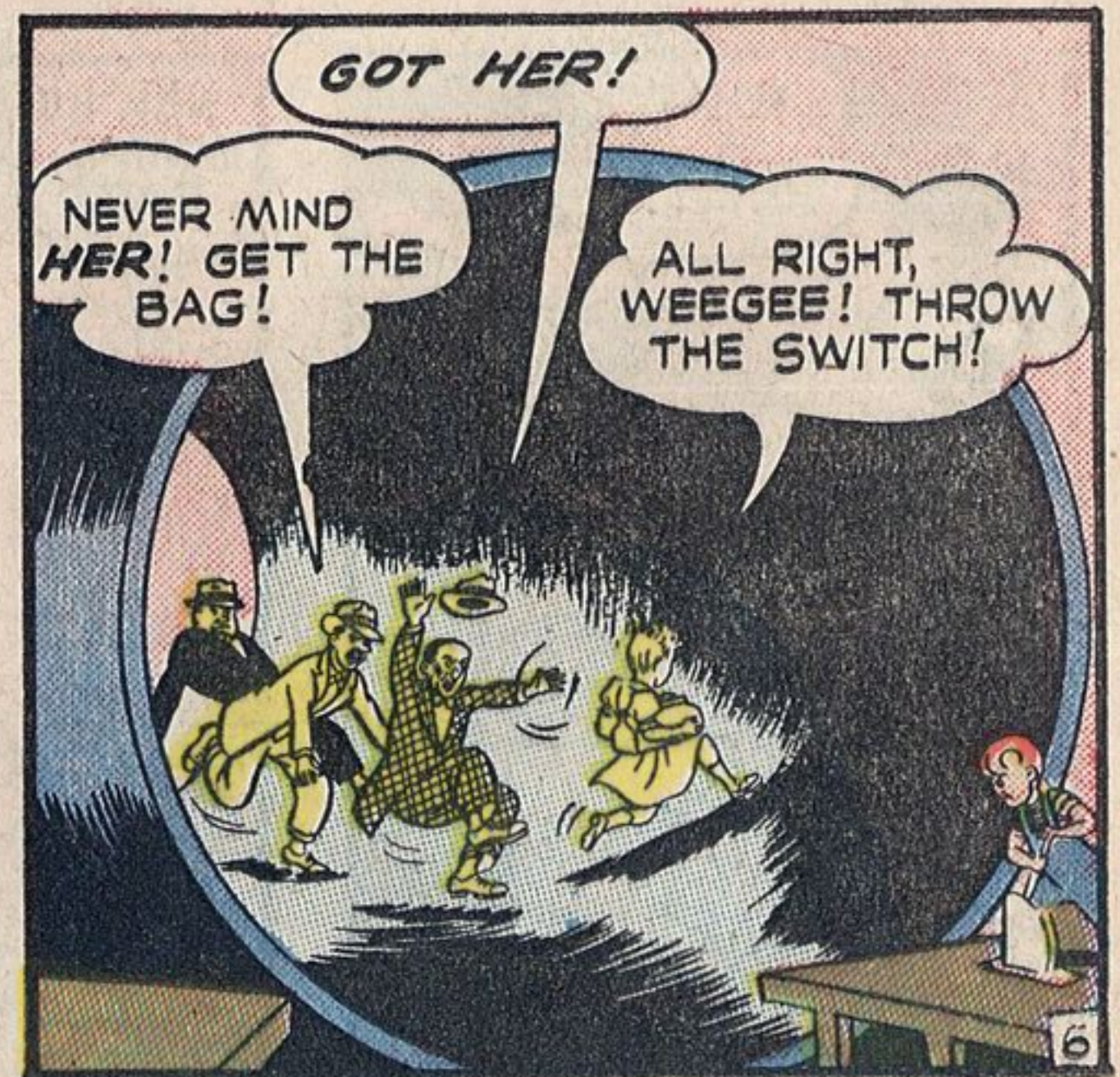
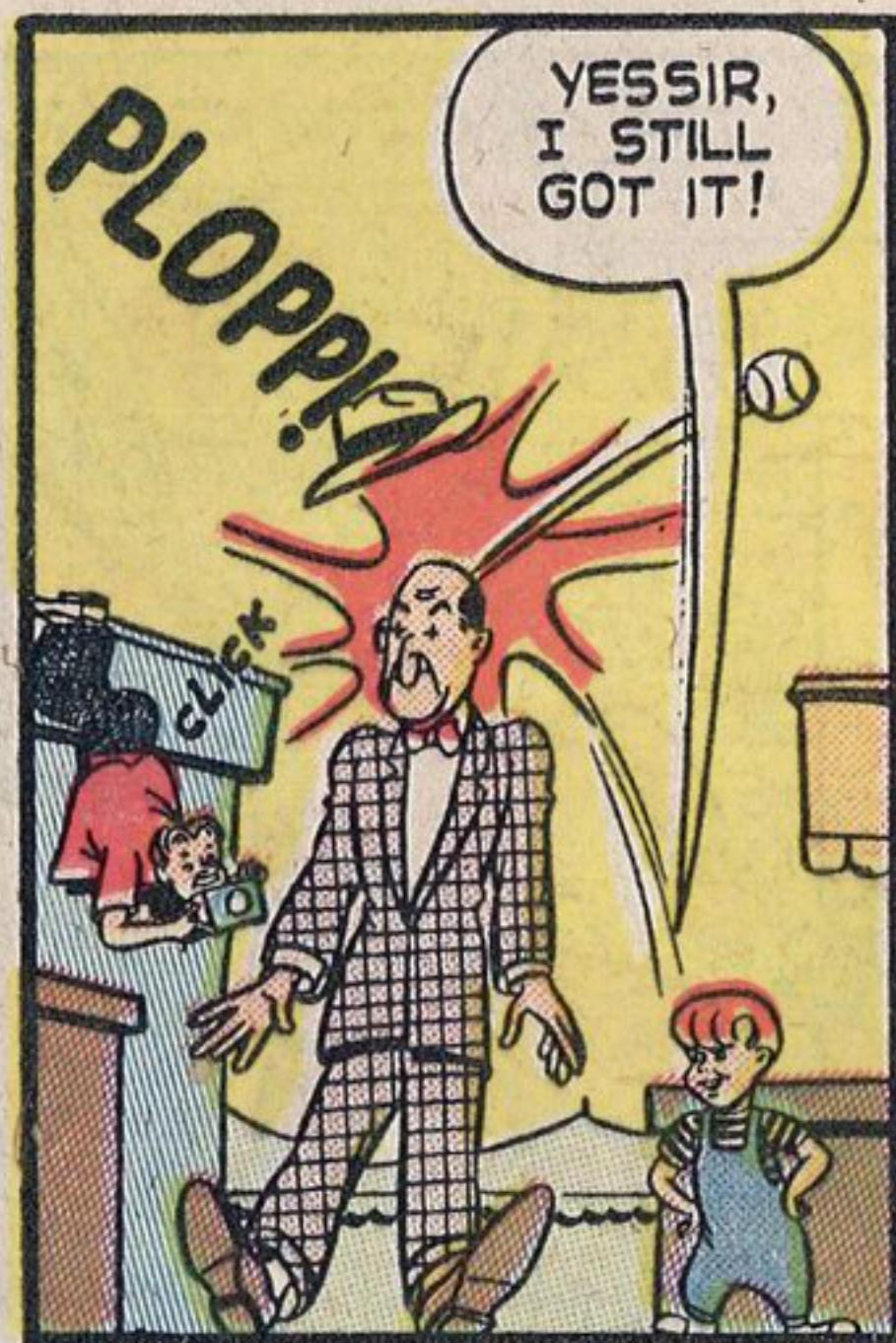
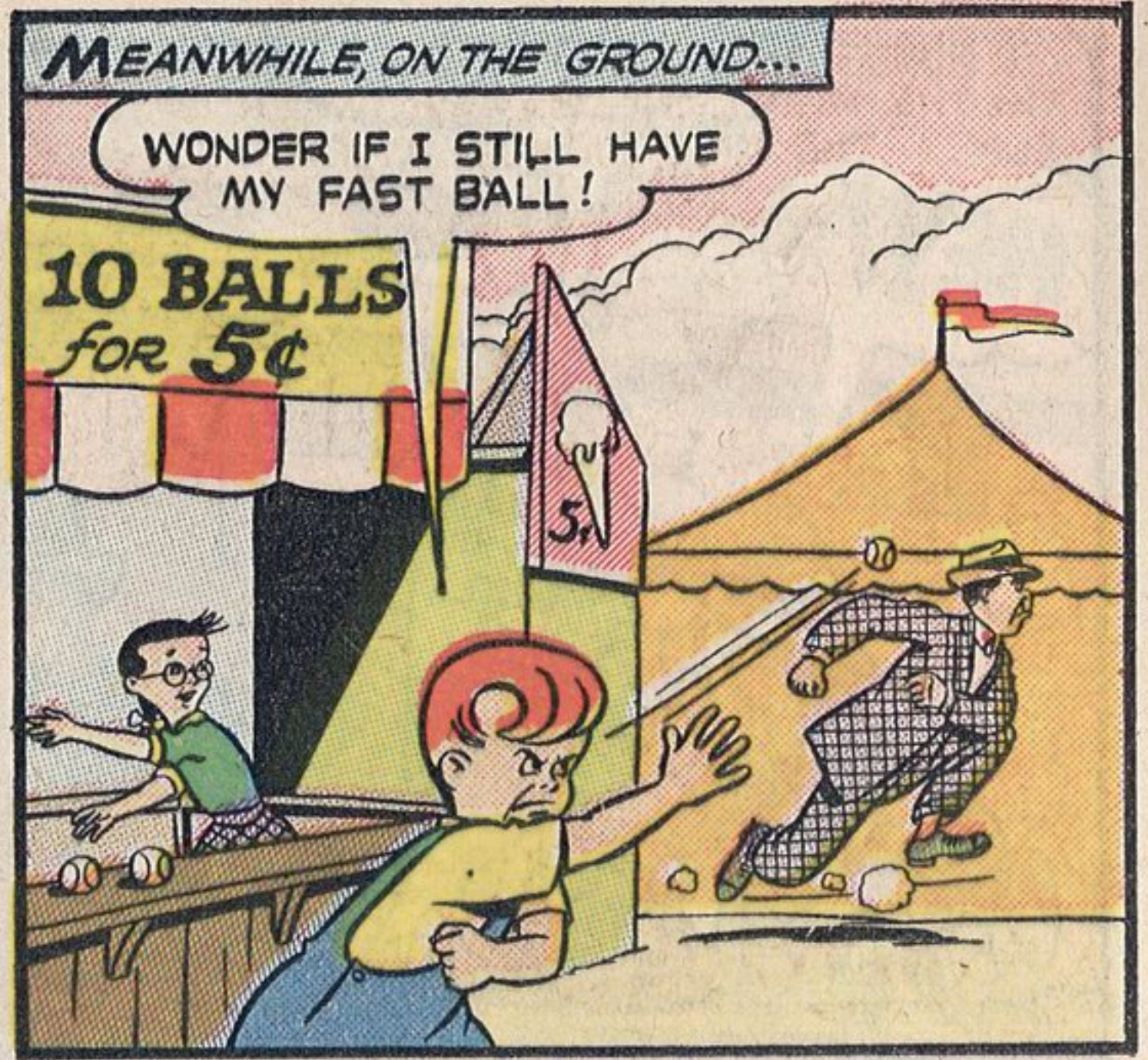
DID YOU HAVE TO TELL HIM YOU WERE THE **BEST** PHOTOGRAPHER IN THE WORLD...?

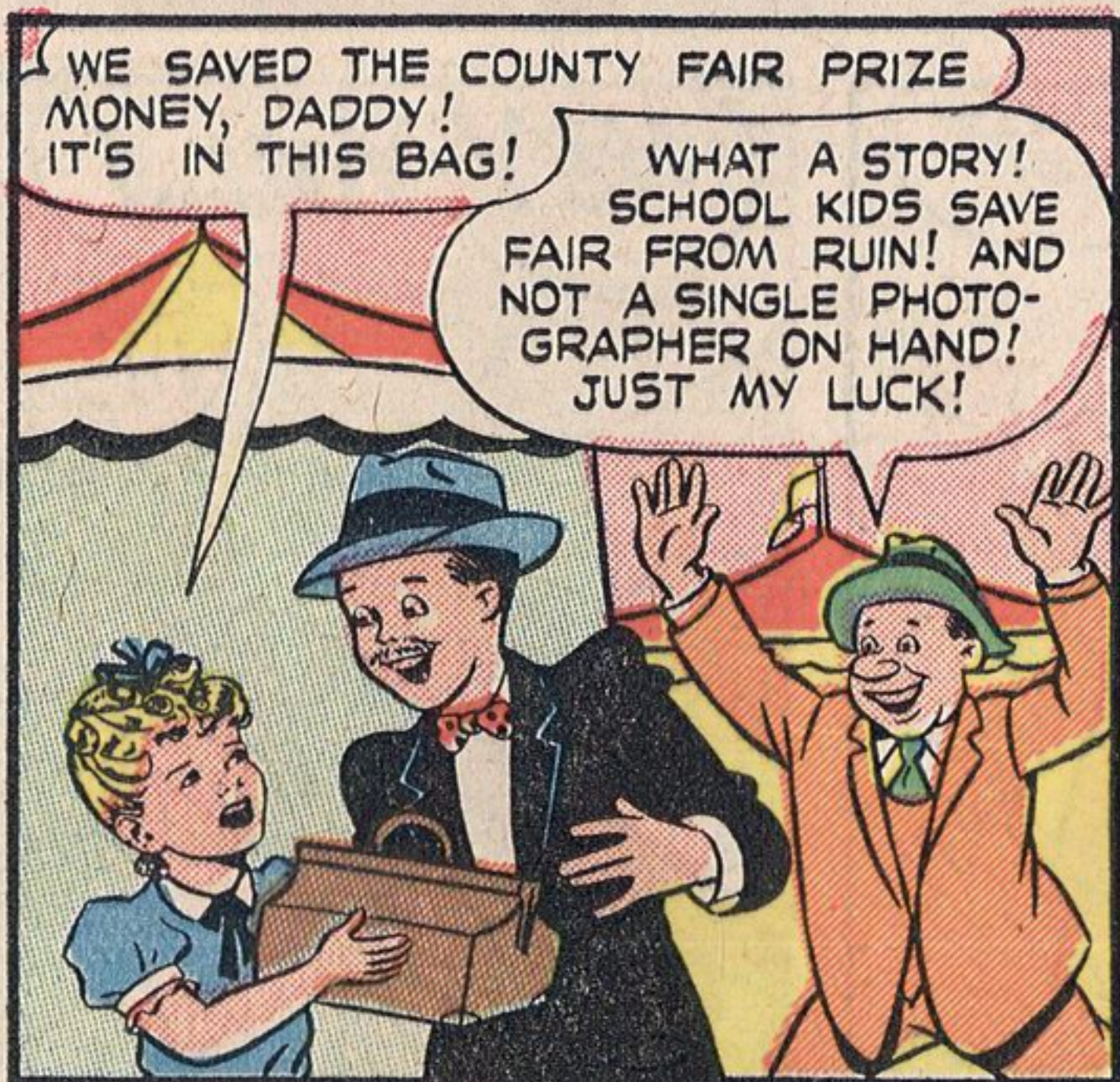
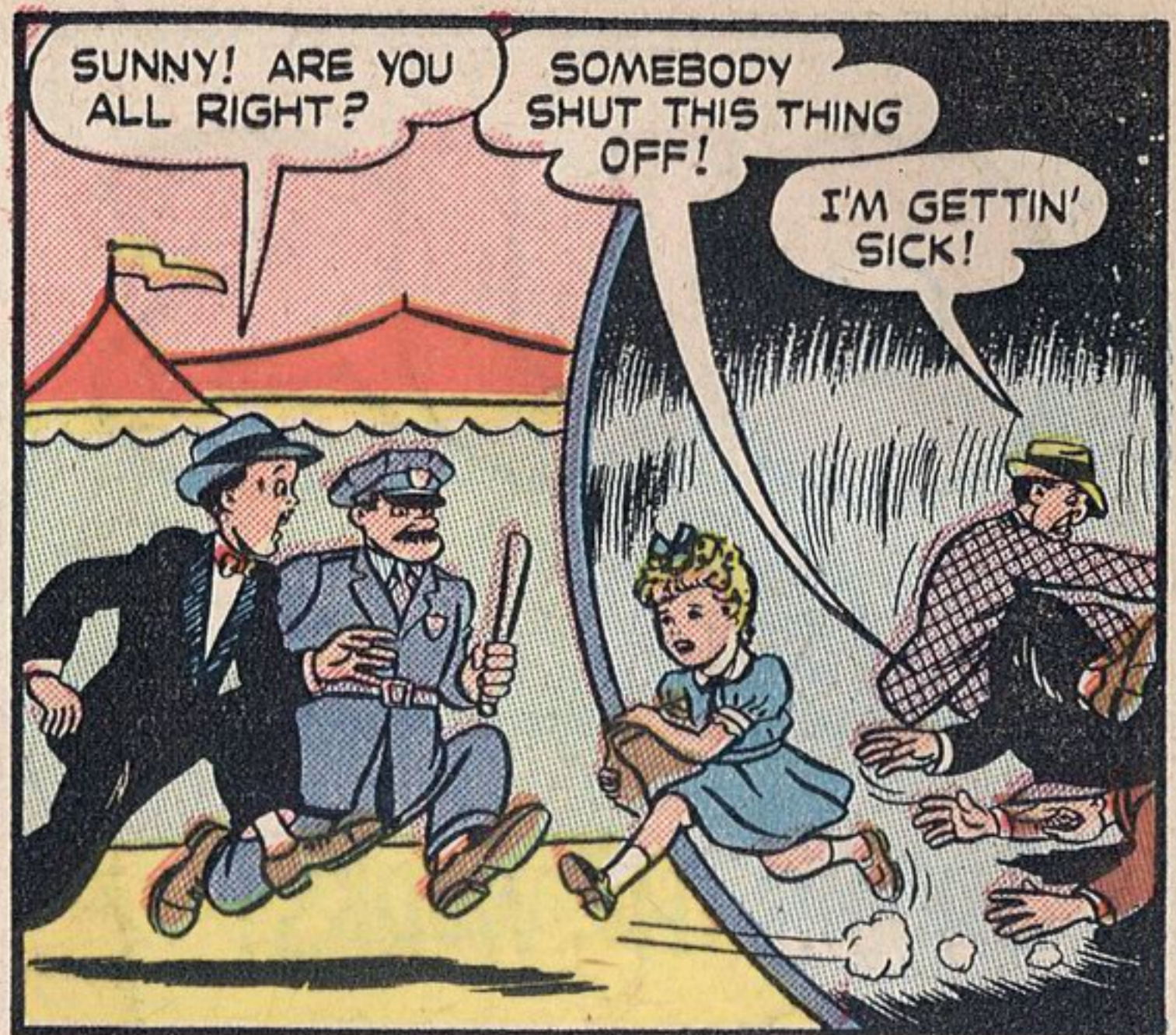
BANG!

SLAM!





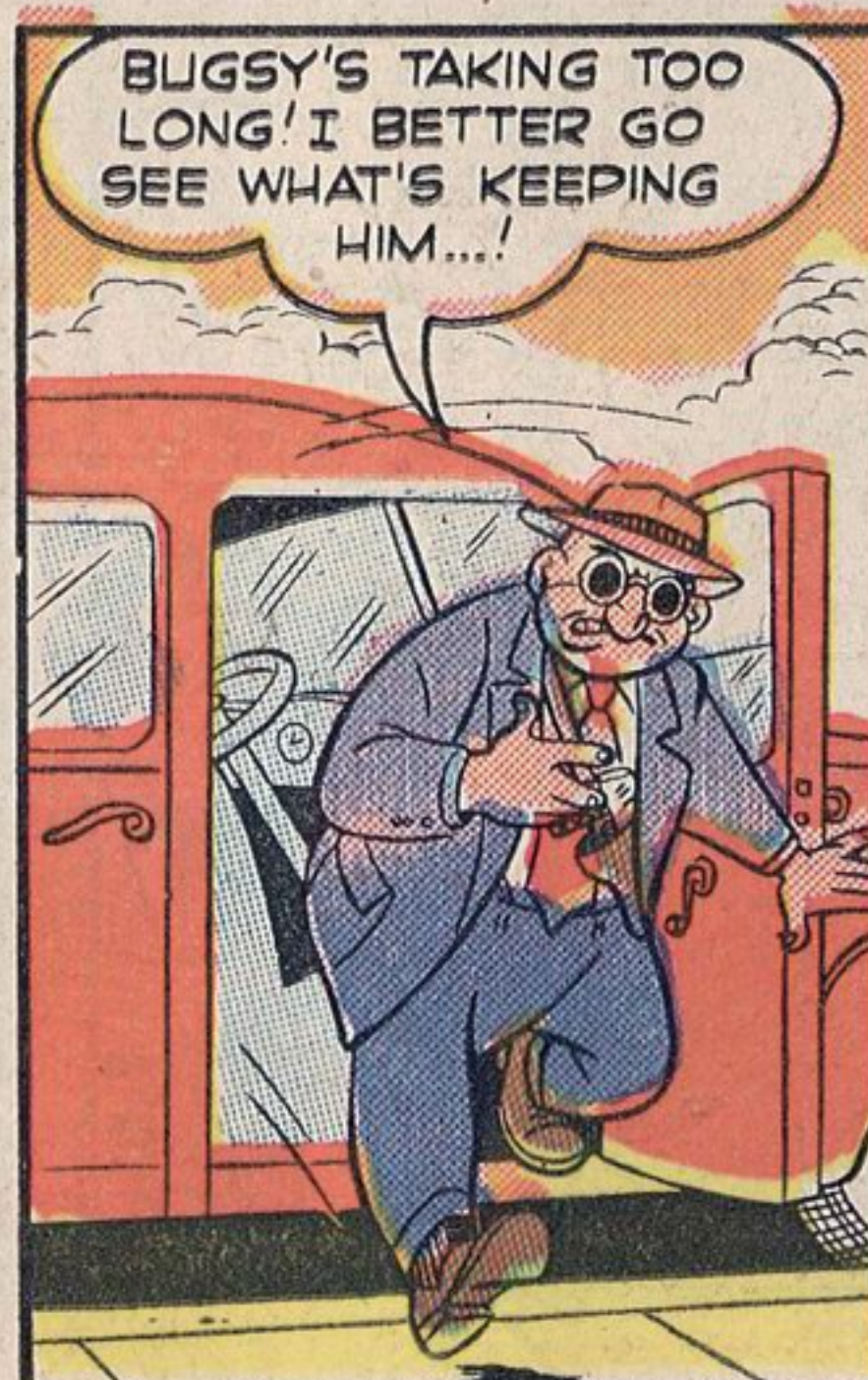


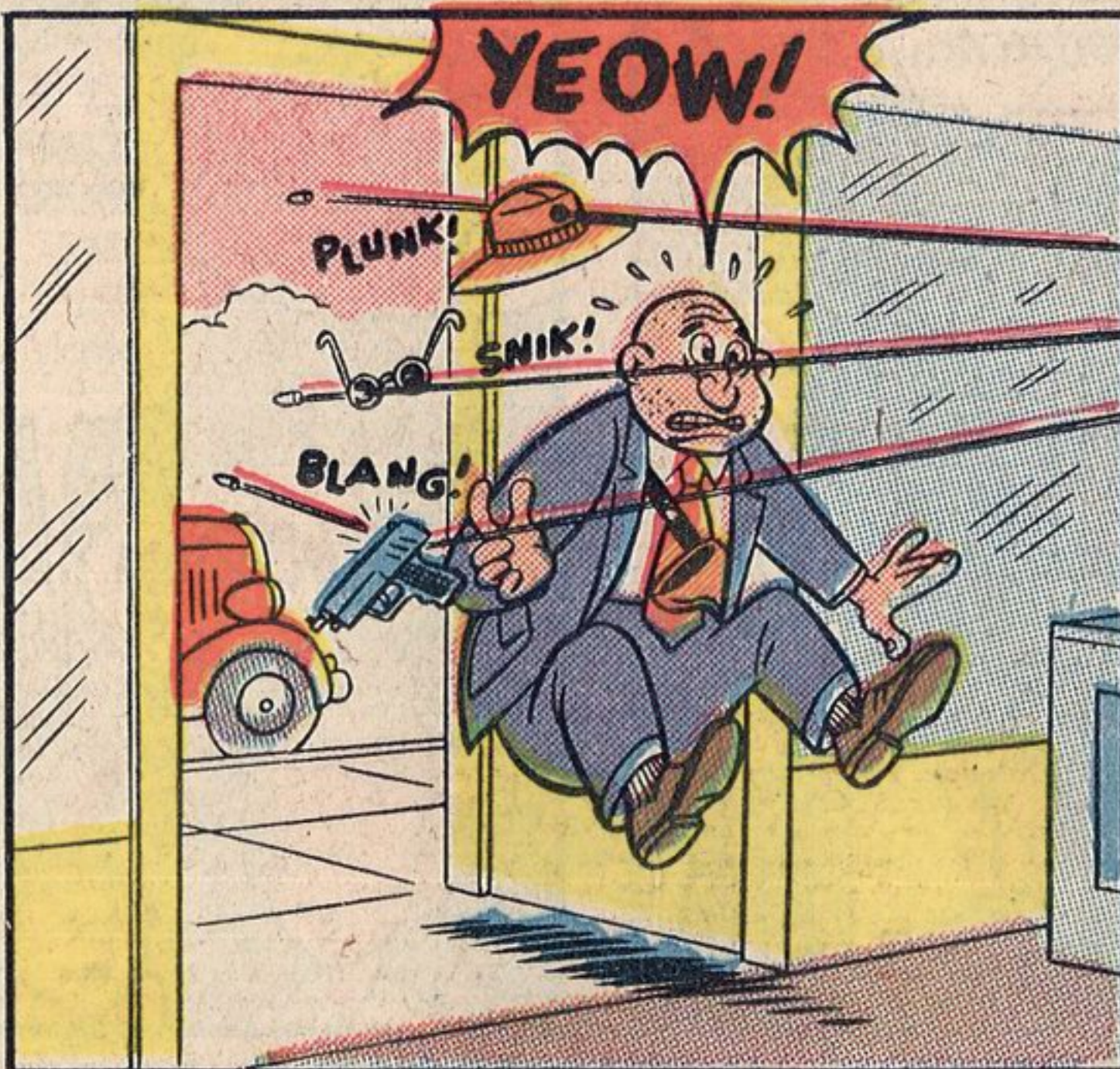
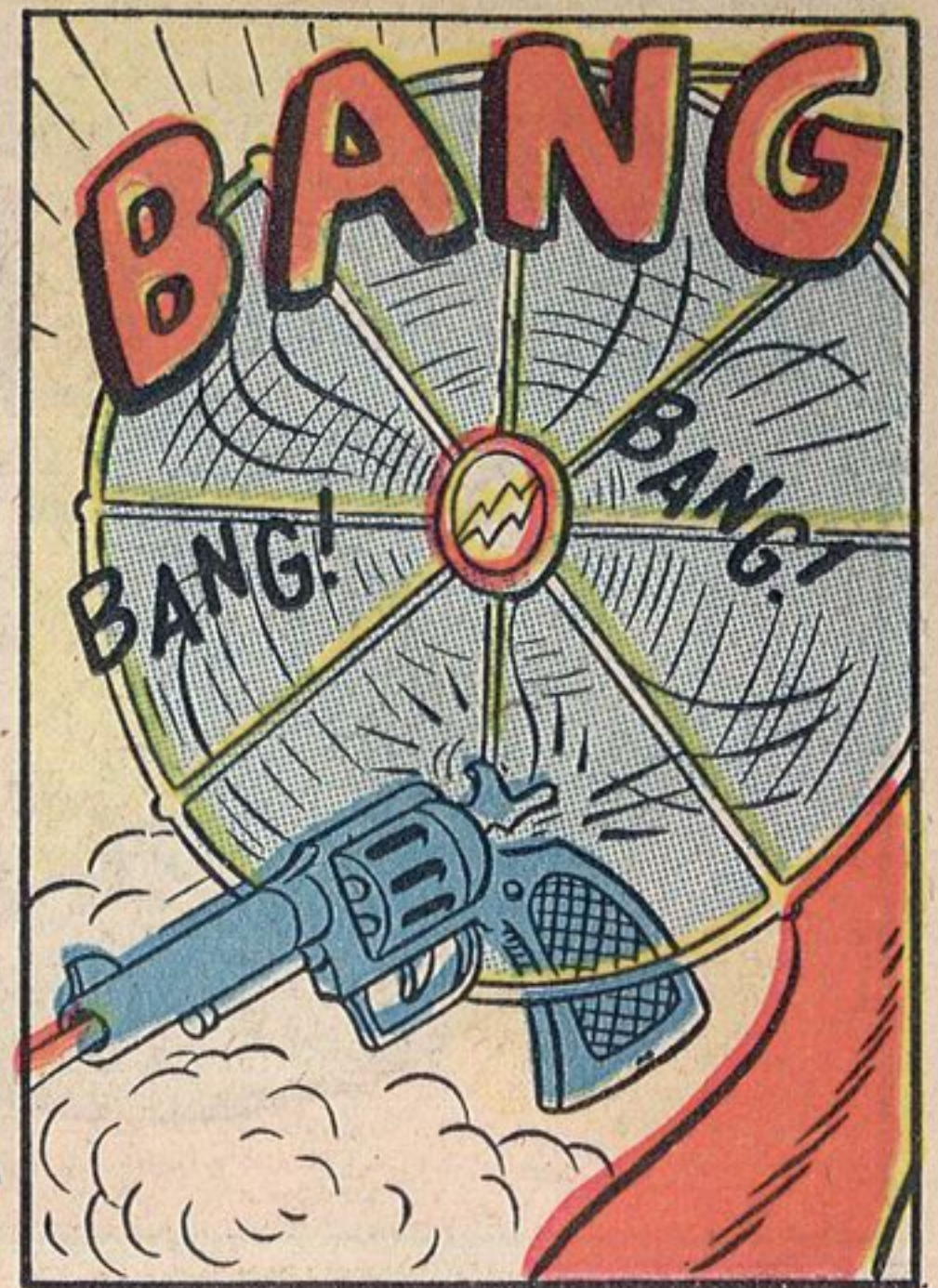
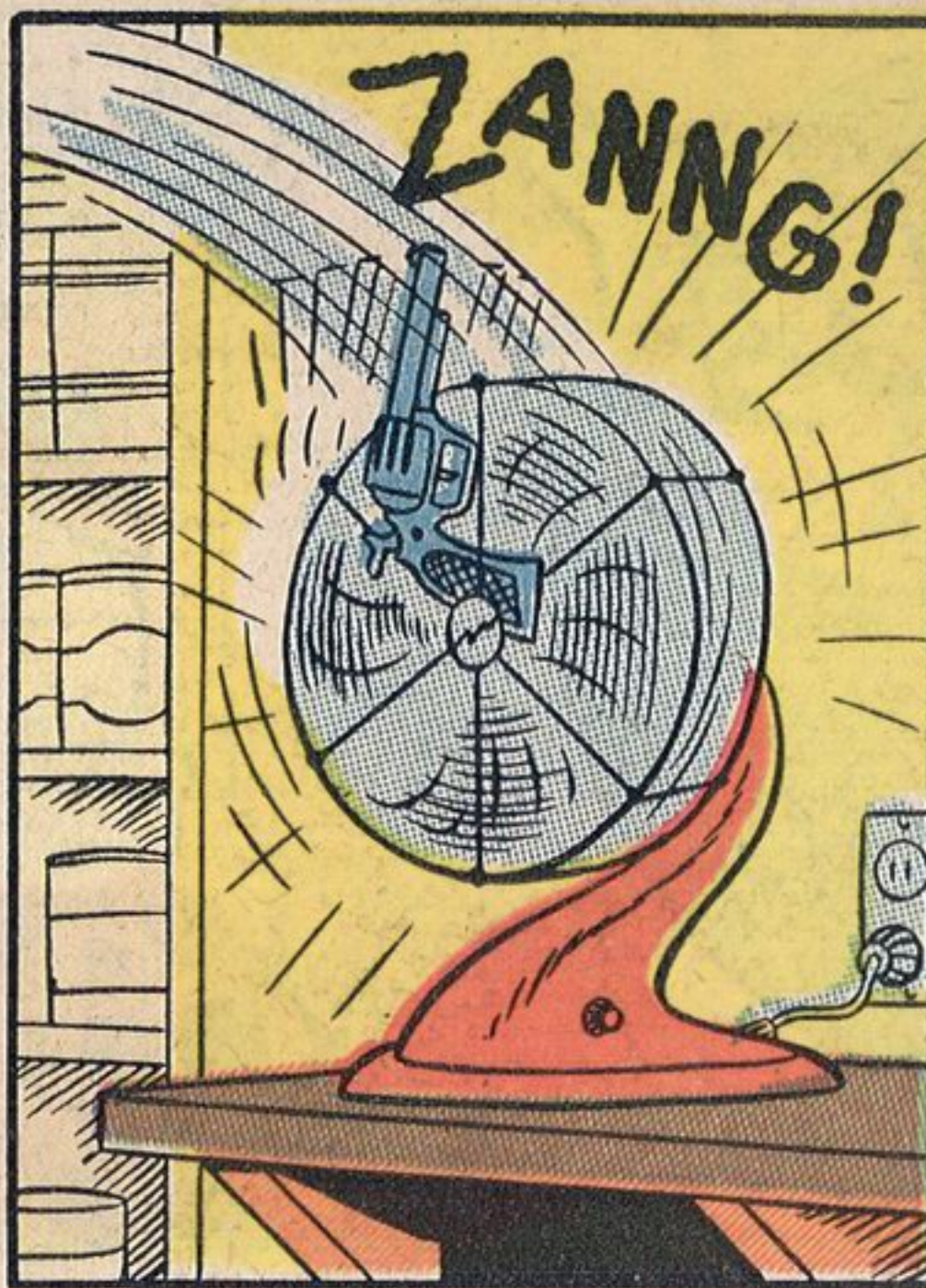
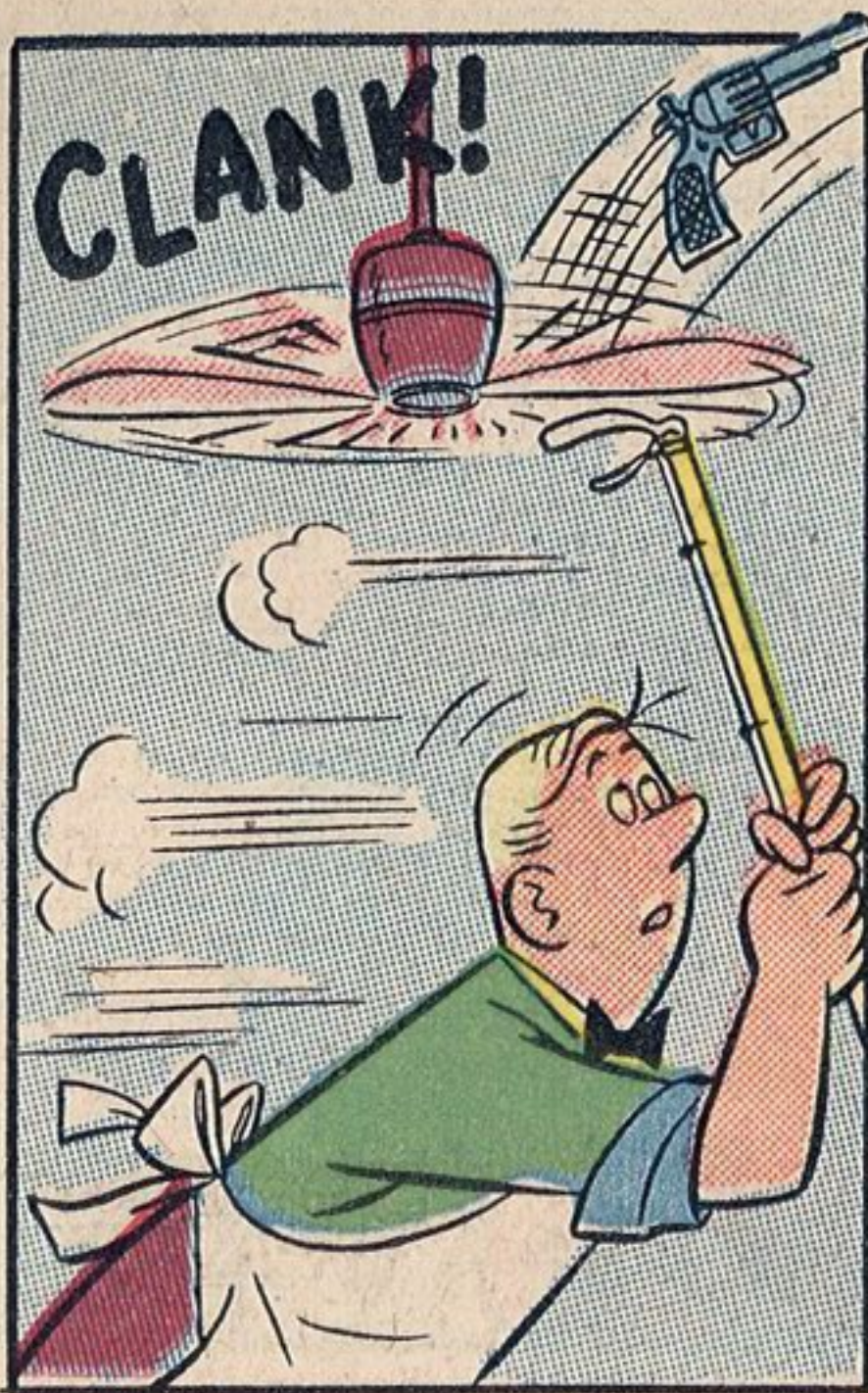


GUS

THE GROCER

SHOOTS THE WORKS!





TOOTHY SNYDER

Delivery Boy

OH, MR. BARNES, WOULD YOU PLEASE MIND MY LITTLE FRANKLIN FOR A FEW MINUTES?

WELL, ER, MRS. RUSHABOUT, I-I-ER, THAT IS...

THANK YOU SO MUCH! I'M SURE THE LITTLE DEAR WILL BE NO TROUBLE AT ALL!

OH, *TOOTHY*...

COMING, MR. B!

TOOTHY! I WANT YOU TO AMUSE FRANKLIN FOR A WHILE!

I GONNA 'MUSE MYSELF, HAH!

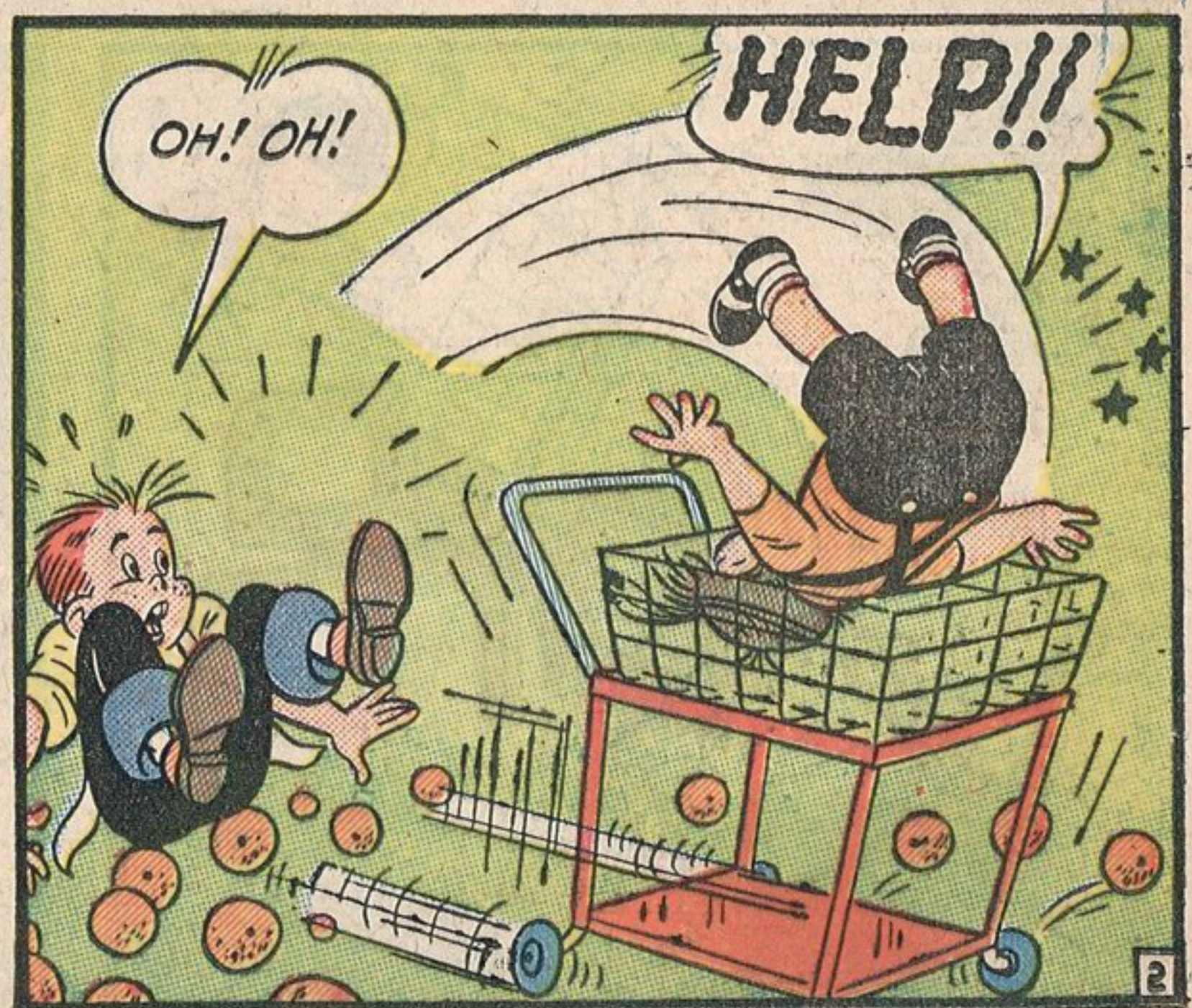
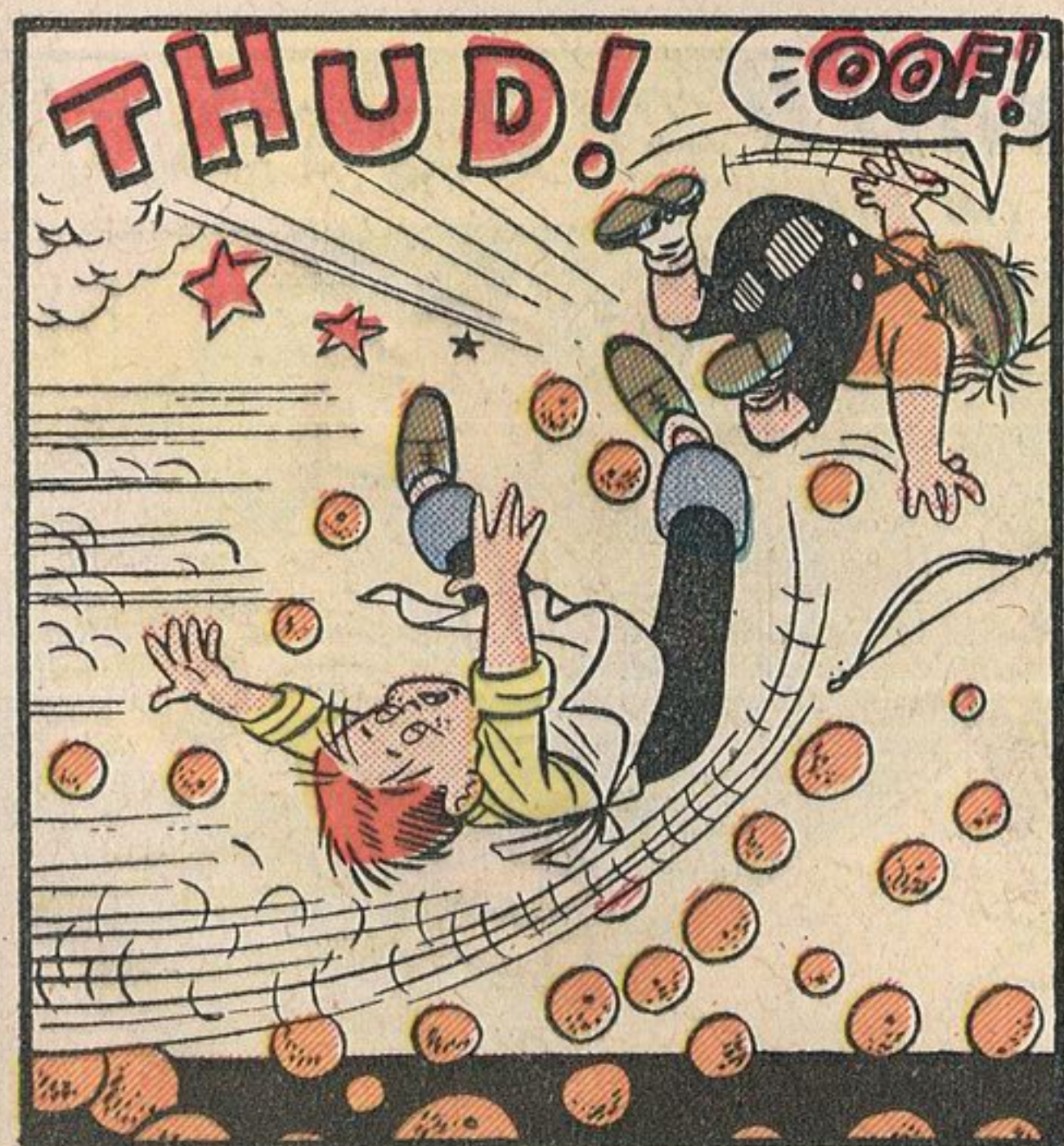
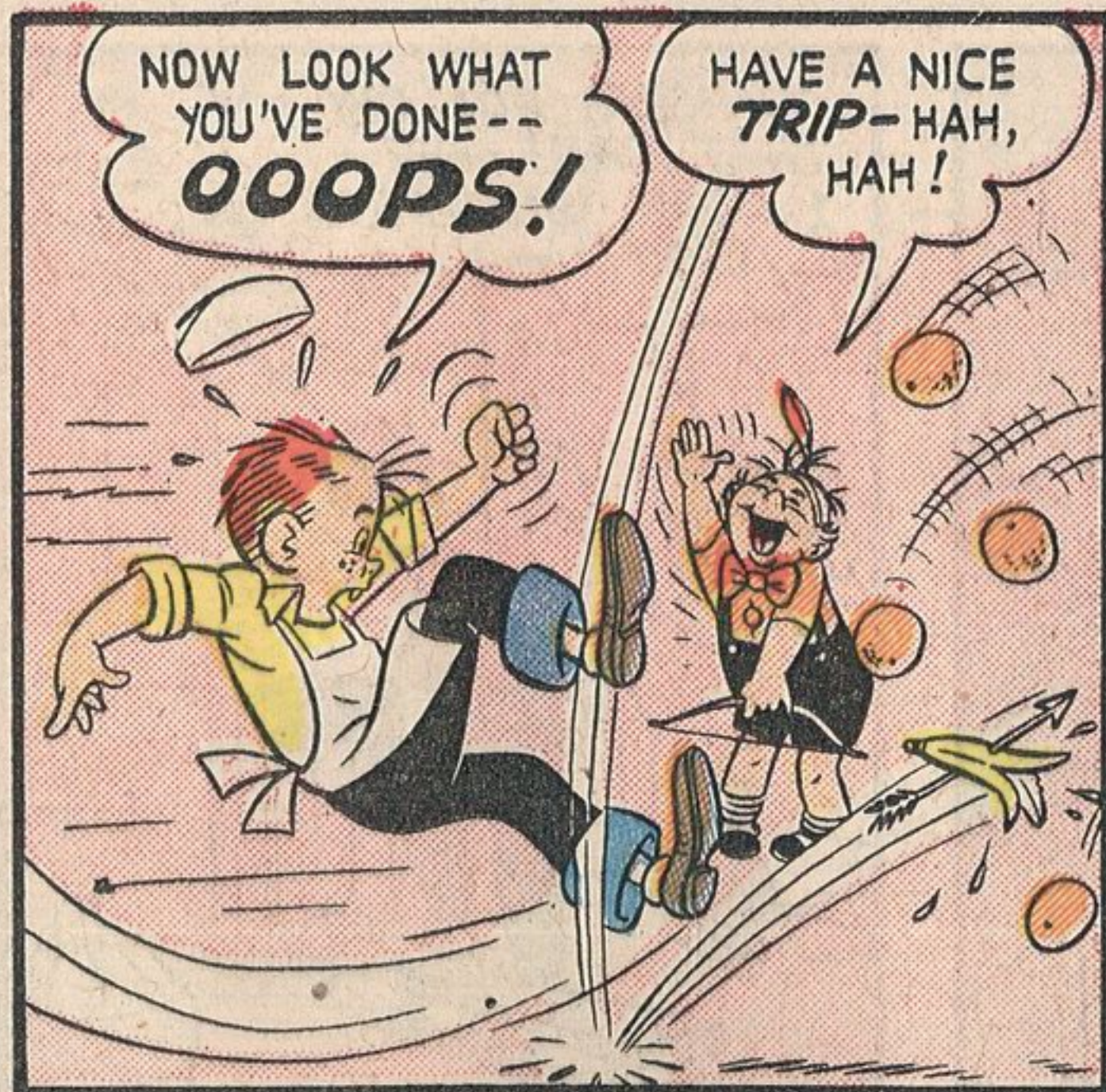
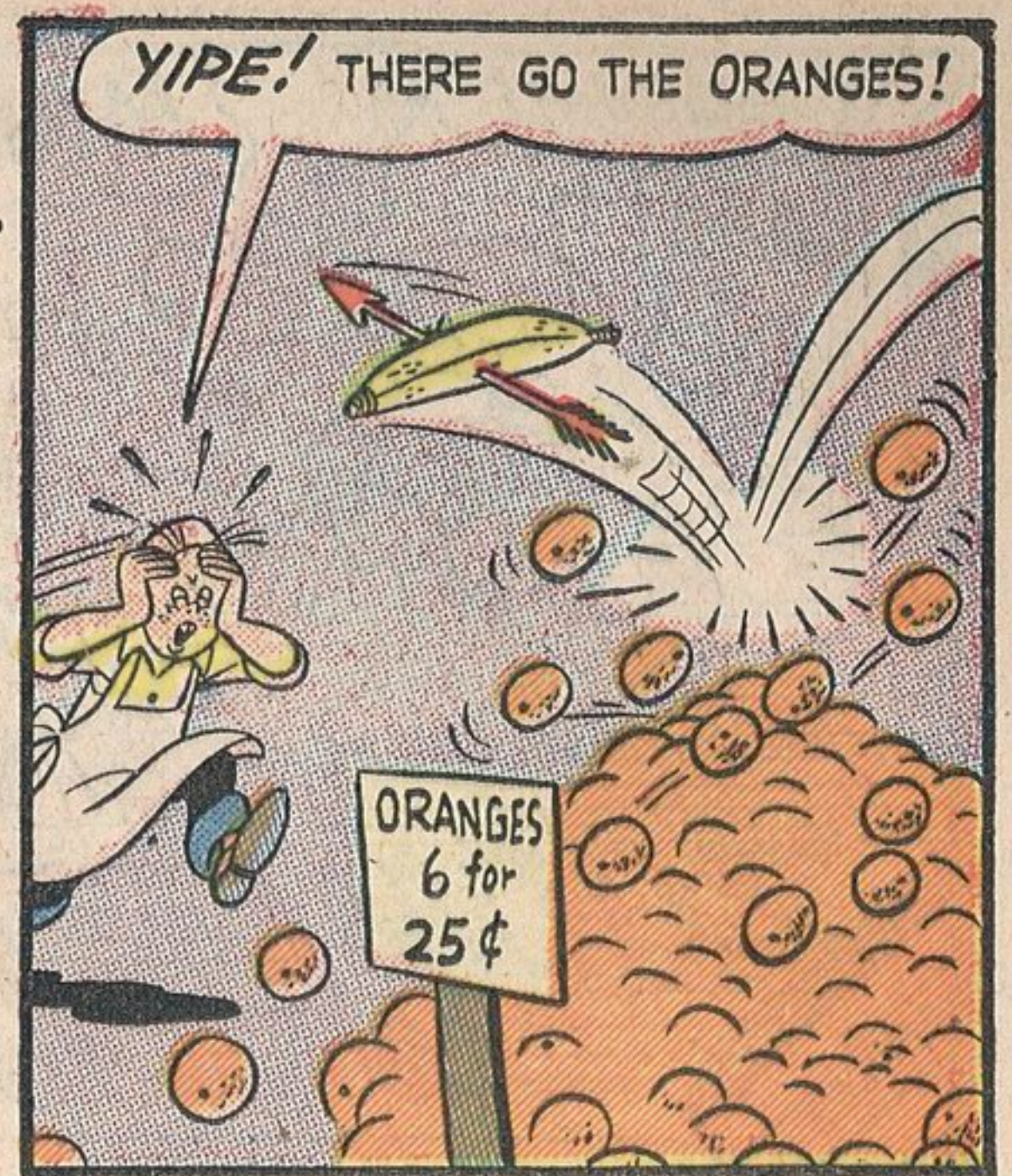
HUH?

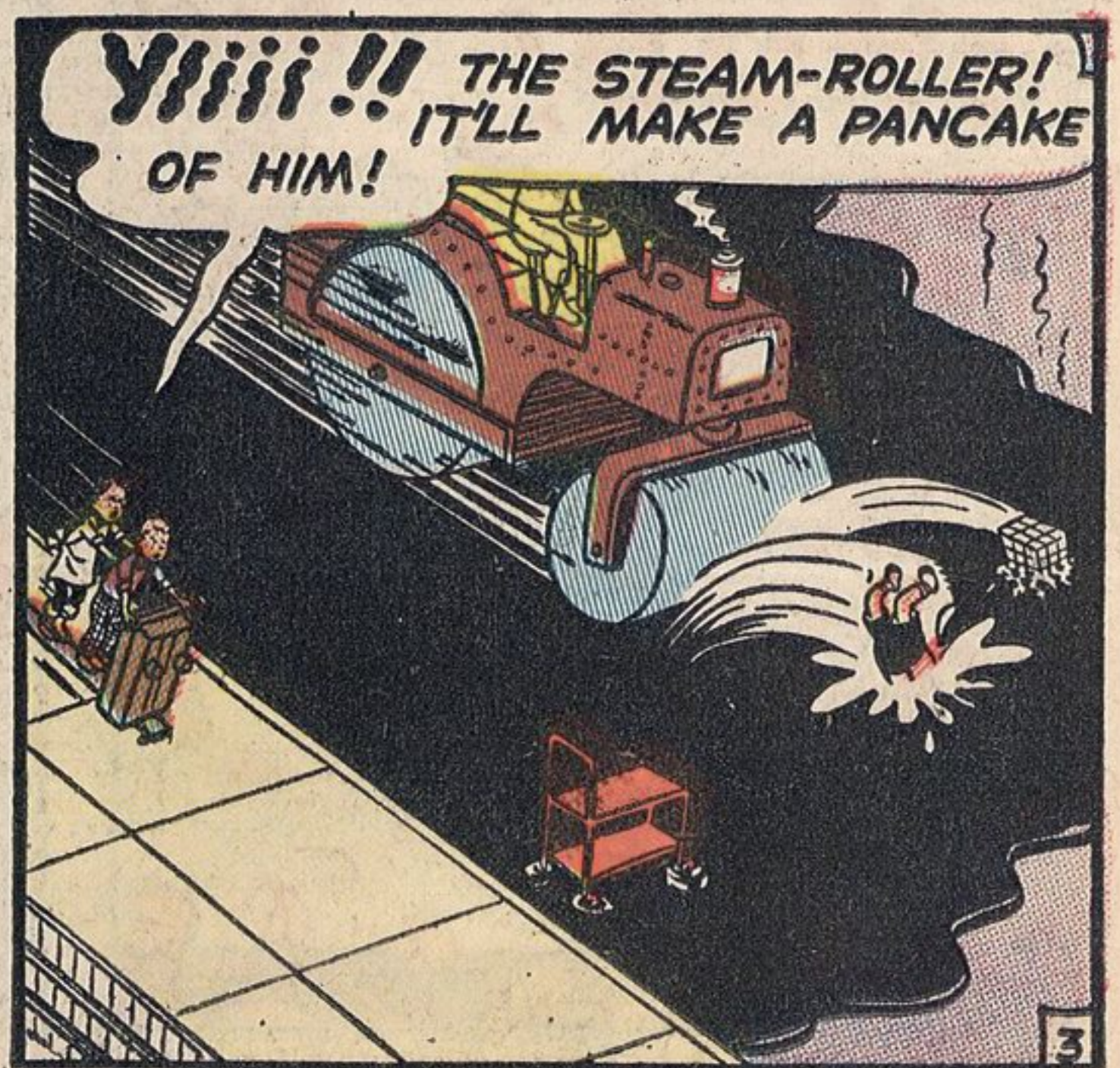
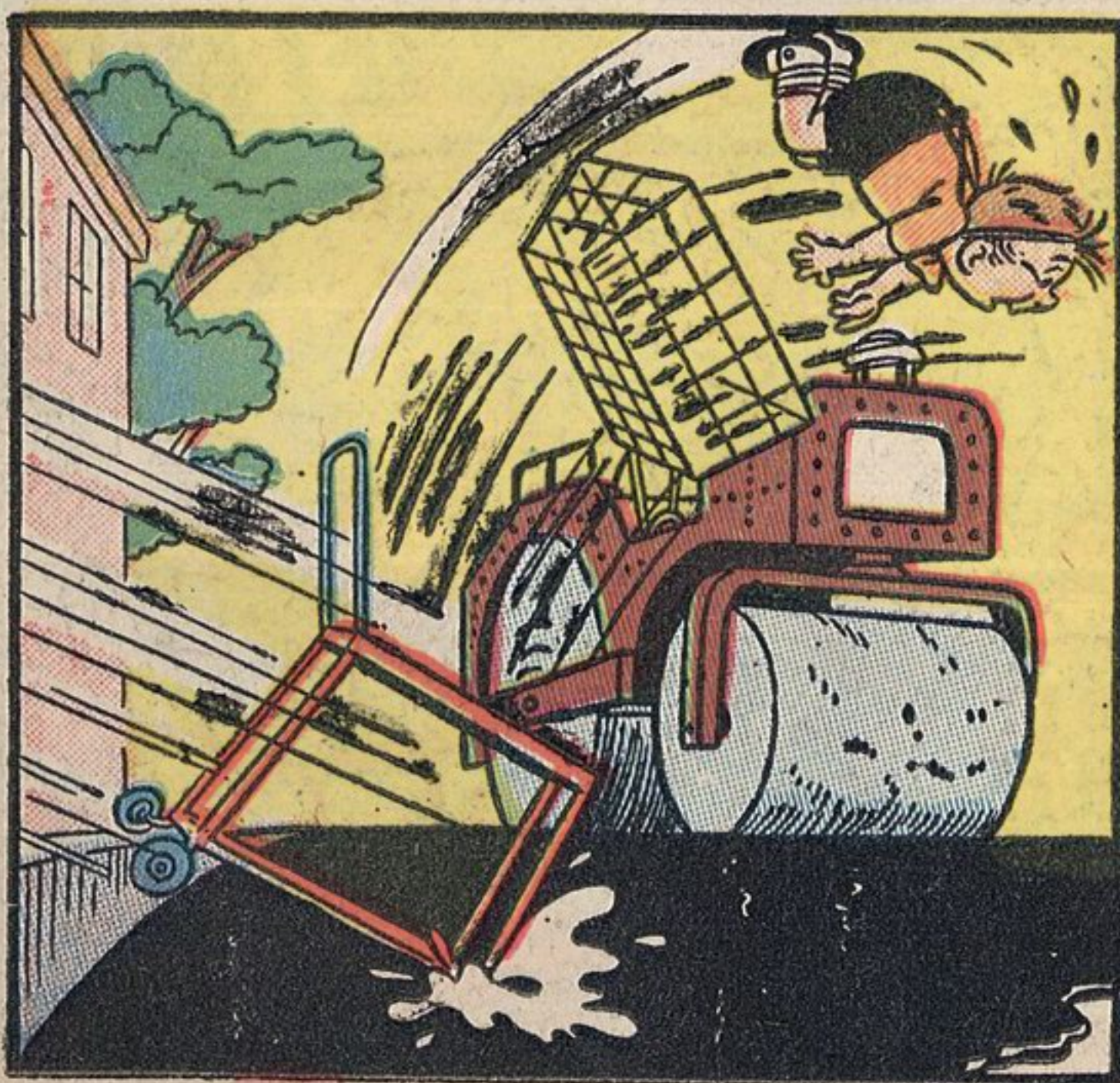
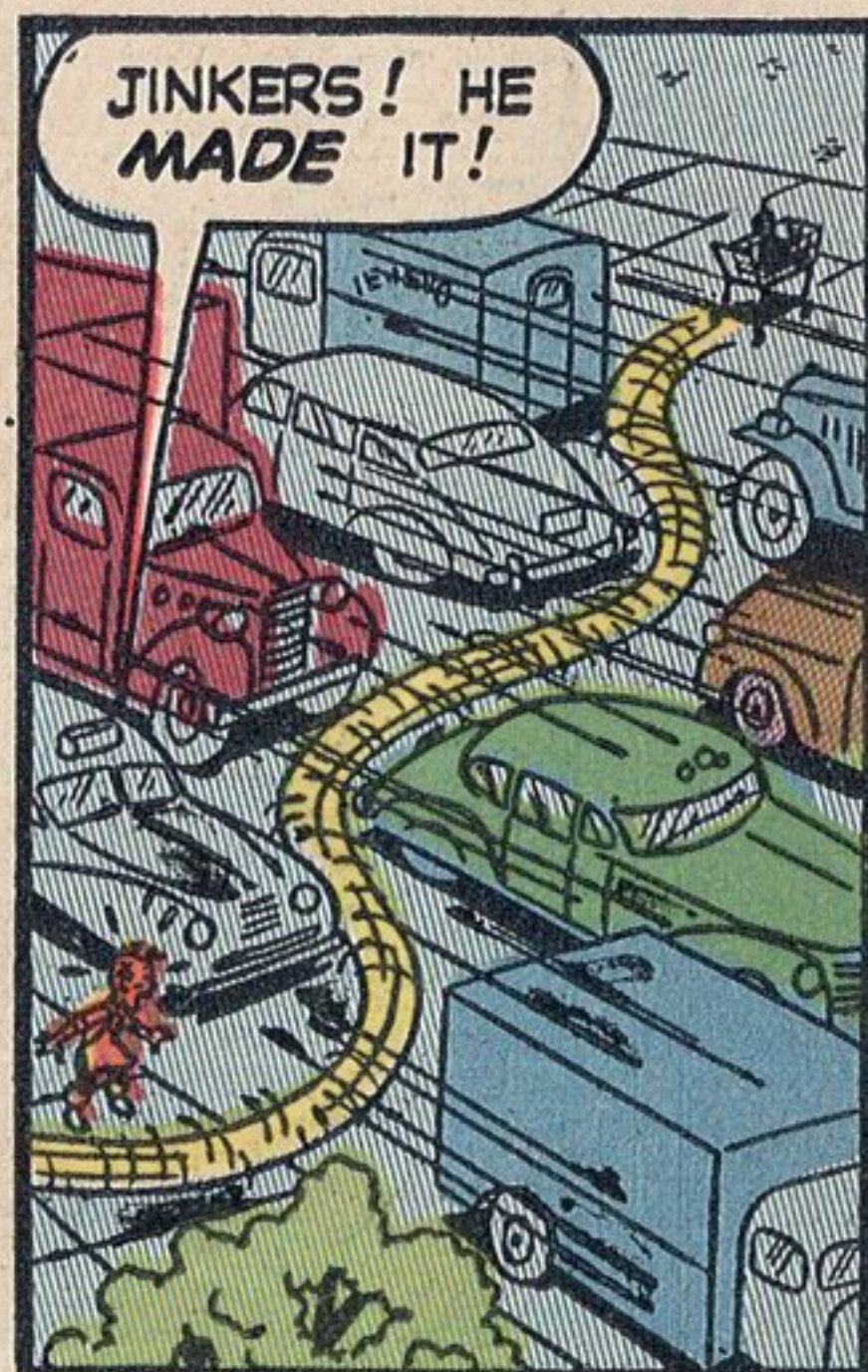
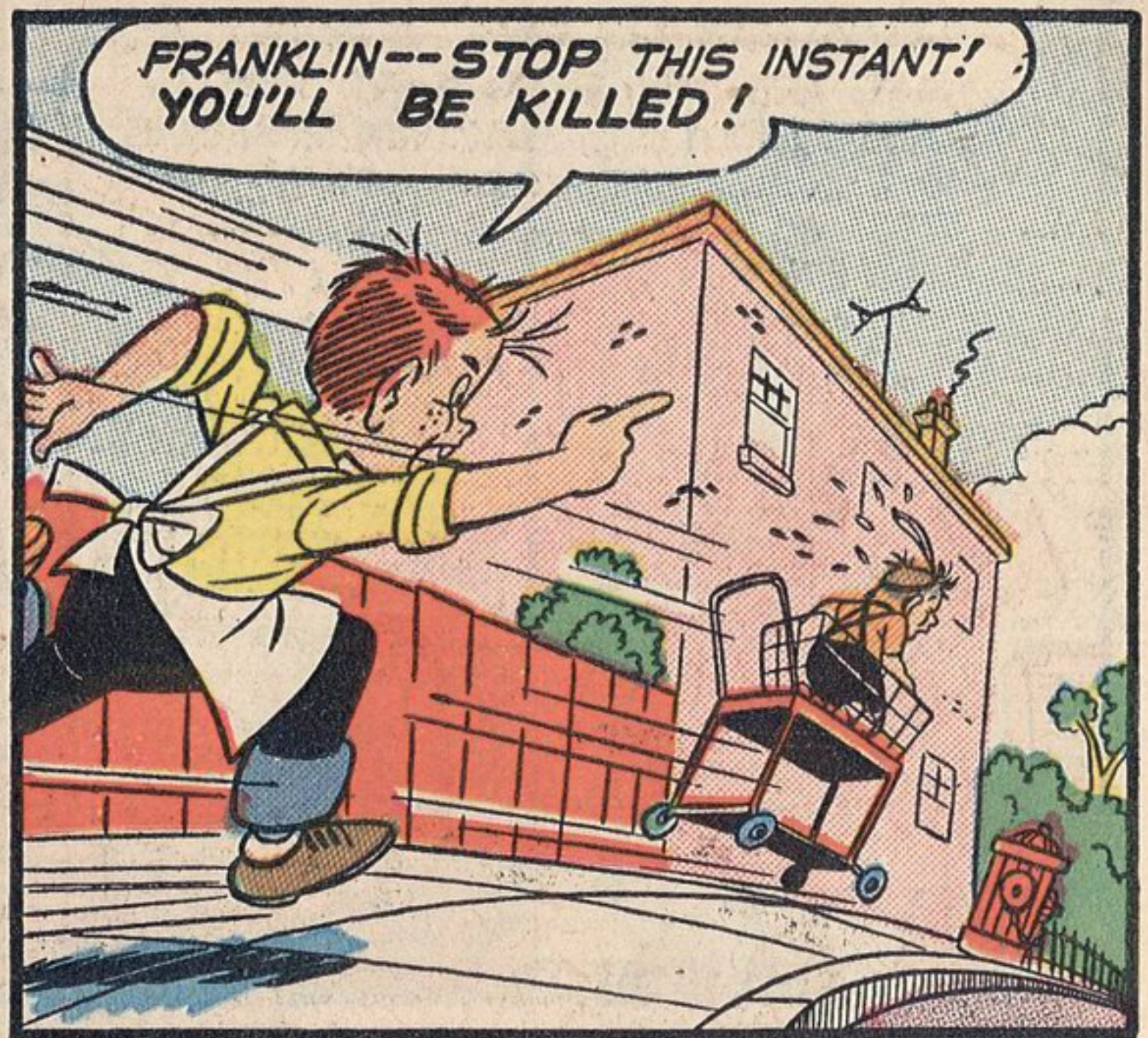
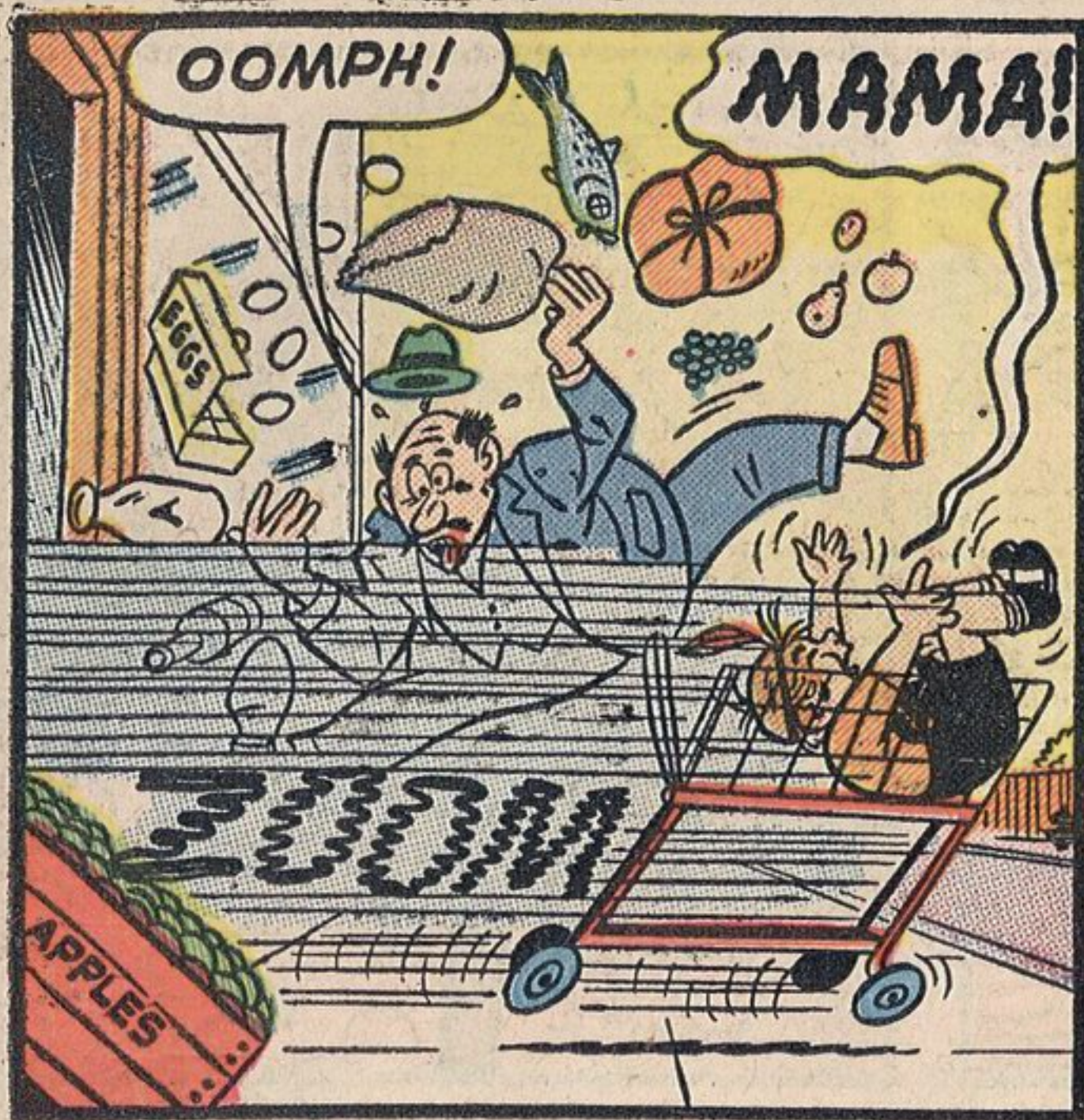
HEY!

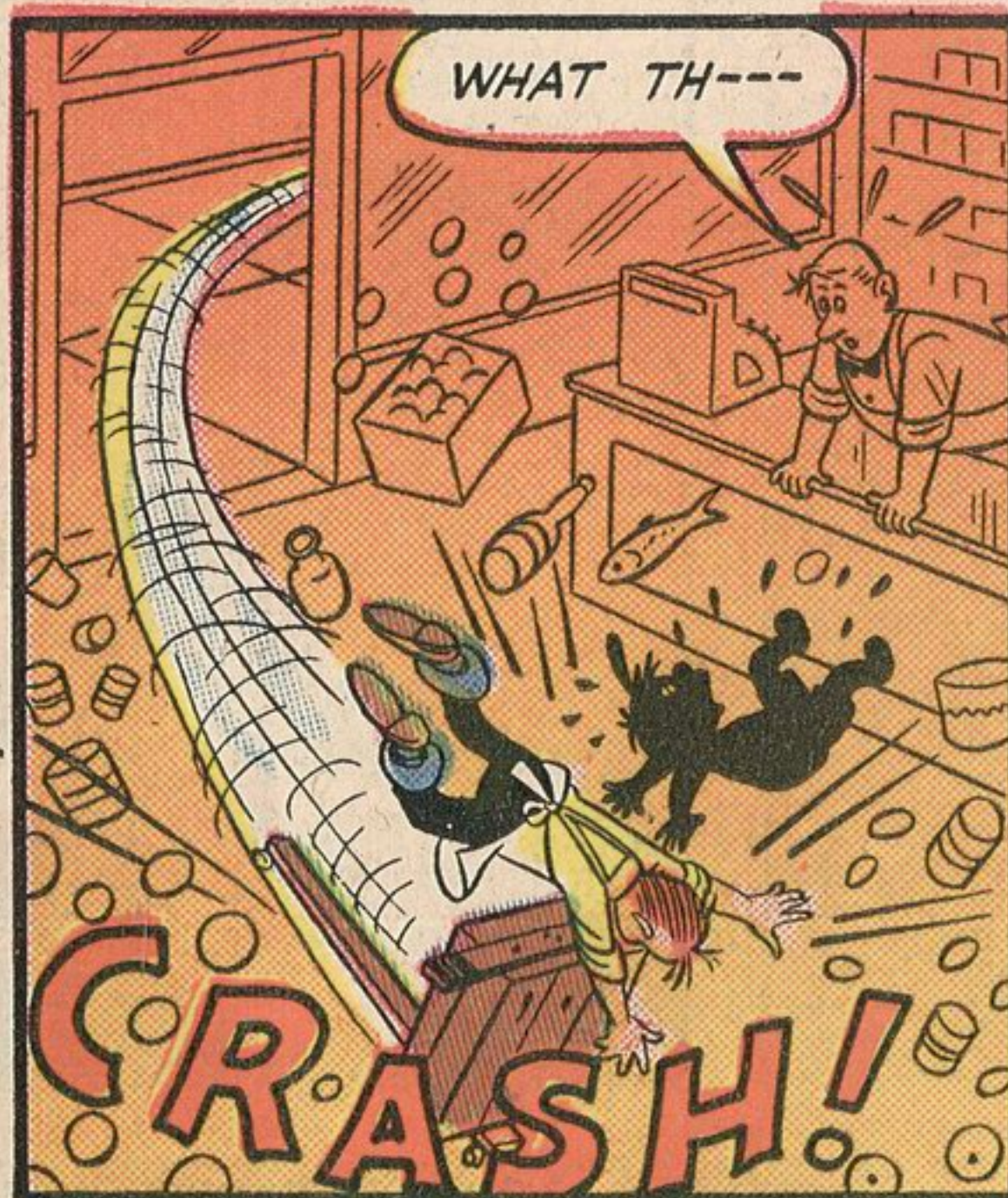
YIPEE! I GONNA GO BOWLING!

STRIKE!!

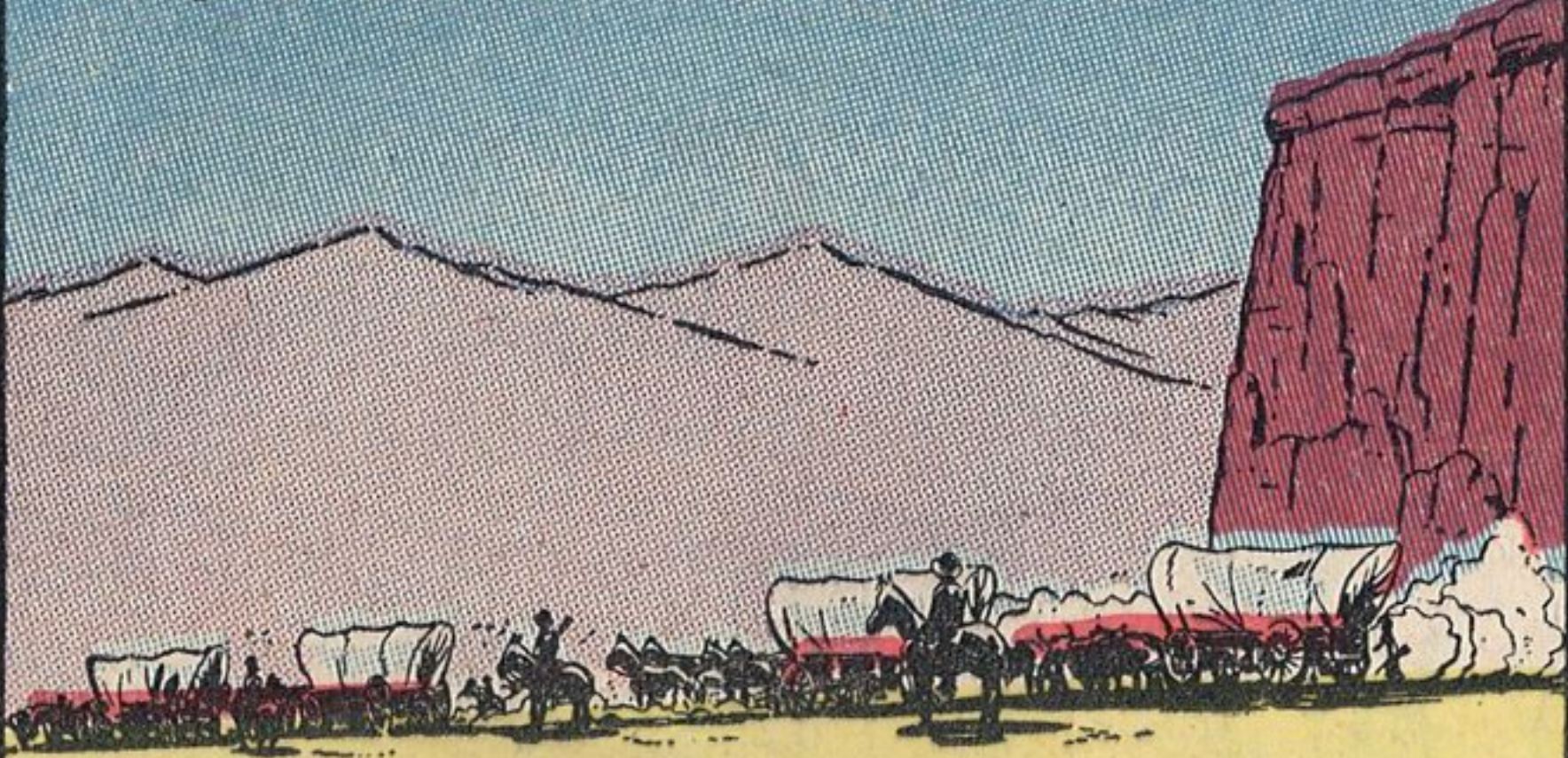
THAT'S WHAT I'M GOING TO GO ON IF THIS BECOMES PART OF MY JOB!







WAR WHOOPS ON THE SANTA FE TRAIL!

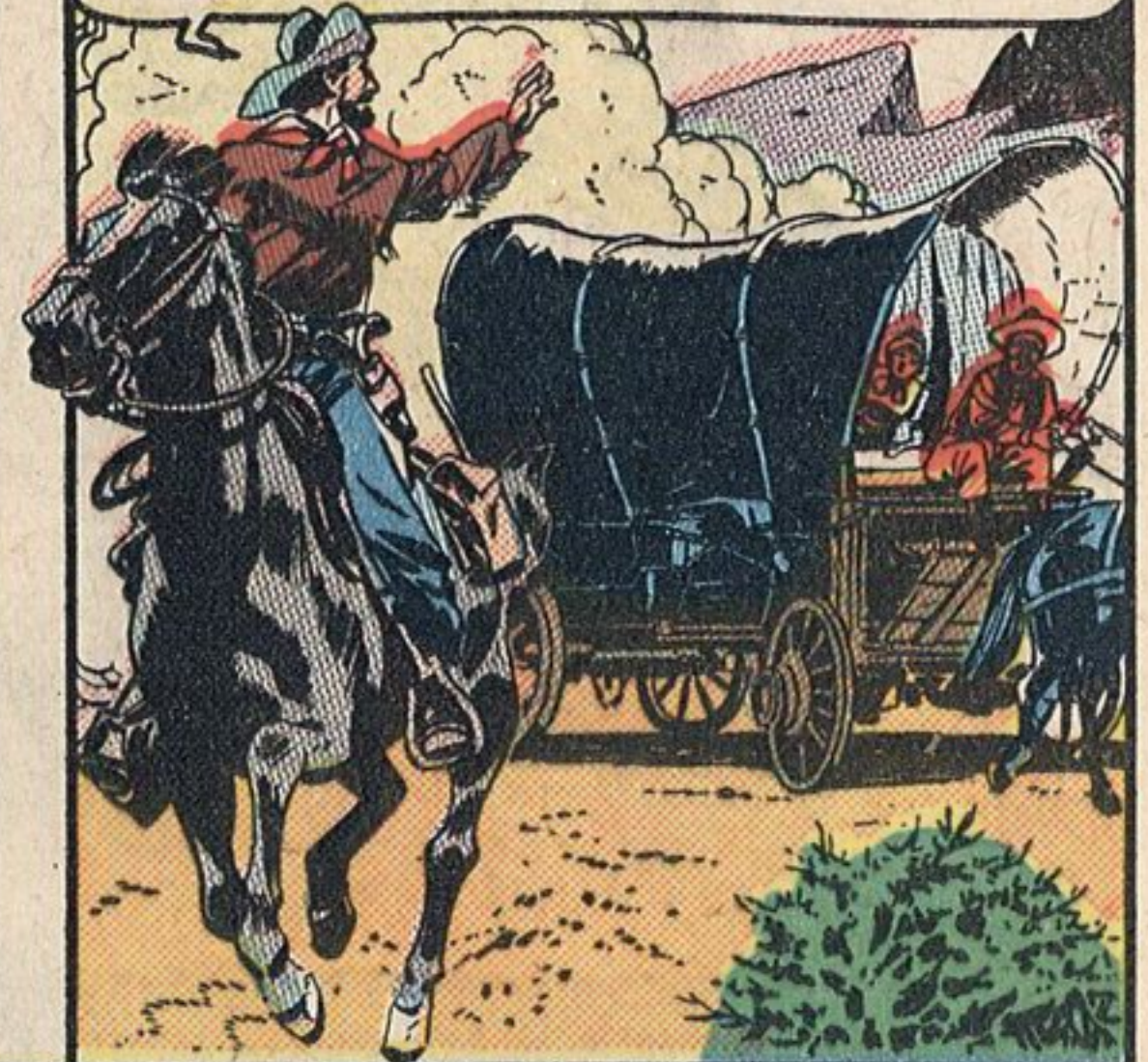


THE SANTA FE TRAIL RAN FROM INDEPENDENCE, MISSOURI TO TAOS, NEW MEXICO. ALONG IT TRUNDLED BIG WAGON TRAINS FILLED WITH TRADE GOODS... SUCH AS THE ONE HEADED BY CAPTAIN BLUNT THAT ROLLED ALONG THE TRAIL IN LATE 1838...

Powell

AS THE BLUNT CARAVAN ROLLED ON, WORD CAME IN THAT FIERCE KIOWAS WERE RAIDING...

INJUNS TO THE SOUTH! BETTER GIT TO COVER SOME-WHERES! THERE'S A PLENTY OF 'EM!

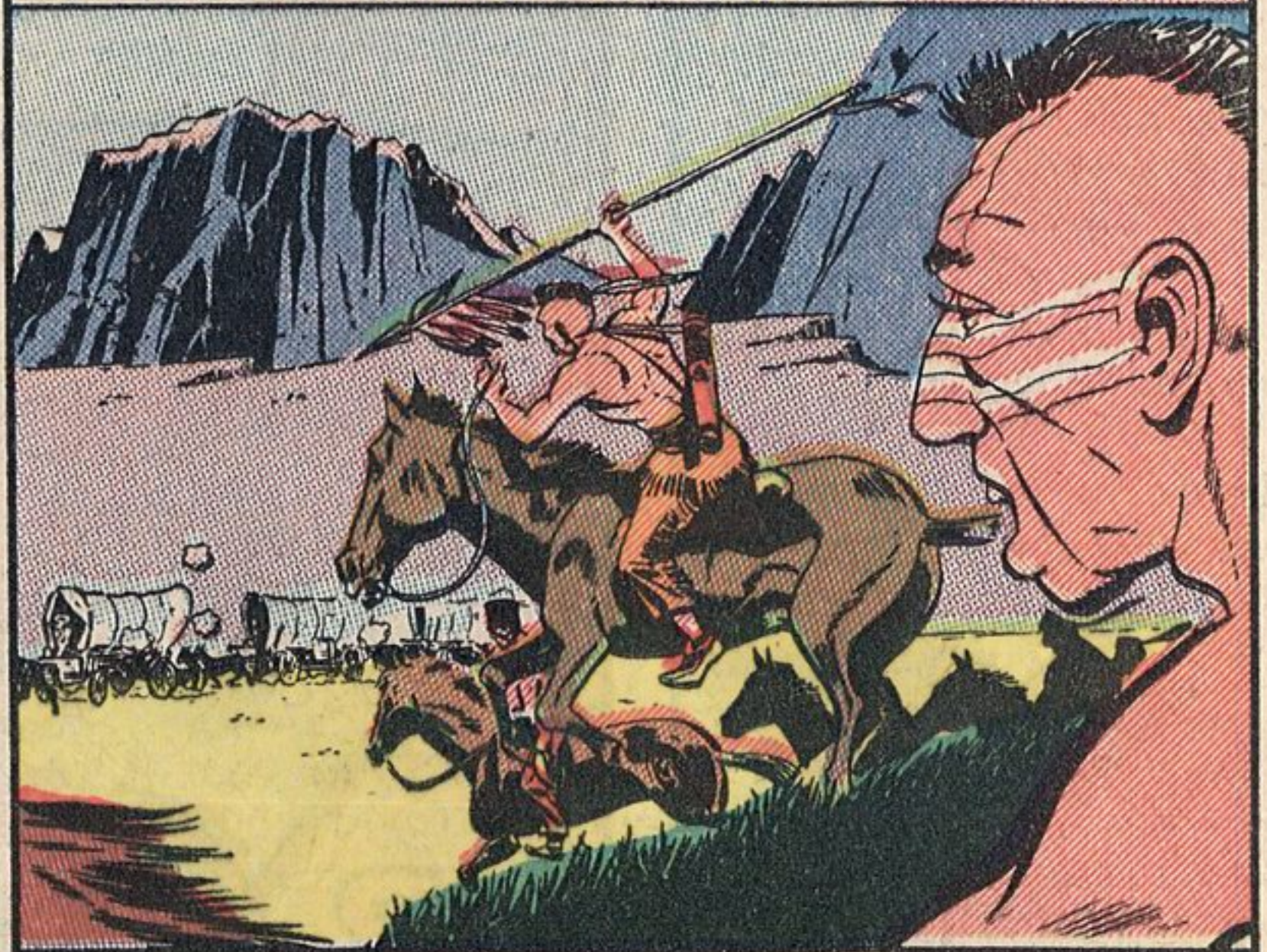


SCARCELY WERE THE HARDENED MOUNTAIN MEN IN THE WAGONS THAN HUNDREDS OF WAR-PAINTED KIOWAS CAME INTO SIGHT..

NEXT MORNING AT DAWN, A THIN LINE OF BUCK-SKIN-CLAD MEN RANGED INTO VIEW.. MOUNTAIN MEN! EXPERT SHOTS, GOOD INDIAN FIGHTERS!

YOU SEEMED TO BE THE LEADER, SIR, EVEN THOUGH YOUR FRIENDS CALL YOU KID. WILL YOU RIDE WITH US..?

I RECKON, FALL IN, BOYS!



THE DEADLY RIFLE-FIRE OF THE INDIAN FIGHTERS POURED STEADILY FROM THE VANS...



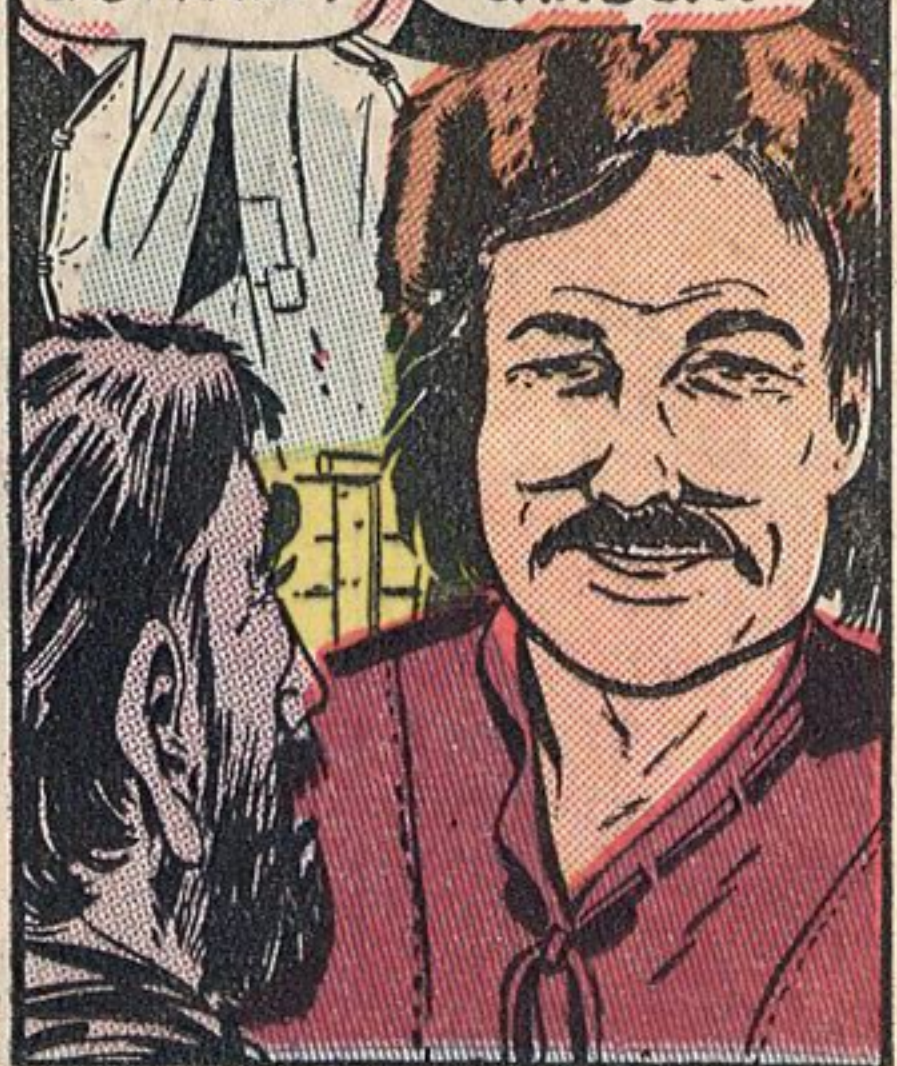
KEEP THE LEAD FLYIN! THEY WON'T MAKE AN-OTHER CHARGE! THEY'RE DONE!



THE KIOWAS, CUT BADLY BY THE ACCURATE RIFLES, FLED. LATER, AS THE WAGON TRAIN AND MOUNTAIN MEN PARTED COMPANY...

I WANT TO THANK YOU, KID. WHAT'S YORE LAST NAME?

MY NAME ISN'T KID.. IT'S KIT... KIT CARSON!



THE FIRST BOW

YOUNG WOLF choked back the dismay that filled him as he watched the other young Indian boys trotting out of the Sioux camp, their new willow bows gleaming in their hands. Young Wolf had no bow. He was an orphan, and there was no one to make him a fine willow bow and a dozen arrows with which to practice.

If my father were alive, he thought, he would make me a fine bow—a bow that would throw an arrow more than a hundred yards!

Grief shook Young Wolf before he remembered that some day he would be a Sioux warrior, and must show no emotion. Carelessly, as if brushing away a fly, he wiped at his wet eyes.

He was turning away to go and help with the horse herds, when a hand fell on his shoulder. The hand caught and held him, and Young Wolf found himself staring up into the grim face of The Eagle, the most famous warrior of all the Sioux.

The Eagle said, "You are a big boy. Strong, with long arms and legs. Why do you not shoot the bow, instead of playing guard with the ponies?"

Young Wolf stiffened. He said, "I am too young to make a bow. And there is none to make a bow for Young Wolf. I have no father, no mother."

The Eagle nodded, as if hearing news he did not already know. He was a big man, The Eagle. He wore a single red feather thrust into his black hair. Only when he took the war trail did The Eagle wear the multi-feathered war-bonnet that was rightly his.

Now he said, staring over Young Wolf's head at the men and boys disappearing into the cottonwoods near the waters of the nearby river, "It is not right that a young man should have hands that are not used to the tug of a good bow."

Young Wolf said, "I will have a bow, some day. I will make it myself, from the horns of a mountain goat. It will be the best bow in the Land of the Shining Prairie!"

The Eagle fought back the grim smile that threatened to twist his lips. Instead, he nodded soberly, as though in agreement. "But first you must learn to make that bow. You must learn to seek the finest willows by the water's edge for your arrows, the best gut of the mountain lion for your bow-string."

The Eagle gestured, and Young Wolf followed. They went back through the camp and across the sage flats beyond it. Soon the ground arched upwards, and The Eagle began to trot. Young Wolf followed him, tirelessly.

Deep under the shade of big spruce trees, The Eagle halted. He pointed to a slim ash tree, and handed Young Wolf his knife. "Cut it down," he told him. "Begin your cut one foot from the ground."

All that long afternoon, The Eagle and Young Wolf worked together over the length of slim ash. Under The Eagle's hunting knife, the pliant wood took shape; lengthened and thinned, grew narrow in the middle and flared outward, to shrink again at the tips. With sinew, The Eagle wrapped the handgrip. With catgut, he made the bow-string.

As he worked, he talked. "The southern tribes make their bows of Osage orange, but there is nothing better than a good ash bow. To make arrowheads, we find chipped flint, and bind them to the shaft with the sinew of a buffalo bull. The Crows use deer sinew, the Pawnees elk sinew. But you, being a Sioux, will use buffalo sinew."

They made the arrows as dusk settled across the mountains. Together, the big man and the boy came back from the mountain-side, the boy holding his bow and arrows.

When they were close to the tribal tepees, The Eagle said, "How will you use the bow, Young Wolf?"

"I will be the greatest archer in all the tribe! Whenever I shoot, I will hit my target!"

The Eagle looked long into Young Wolf's eyes, then nodded. He put a hand on the boy's shoulder and squeezed until Young Wolf felt the pain. Then he turned and was gone.

Young Wolf did not show the bow or the arrows to anyone. He hid them under an old blanket a squaw had tossed to him soon after his mother died. But he was up at dawn, and trotting back into the shelter of the blue spruce trees, and there he began to practice.

It was slow work, learning the quirks and whims of a new bow. He broke many arrows, but he remembered what The Eagle had taught him, and he made more. Day after day, from dawn until dusk, he dragged his body back and forth, in under the spruce

trees, and always the deep *twaang* of his suddenly released bowstring could be heard.

Often he would say to himself, when his shafts flew wild and far, "It is no use! I will never be a good hunter. I can never learn to use this bow!"

But there were other times, when a splinter of wood would fly as his arrow pierced it, that he cried aloud, "I will be the greatest archer in all the tribe! The Eagle will be proud of me!"

For Young Wolf regarded The Eagle as a brother. When he came down from the mountains in gloom or in joy, The Eagle was always there to look at him, to read his face, and seek his eyes, to learn if the determination was still there. And always, even in Young Wolf's blackest moments, The Eagle seemed satisfied.

Now the tribe was moving, and Young Wolf could no longer practice under the blue spruces. But he rode with the horse herd, in the heat and the dust, and he carried the bow and the arrows always under his worn blanket. When he was safely out of sight of the others, he let fly at birds and jackrabbits. Sighting on a moving target improved his steadiness. Soon now, he would see a bird in flight, wait for the spread of wings that indicated a smooth glide, and would release the bowstring. He cooked and ate the animals he shot. He put muscle on his arms and across his broad young back. He grew stronger and harder, and the ash bow seemed lighter and easier to draw.

The tribe was moving north, following the buffalo. Every mile saw them that much closer to the country of the Crows, who wore forelocks and were the finest horse-stealers among all the Indian tribes.

Three times the Crows raided the Sioux pony herd before White Horse, the chief, gathered the warriors around him. "We have lost many ponies," he told his braves. "We can spare no more! All who have ridden guard on the herd have been shot and wounded."

It was then that The Eagle stood up. He was tall and powerful in the light of the council fires. He drew the eyes of every warrior. "The Crow thieves can see us as they creep in. We sit high on our mounts' backs. I say, put a boy out there as guard."

The stolid Sioux snorted their derision, but The Eagle went on talking. "Send Young Wolf out to guard the herd. He will not fail you."

Someone pushed Young Wolf forward. His heart hammered in his chest, to thus stand among the men of the tribe, with everyone looking at him. But he clutched his ash bow tighter, and he said, "I will kill the Crow thieves!"

White Horse smiled. He said, "To shame my warriors, I will appoint you as horse guard. When they see you out there alone, perhaps they will grow keener eyes and sharper ears!"

* * *

The night was still and moonless, but a faint light hung over the horizon. Young Wolf crouched on his pony, blanket drawn up around his shoulders to keep him warm, and to dull any outline his body might make against the sky.

He thought, *The Eagle said I was ready. I must die defending the herd, if I have to!* He did not want to die, but —

Young Wolf heard the quavery coyote wail to his left. He pulled the blanket away from his head, and listened. It did not ring true, that cry. It was made by no coyote, but by a Crow warrior! It was answered to the left, and from in front.

Now Young Wolf threw away the blanket and fitted his catgut string to his bow. He ripped an arrow from the quiver The Eagle had loaned him, and notched it on the string.

The Crows came swiftly, on foot, waving long streamers of red flannel. The horses threw up their heads and danced nervously. One of the Crows left his feet, a hand twisted in a mane. He opened his lips to shrill his warcry, when Young Wolf caught him full in the center of his bow, a black shape against the pale glow of sky.

The bowstring twanged!

Young Wolf saw the other two Crows as he turned aside from the sight of the Crow warrior slipping under the horse herd's hoofs. Again he fitted an arrow and let it go. And again! He was answered by sharp wails of pain as those long Sioux shafts struck home.

Now the Crows who were hidden in the far shelter of the pines drove forward. Young Wolf turned, but over the drumming of the hoofs and the Crow warcries, he heard the shrill ullulation of the Sioux warcry! The Eagle and White Horse and the other Sioux warriors had not left him unguarded!

The fight was over shortly. In battle, the Crow was no match for the Sioux. The horse herd was saved, and many Crows had been captured.

It was a proud moment for Young Wolf when he rode back into camp between The Eagle and White Horse, with his bow across his horse's back, his head held high. But he was prouder the next day when the men and the boys went out to practice with their bows, and The Eagle told the men, "Go without Young Wolf. He needs no practice. He is a better shot with his ash bow than any man in camp!"

THE END

Little Miss Sunbeam

IN THE DEPTHS OF INNER CHINA, WHERE FEW WHITE FEET HAVE EVER TROD, LIE THE FABLED TREASURES OF THE CHIN EMPERORS OF CHINA, WHO FLED BEFORE THE MONGOL HORDES OF GENGHIS KHAN IN 1214...

EVEN TODAY, MEN SCHEME AND FIGHT TO FIND THOSE FABULOUS RICHES, AS SUNNY DISCOVERS WHEN SHE WALKS BEHIND—

"THE RAINBOW VEIL"



ON A BUSY AIRFIELD IN KWEIYANG —

HURRY UP, SUNNY. WE WANT TO HAVE A LITTLE TALK WITH COUSIN JIM BEFORE HIS PLANE TAKES OFF!

IT MUST BE EXCITING TO BE A PILOT AND FLY OVER CHINA LIKE HE DOES!

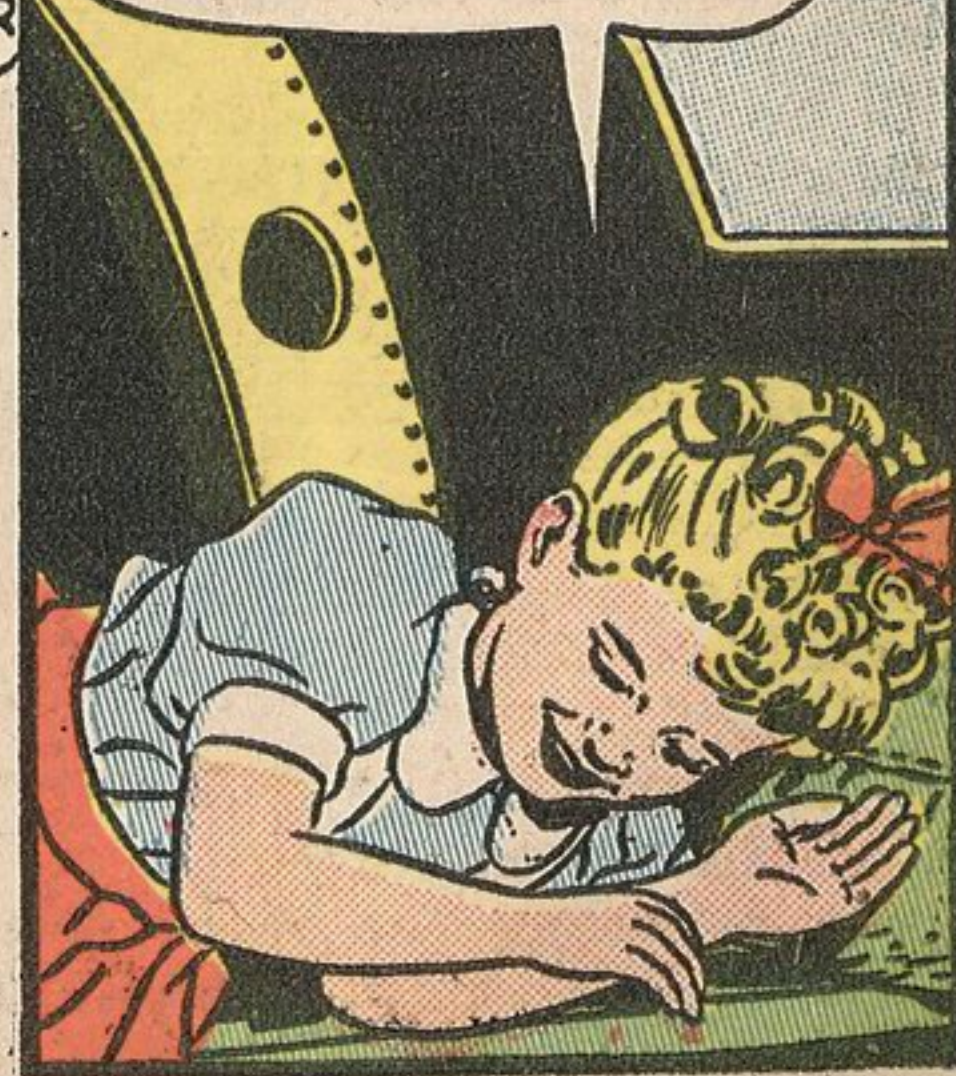
SO THIS IS SUNNY! YOU GO LOOK AROUND THE PLANE, HONEY! YOUR DAD AND I WANT TO CHIN!

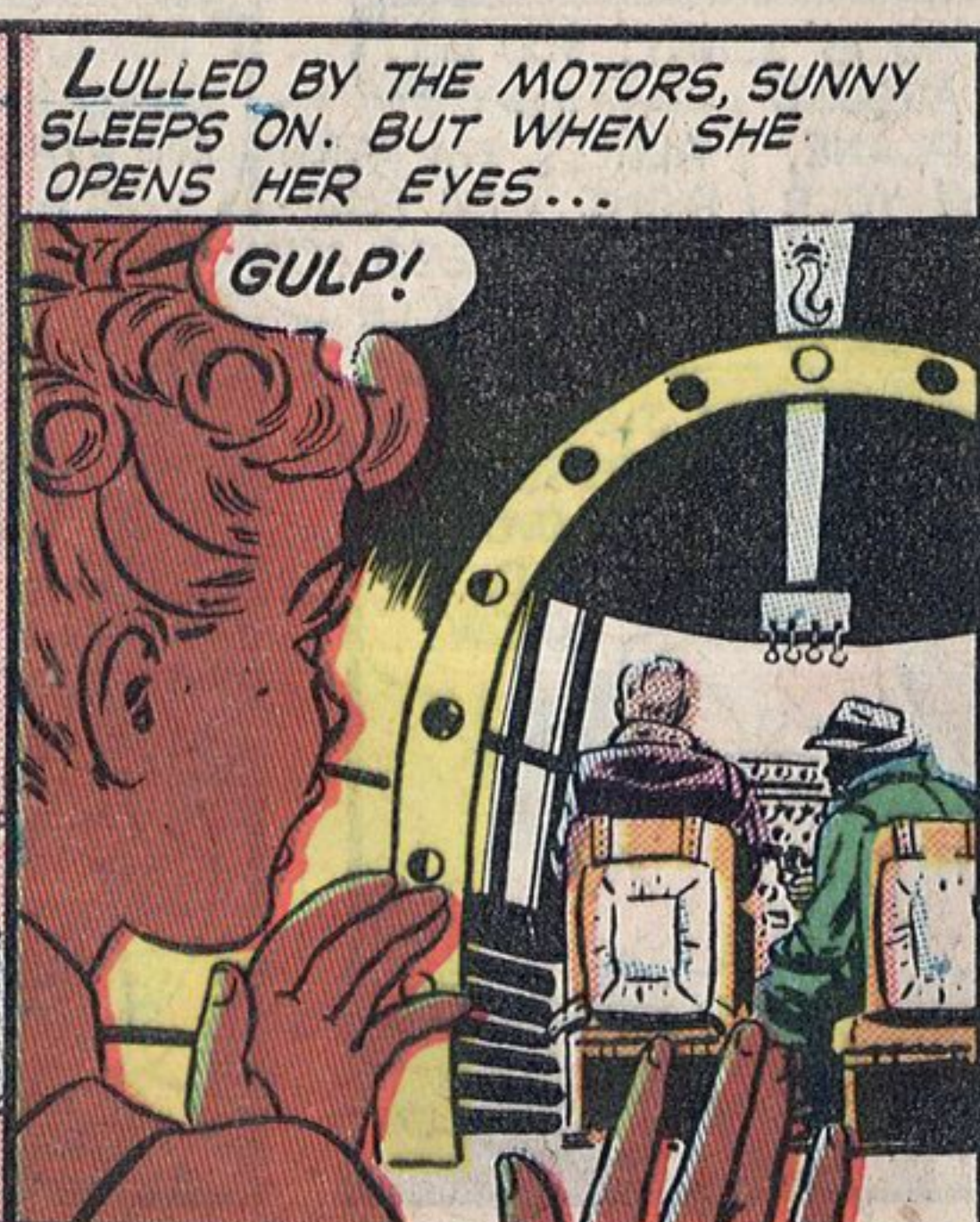
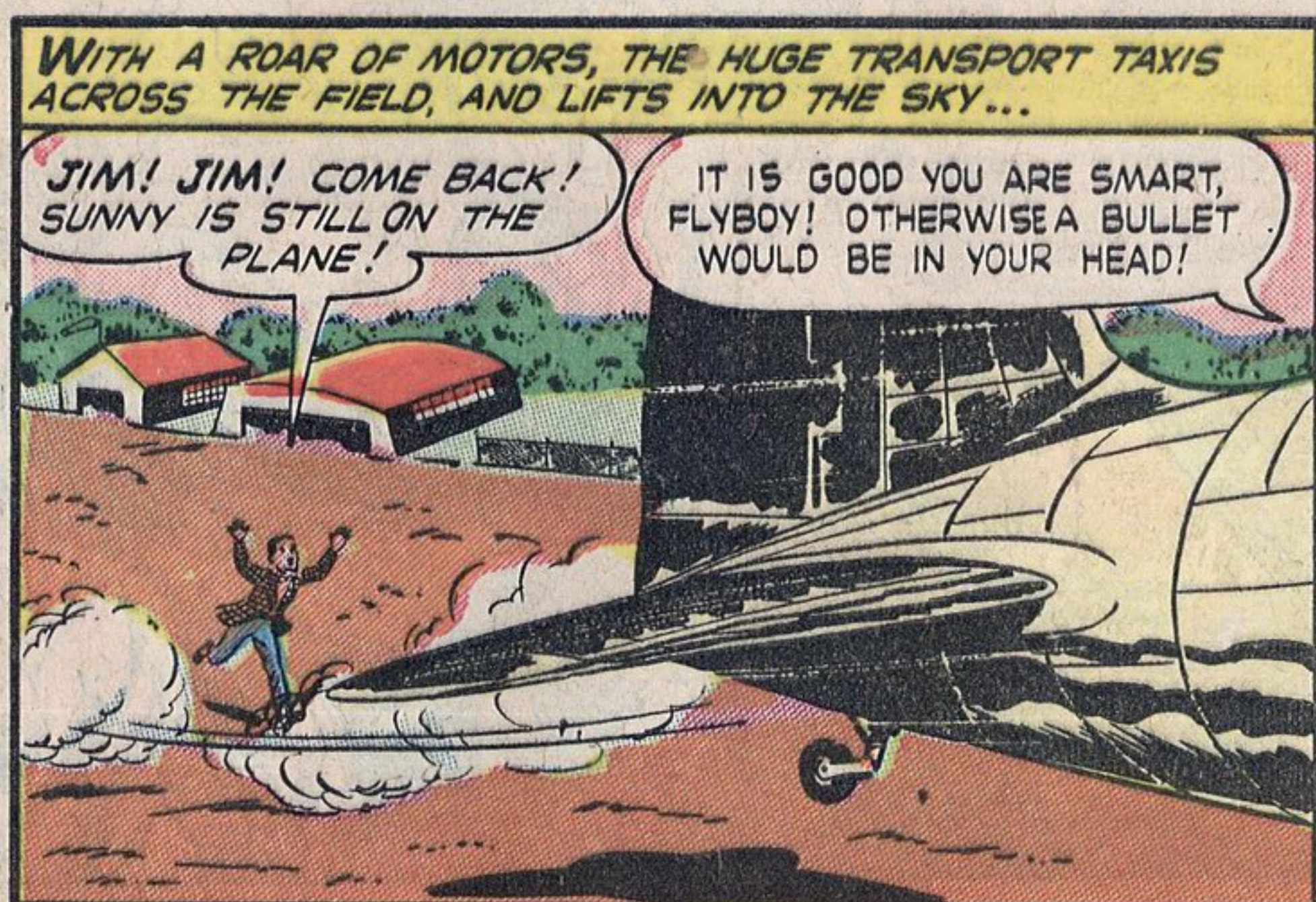
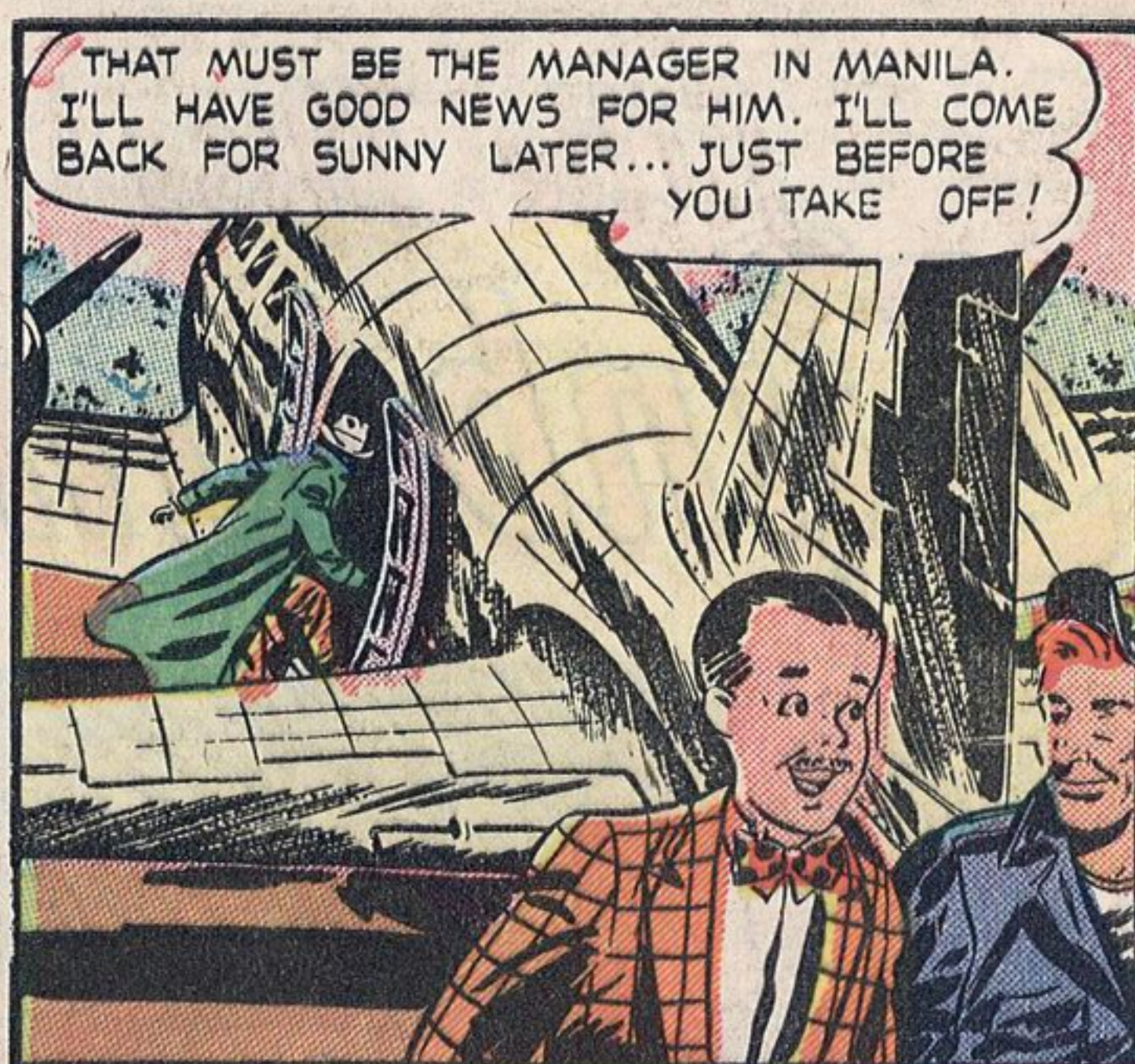
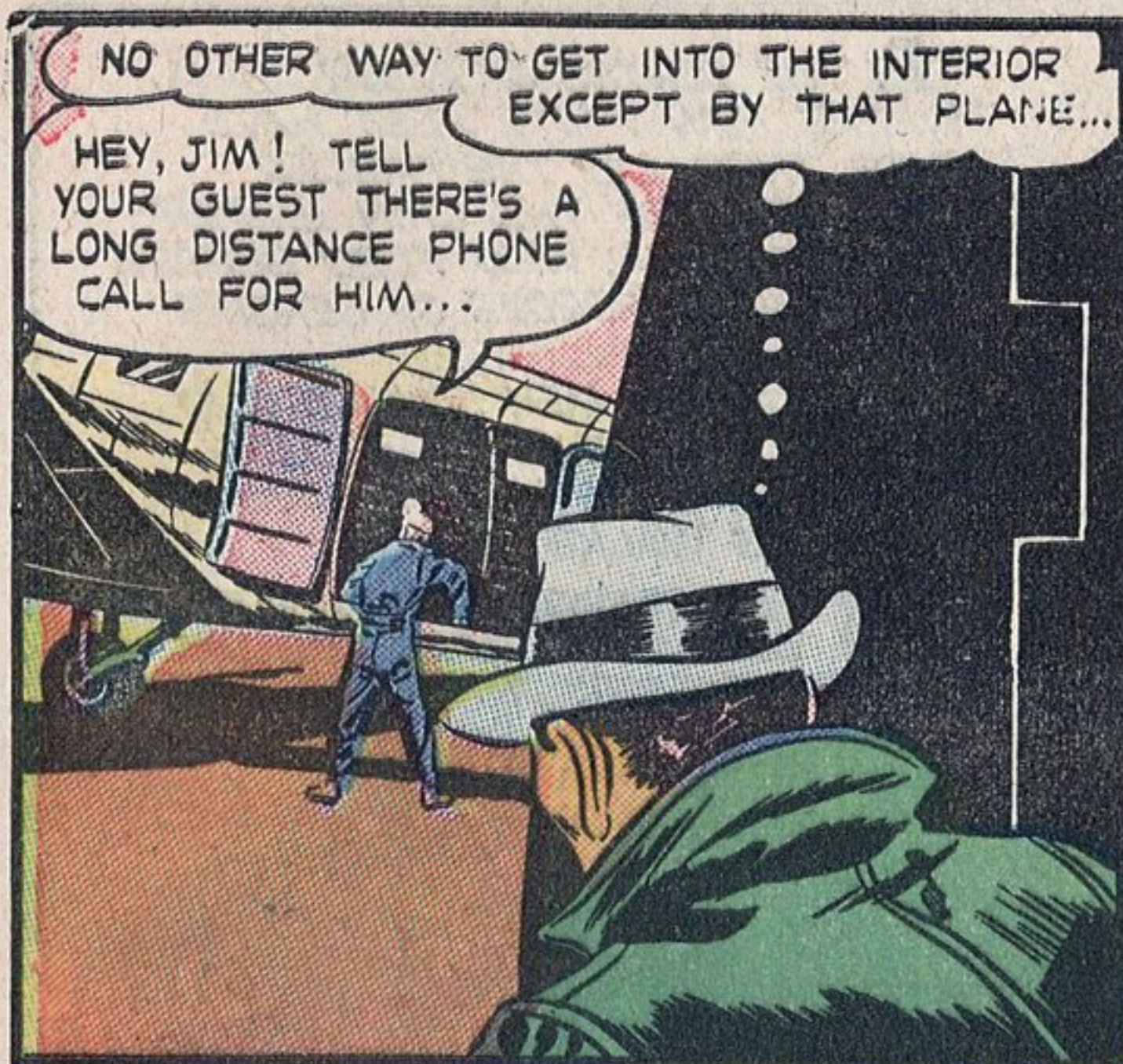
ALL RIGHT, COUSIN JIM...

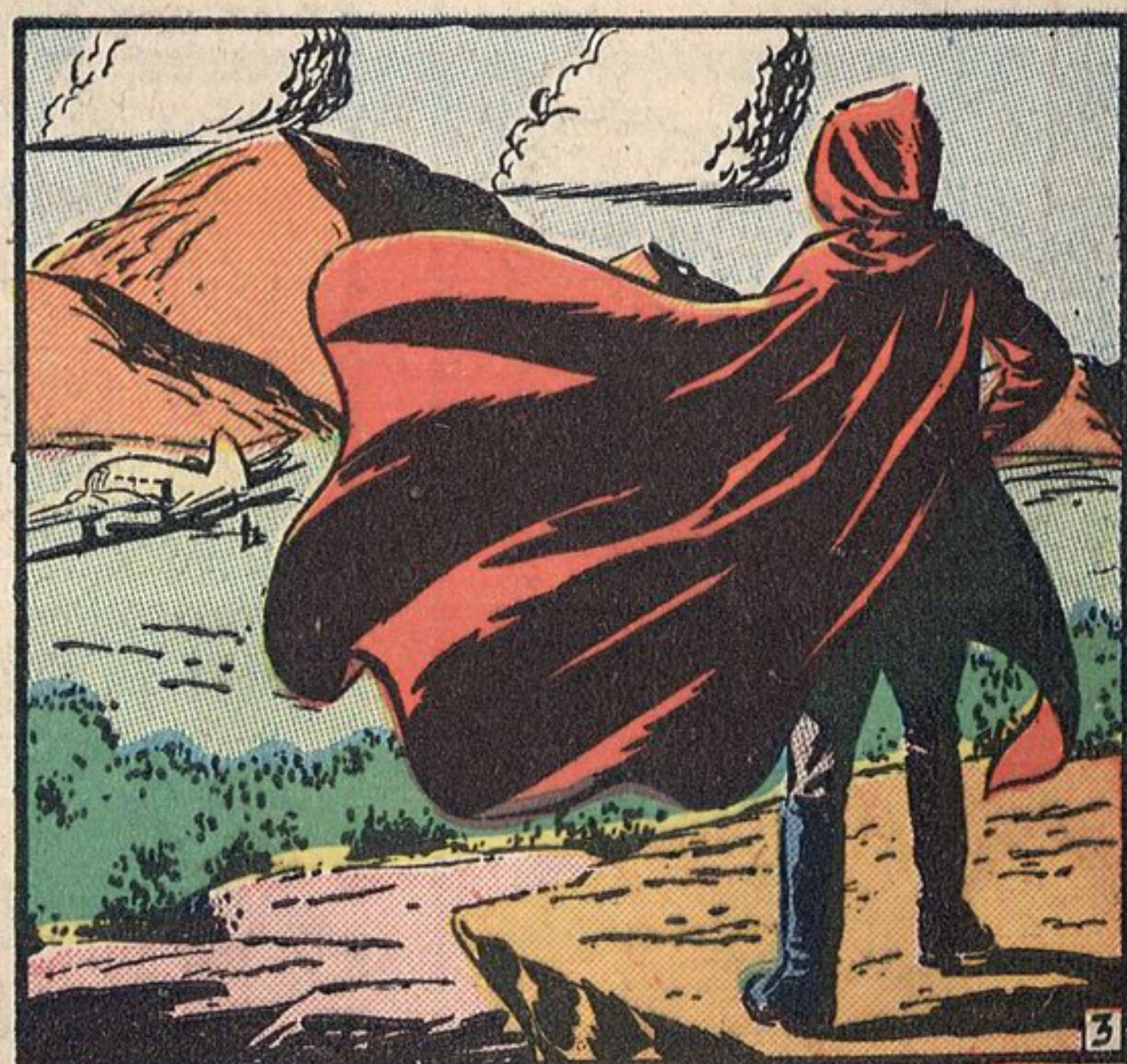
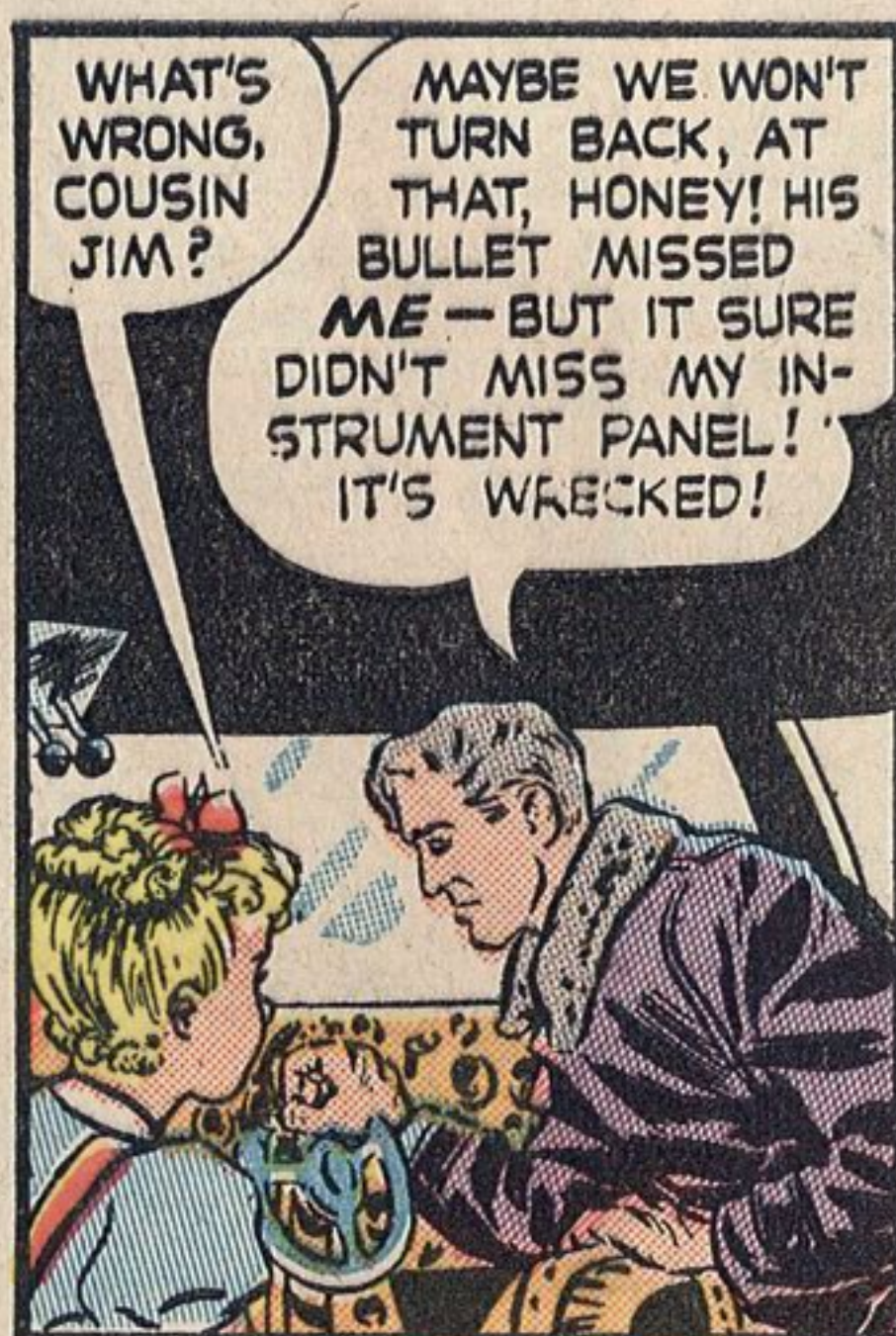
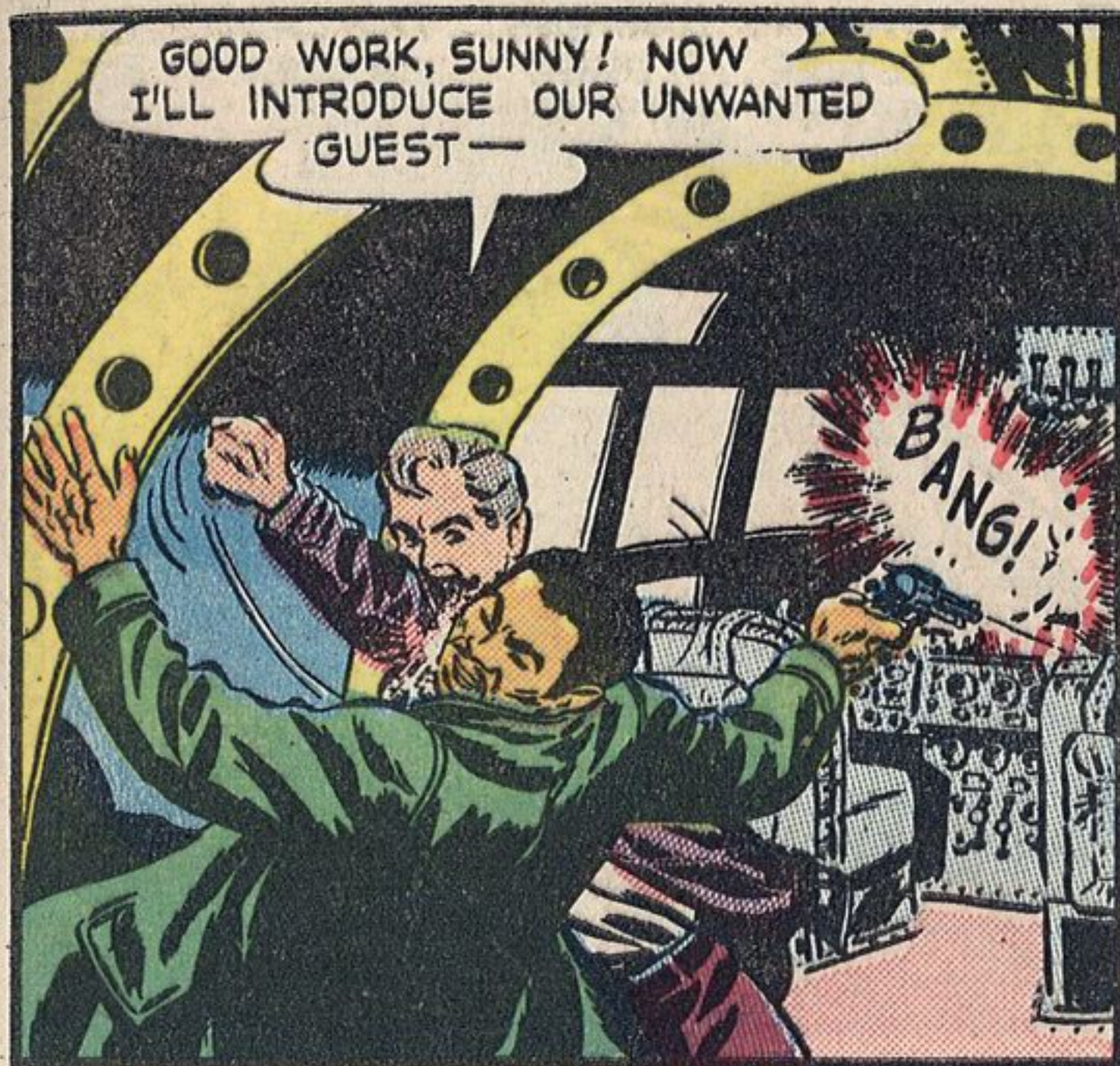
I'M HERE ON BUSINESS FOR UNCLE TEDDY,

JIM. HE HAS INTERESTS ALL OVER THE WORLD, YOU KNOW!

HO-HUM...THIS IS NICE AND COSY. THINK I'LL JUST...CLOSE MY EYES... A LITTLE WHILE... WHILE DADDY TALKS...







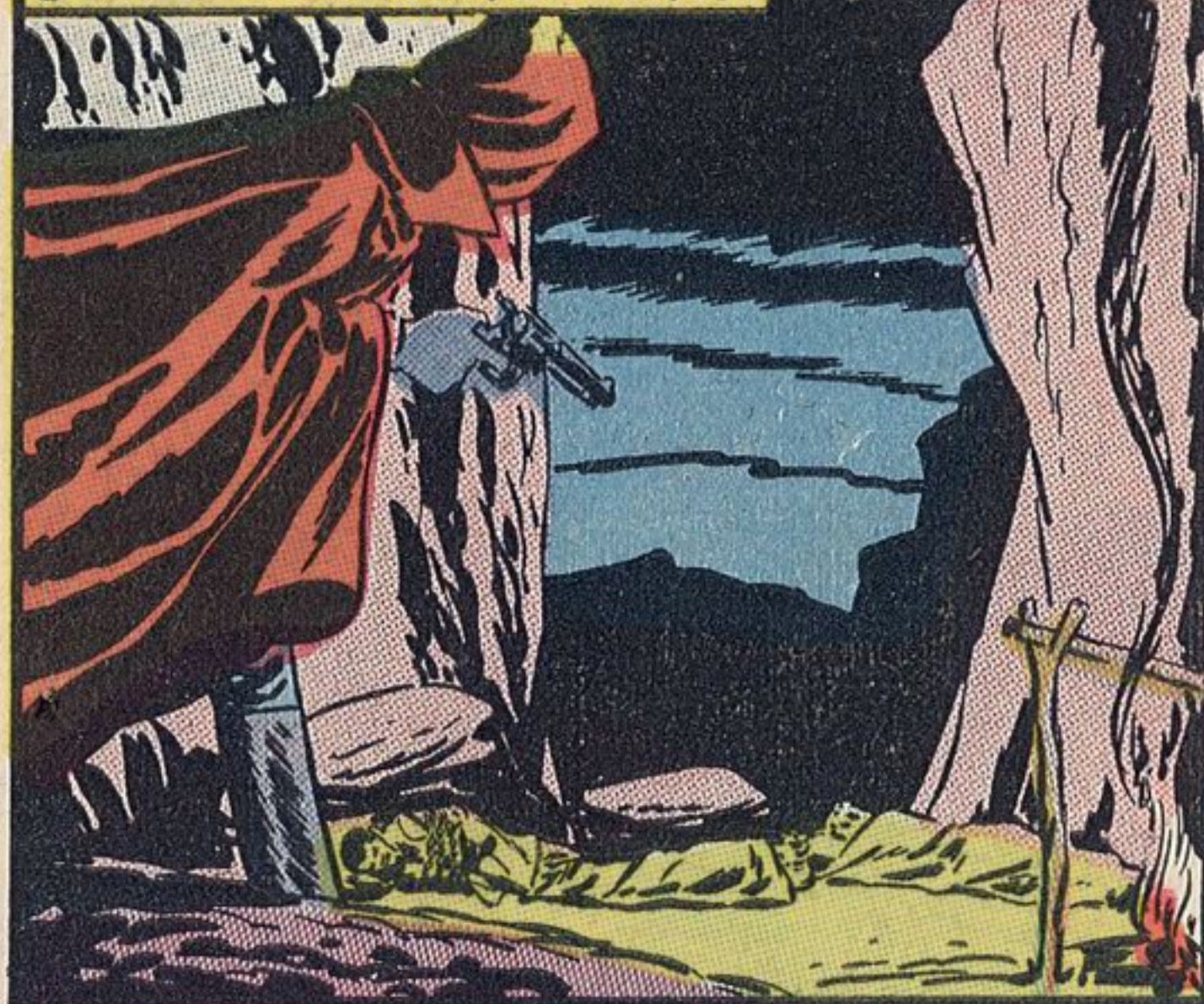
WITH DRY BRUSH AND TWIGS, JIM BUILDS A LITTLE FIRE AND COOKS SOME CANNED SOUP AND MEAT...

HERE—SOME HOT FOOD, BABY. SCARED?

I'M NOT SCARED WITH YOU, COUSIN JIM. YOU'RE SO BIG AND STRONG. I'LL BET YOU COULD JUST LICK ANYBODY WHO TRIED TO HURT ME!



SLOWLY THE SKY DARKENS... THE CAMPFIRE BURNS LOWER... LOWER...



COUSIN JIM,...



A GIRL!!!

AN AMERICAN—!



THAT WAS A CLOSE CALL! BUT WHAT'S A GIRL LIKE YOU DOING HERE?

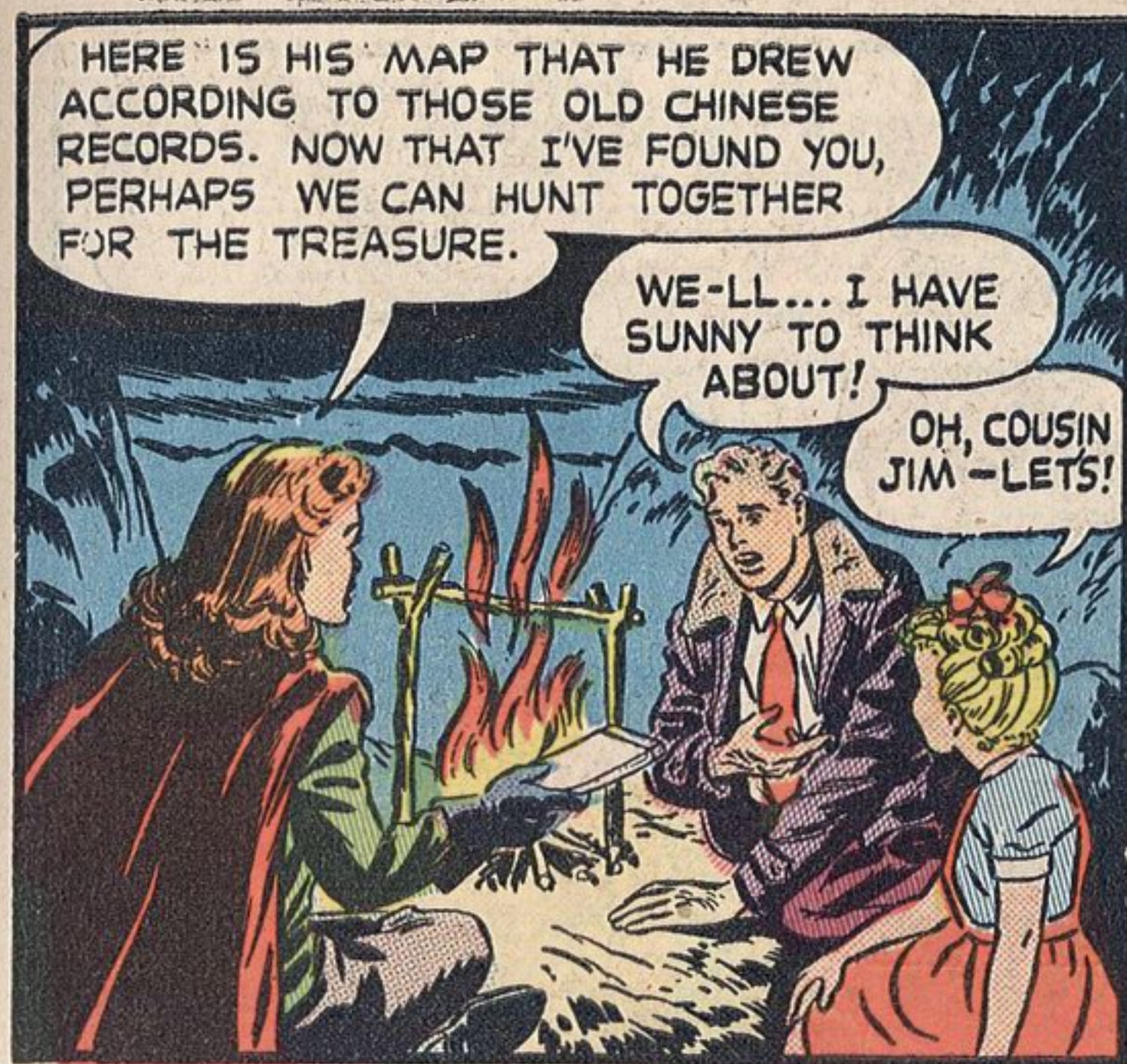
I'M LACE MCGREGOR MY FATHER, ANGUS MCGREGOR WAS WORKING FOR A MUSEUM.

A LONG TIME AGO HE DISCOVERED, ON SOME ANCIENT SCROLLS, THE HIDING PLACE OF THE CHIN EMPERORS' TREASURE...



HE PLANNED TO COME HERE TO SEARCH FOR THAT TREASURE. THE WAR AND OTHER COMPLICATIONS MADE THE TRIP IMPOSSIBLE UNTIL LAST YEAR WHEN WE LEFT STATESIDE AND CAME INTO THE INTERIOR TO HUNT IT. LAST WEEK... MONGOL BANDITS RAIDED OUR CAMP... KILLED FATHER. I ESCAPED, BUT ONLY TO WANDER ABOUT... LOST...

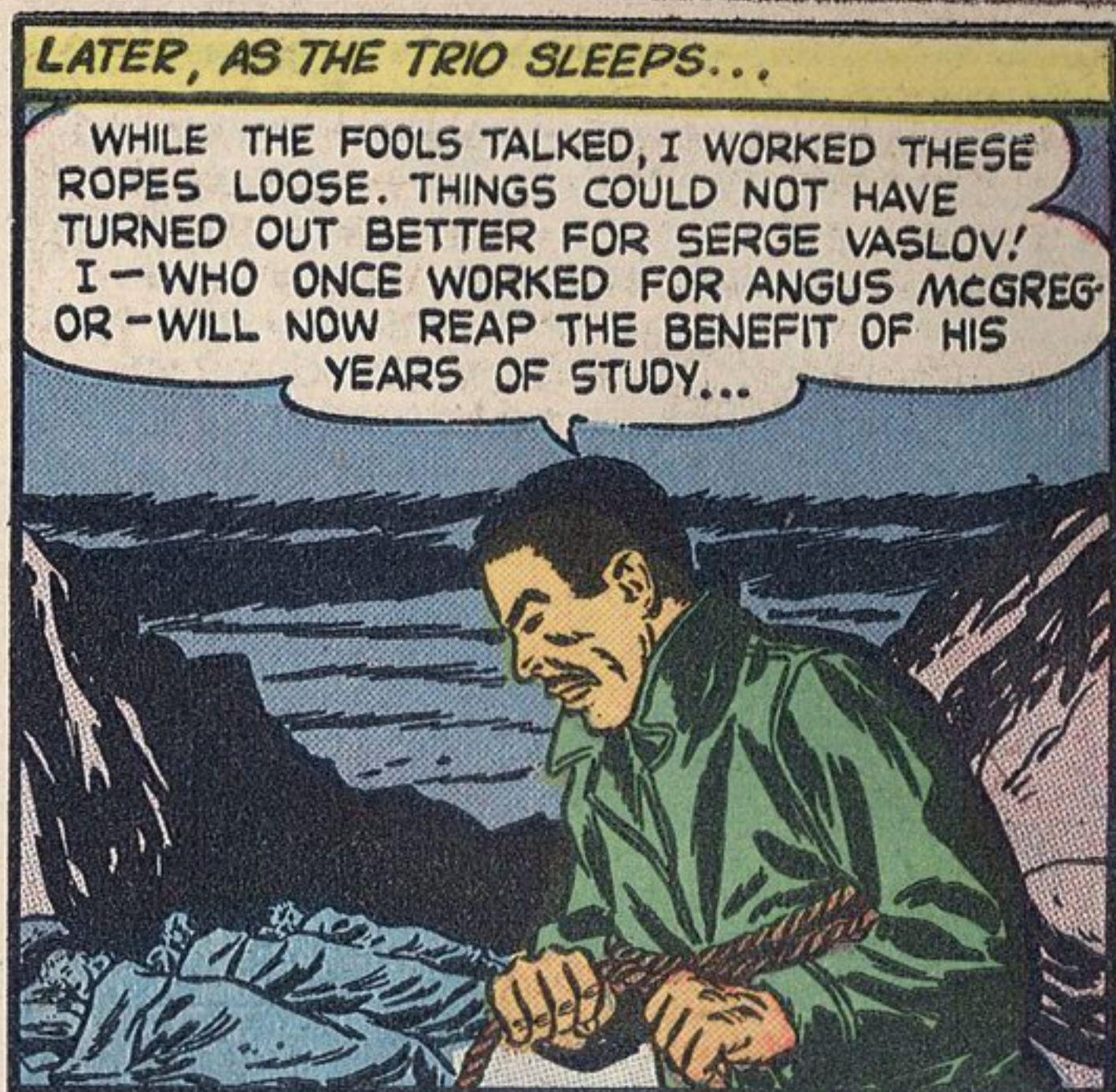




HERE IS HIS MAP THAT HE DREW ACCORDING TO THOSE OLD CHINESE RECORDS. NOW THAT I'VE FOUND YOU, PERHAPS WE CAN HUNT TOGETHER FOR THE TREASURE.

WE-LL... I HAVE SUNNY TO THINK ABOUT!

OH, COUSIN JIM - LETS!

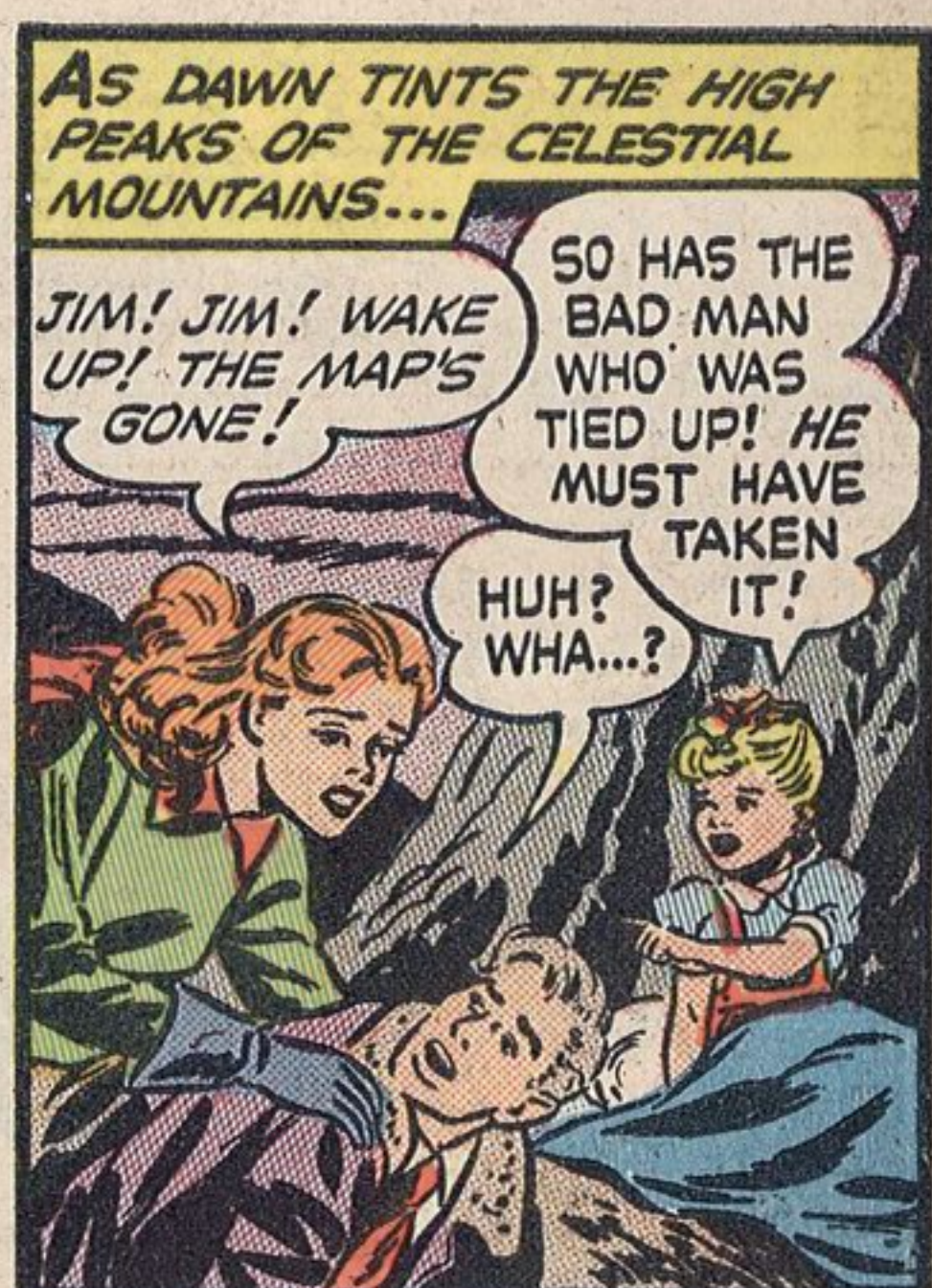


LATER, AS THE TRIO SLEEPS...

WHILE THE FOOLS TALKED, I WORKED THESE ROPES LOOSE. THINGS COULD NOT HAVE TURNED OUT BETTER FOR SERGE VASLOV! I - WHO ONCE WORKED FOR ANGUS MCGREGOR - WILL NOW REAP THE BENEFIT OF HIS YEARS OF STUDY...



I'VE LEFT THEM WITHOUT WEAPONS... WHILE I GO AFTER THE TREASURE!



AS DAWN TINTS THE HIGH PEAKS OF THE CELESTIAL MOUNTAINS...

JIM! JIM! WAKE UP! THE MAP'S GONE!

SO HAS THE BAD MAN WHO WAS TIED UP! HE MUST HAVE TAKEN IT!

HUH? WHA...?



IT ISN'T THE - MONEY I CARE SO MUCH ABOUT! BUT DADDY WANTED TO GIVE THE ART TREASURES TO THE MUSEUM AS A GIFT... TO CLIMAX HIS LIFE WORK...



MAYBE WE CAN STILL FIND THAT TREASURE, MISS LACE!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, SUNNY?

MEANWHILE, MANY MILES AWAY...

SHALGAR! I'VE COME BACK AS I PROMISED I WOULD — WITH THE TREASURE MAP!

IT IS GOOD TO SEE THE FACE OF SERGE VASLOV AGAIN! WE ATTACKED MCGREGOR'S CAMP AS YOU ORDERED IN YOUR LETTER...



IT TOOK TIME AND MONEY TO GET IN HERE. I LEFT THE STATES AS SOON AS I LEARNED ANGUS MCGREGOR HAD SOLVED THE RIDDLE OF THOSE OLD CHINESE RECORDS. BY LUCK I FOUND HIS DAUGHTER...AND STOLE HER MAP! HERE IT IS!



AT THAT MOMENT...

WHEN YOUR DADDY DREW THE MAP, MISS LACE, HE PRESSED DOWN HARD WITH HIS PENCIL. THAT LEFT THE IMPRESSIONS ON THE SHEET OF PAPER UNDER THE TOP SHEET. THIS POWDERED GRAPHITE, SCRAPED OFF COUSIN JIM'S PENCIL, WILL FILL THOSE DENTS...



I READ ABOUT THIS TRICK IN A STORY ONE TIME. THERE, YOU SEE? YOU HAVE YOUR MAP AGAIN, MISS LACE!

SUNNY — YOU'RE A DARLING!



AND SO, WITH THE AID OF THE RE-TRACED MAP, THE THREE MOVE SLOWLY THROUGH THE CELESTIAL MOUNTAINS, HUNTING FOR THE LOST TREASURE...

SUNNY — WATCH OUT! THAT'S LOOSE SHALE! DON'T STEP ON —



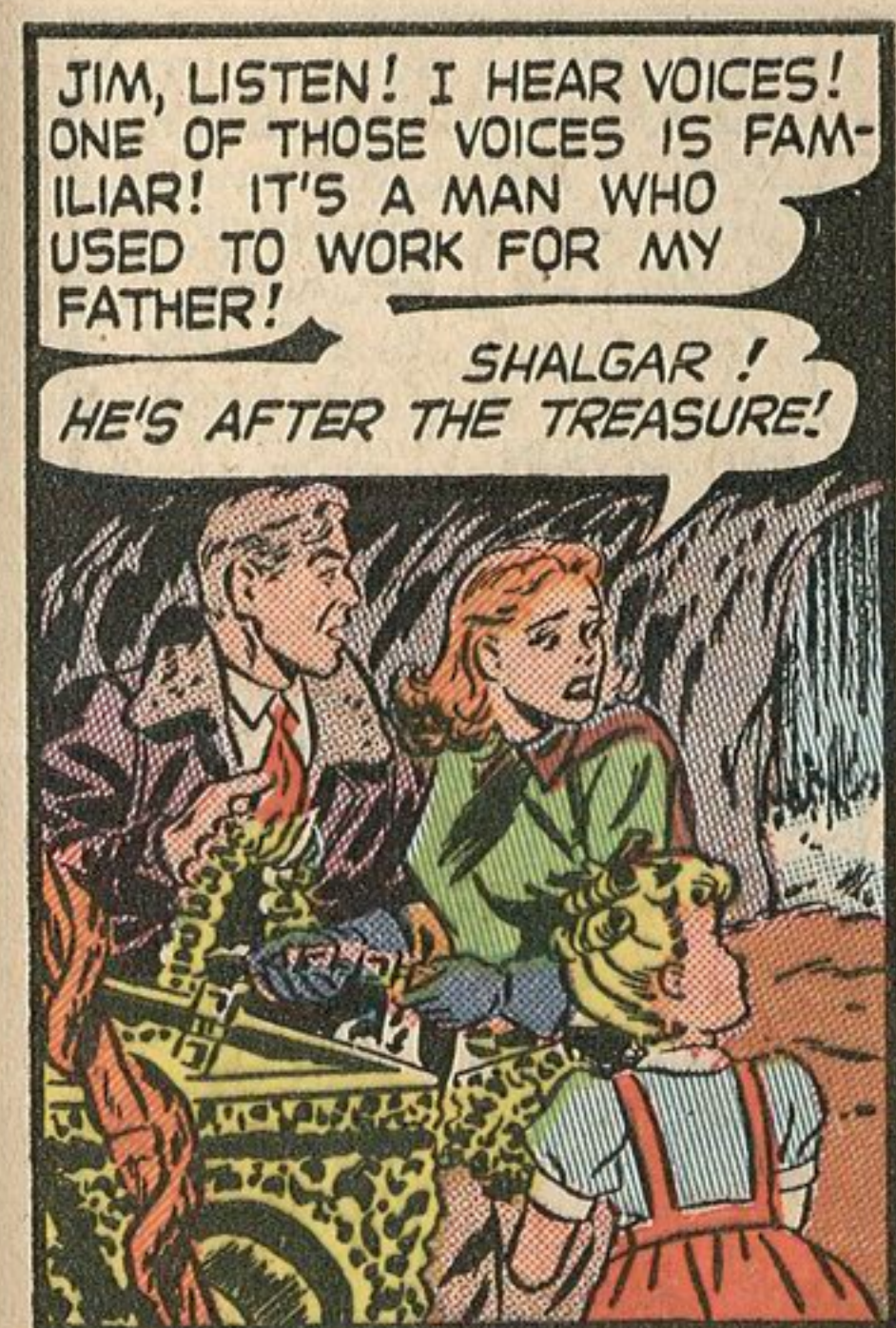
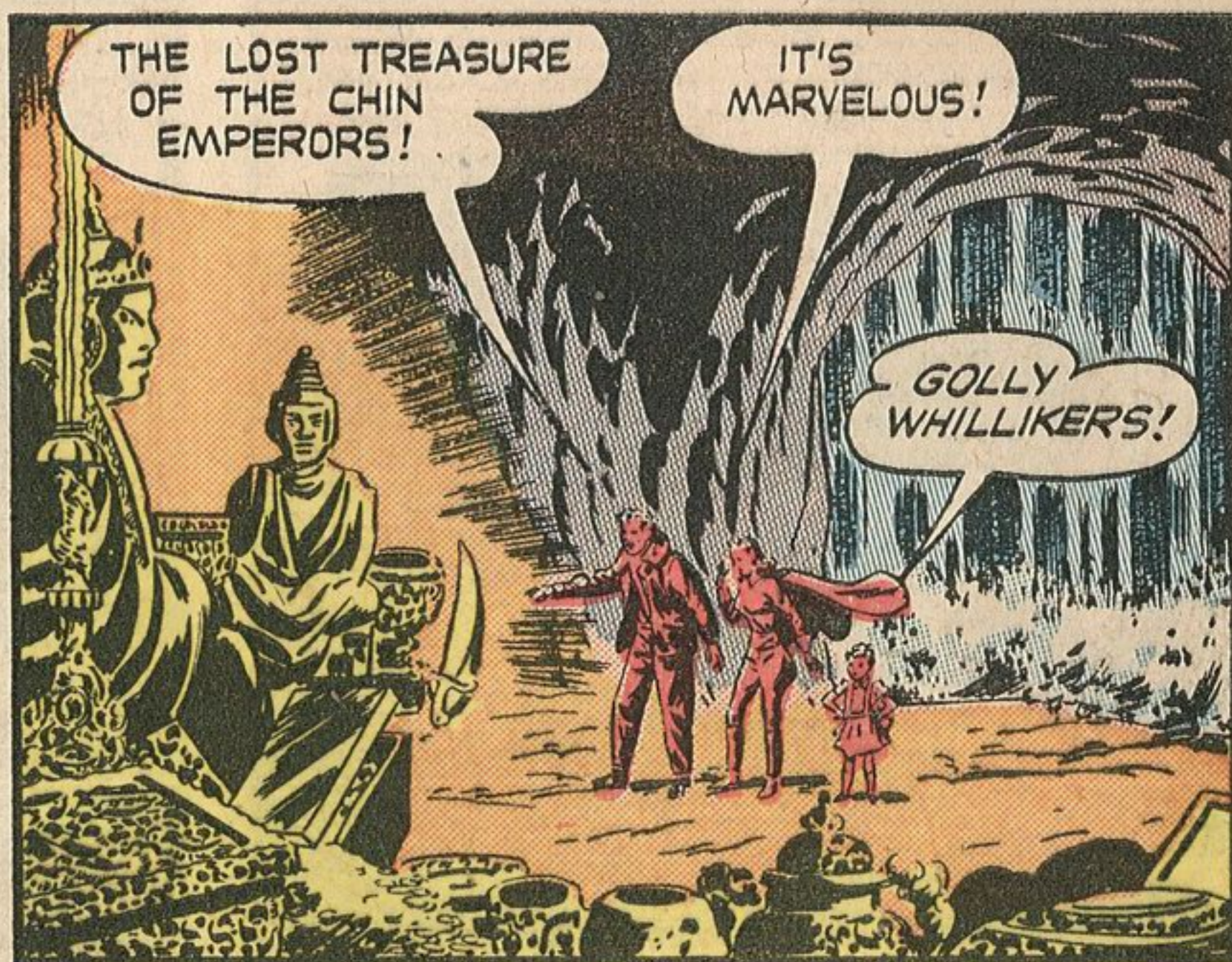
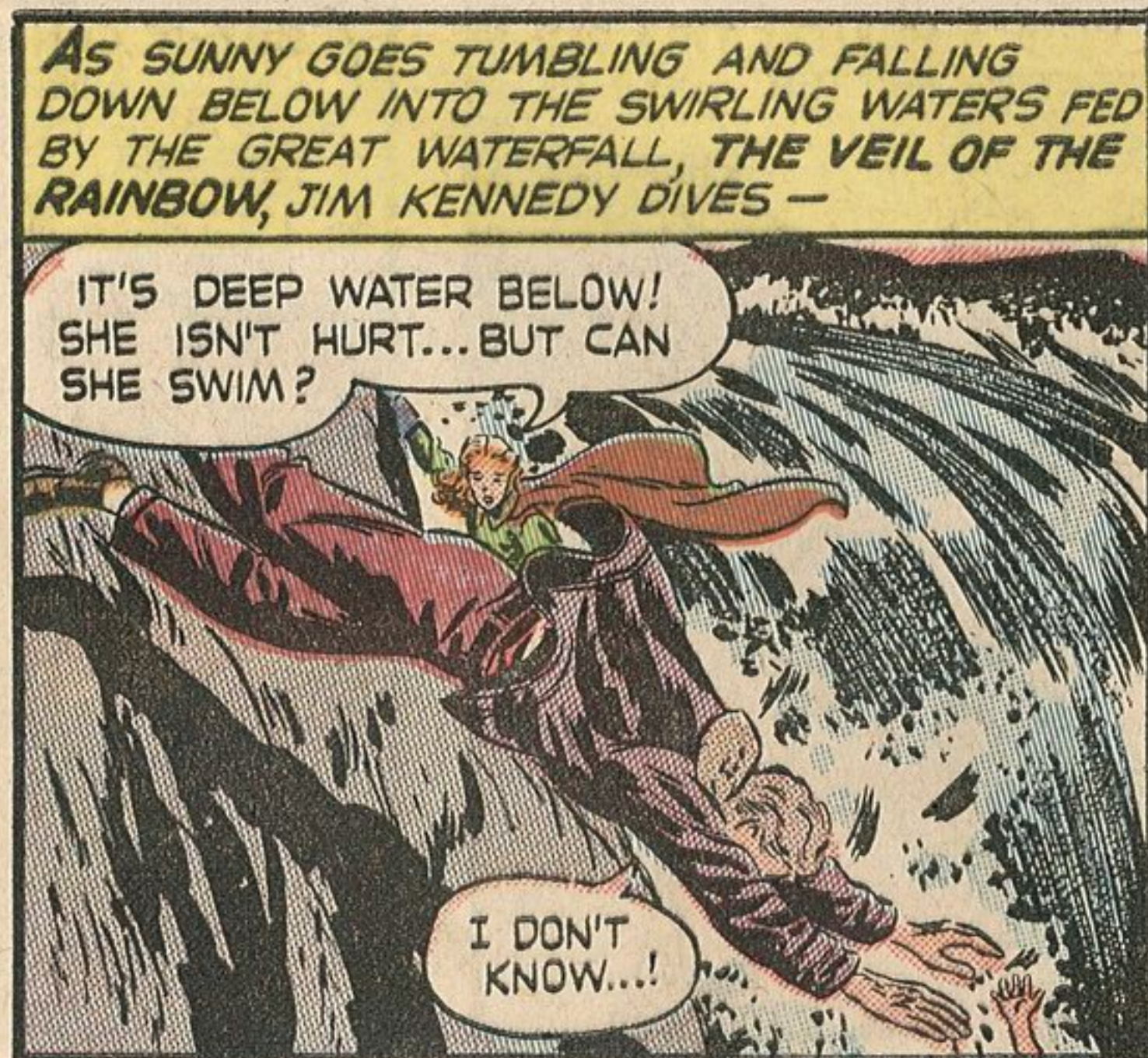
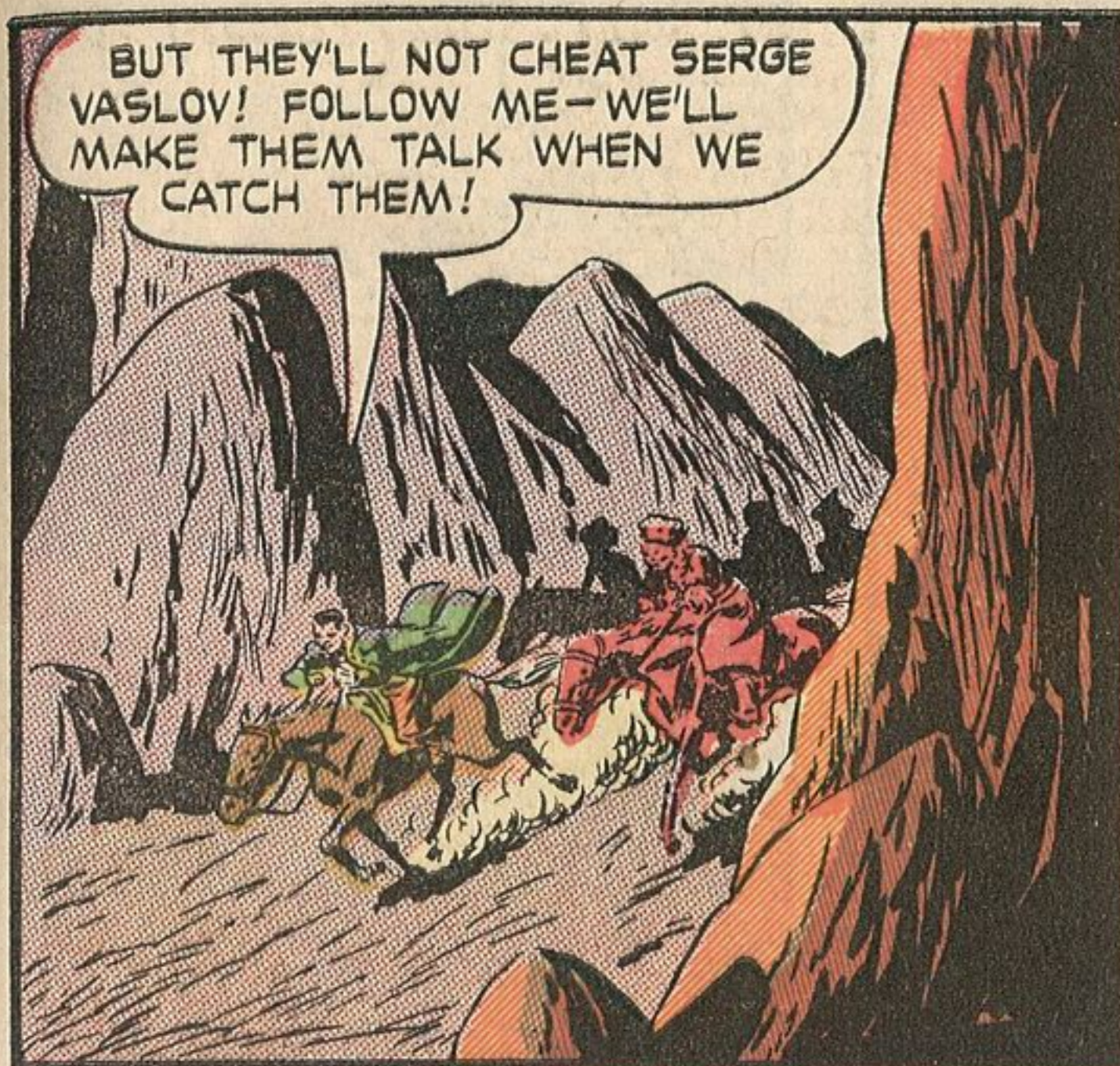
OH! SUNNY! JIM! SHE'S FALLING...!

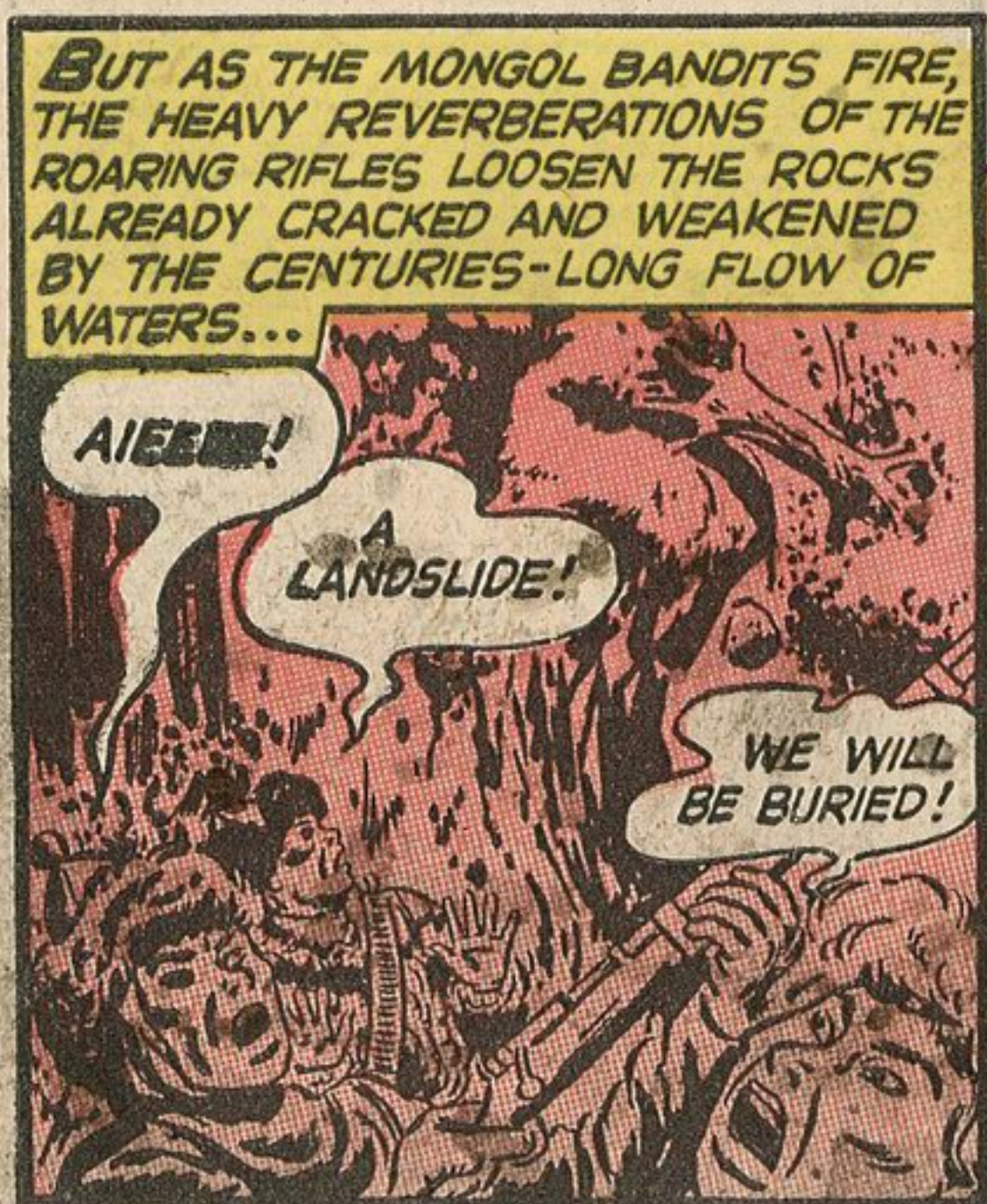
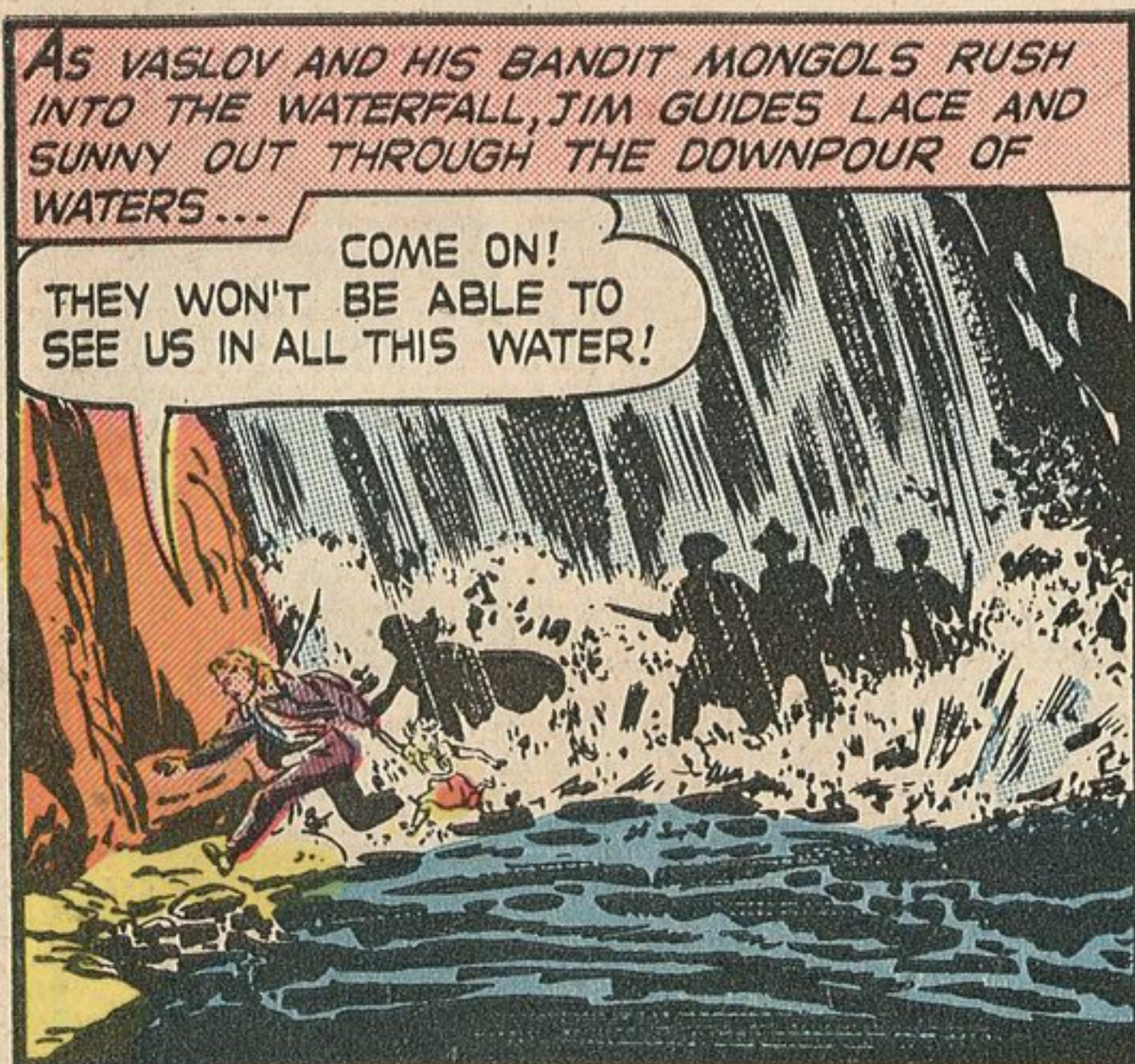
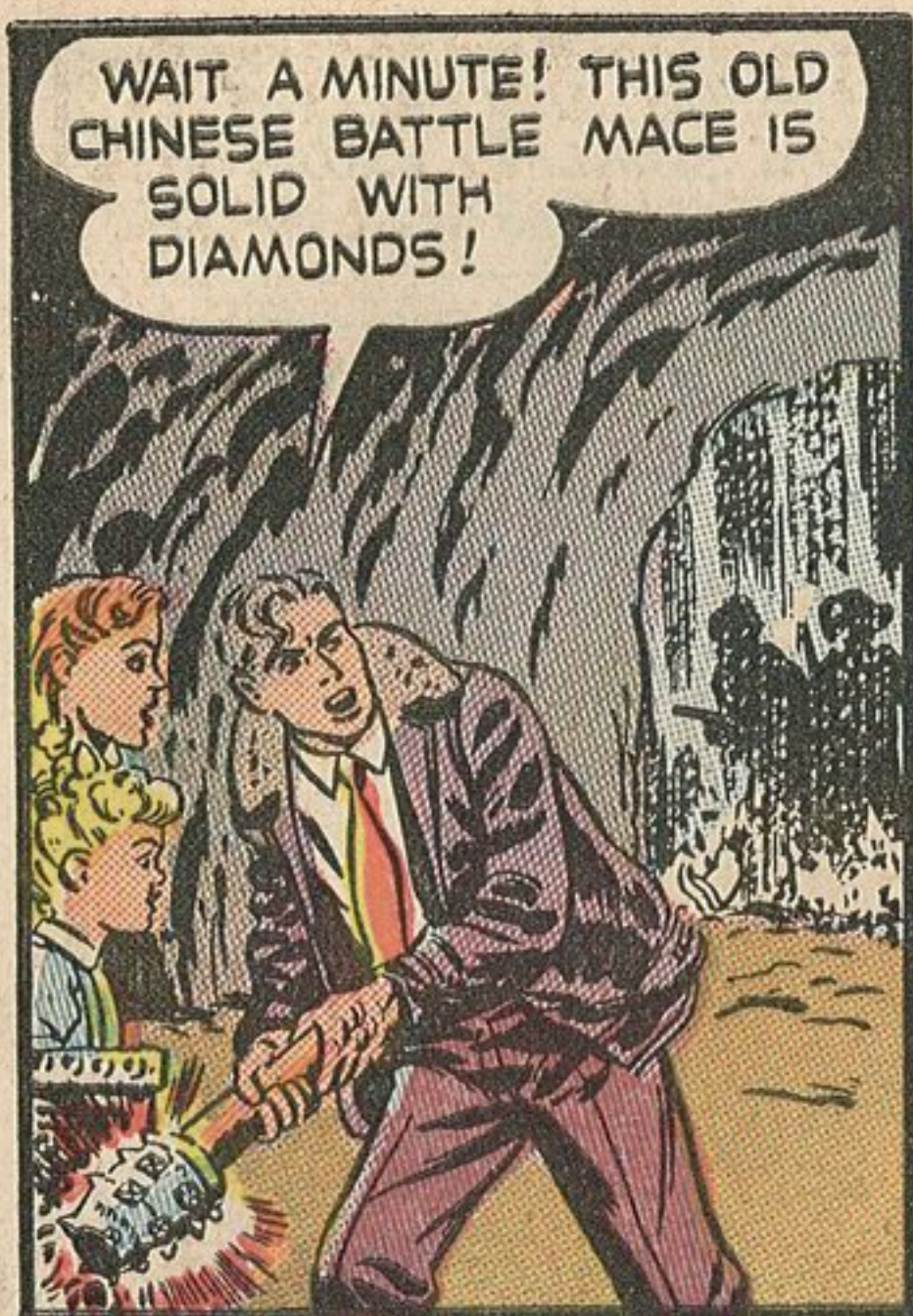


JUST THEN, HIGH ON THE ROCK RIM ABOVE...

LOOK! IT'S THE MAN AND THE WOMAN AND THE GIRL! THE MAP THEY HAD LIED! WE'VE HUNTED DAYS OVER ALL THIS COUNTRY AND NOT FOUND A THING!









MAGIC YOU CAN DO



THE MAGNETIC PENCIL TRICK...
FROM HERE, THE "MAGNETIC PENCIL" SEEMS TO BE SUSPENDED BEHIND THE HAND!



IT'S SIMPLE, IF WE SEE WHAT'S GOING ON BEHIND THE PROFESSOR. THE INDEX FINGER IS HOLDING THE PENCIL. IT'S A CLEVER TRICK. TRY IT ON YOUR FRIENDS.



BROKEN AND RESTORED MATCH!
SHOW AN ORDINARY WOODEN MATCH AND A HANDKERCHIEF WHICH MAY BE SEEN ON BOTH SIDES...



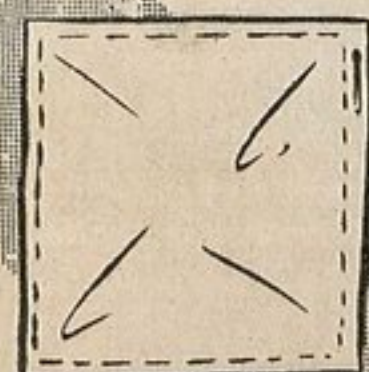
THE MATCH IS THEN WRAPPED IN THE HANDKERCHIEF. ASK SOMEONE TO FEEL THE MATCH AND THEN BREAK IT INTO SEVERAL PIECES...



THEN SHAKE THE HANDKERCHIEF AND THE MATCH FALLS OUT, UNBROKEN!



HERE'S HOW!
USE A SECOND MATCH TO LIGHT THE HEAD OF THE FIRST MATCH!



HERE'S THE SECRET...
① USE A LARGE HANKY WITH A LARGE HEM. HAVE A DUPLICATE MATCH IN THE HEM BEFORE YOU START.

② FOLD THE HANDKERCHIEF SO THAT THE HIDDEN MATCH IS NEAR THE TOP!

③ THE HIDDEN MATCH IS THE ONE THAT IS BROKEN. THE SECOND MATCH COMES OUT WHOLE.



GLASS AND MATCH TRICK...
ASK SOMEONE TO REMOVE ONE GLASS WITHOUT THE MATCH FALLING...

* TO AVOID DANGER OF FIRE, PLACE THE GLASSES UNDER A PLATE OR ANY OTHER INCOMBUSTIBLE SURFACE.



BLOW IT OUT AND WAIT A FEW SECONDS FOR IT TO COOL. THEN REMOVE ONE GLASS AND THE MATCH WILL STICK TO THE OTHER.

Sunbeam FOR PEP

YOU'RE A
REAL CHAMP!

OF COURSE, I EAT
SUNBEAM BREAD
FOR ENERGY!

LEAD ME
TO THOSE
SUNBEAM
SANDWICHES!

MY SMARTEST
PUPILS EAT
SUNBEAM
BREAD!

FULL SPEED
AHEAD FOR A
SUNBEAM
LUNCH!

COME ON, KIDS!
IT'S TIME FOR A
SUNBEAM
LUNCH!

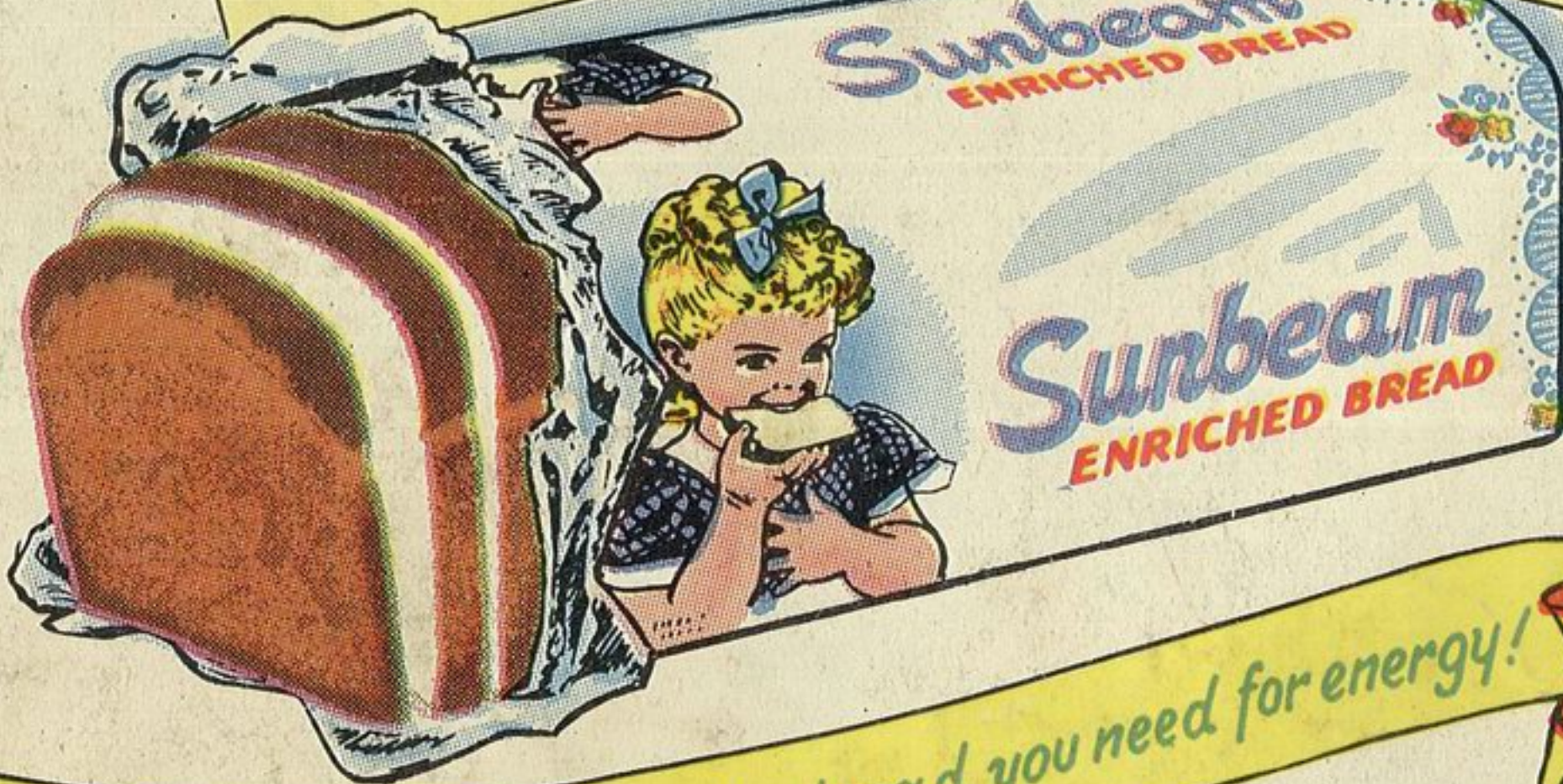
SPELLING

S-IS FOR SUNBEAM
U-REAL GOOD FOR U
N-YOU NEED SUNBEAM
B-GRAND BREAD ALL THROUGH
E-IS THE ENERGY
A-IN AN AFTERNOON SNACK
M-ARE SUNBEAM MEALS
YOU EAT 5 TIMES A DAY
TO GET ENERGY BACK!

READING

PAT-A-CAKE
PAT-A-CAKE
BAKER'S MAN
BAKE ME SOME
SUNBEAM
BREAD AS
FAST AS
YOU CAN!

ARITHMETIC
ENERGY-VALUE
+
QUALITY
=
SUNBEAM
BREAD



Eat **Sunbeam** the bread you need for energy!